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THE NEW YORKER

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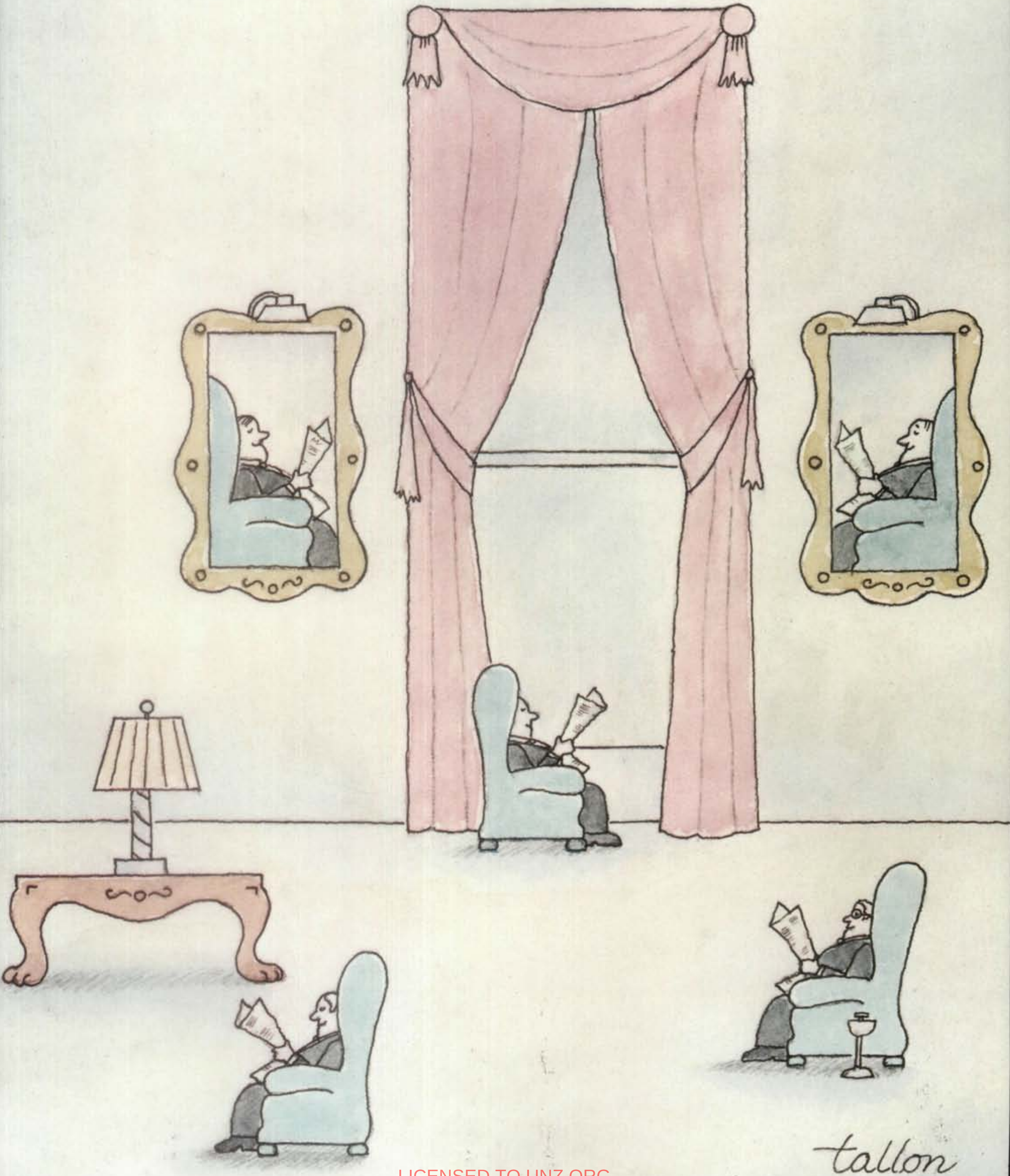

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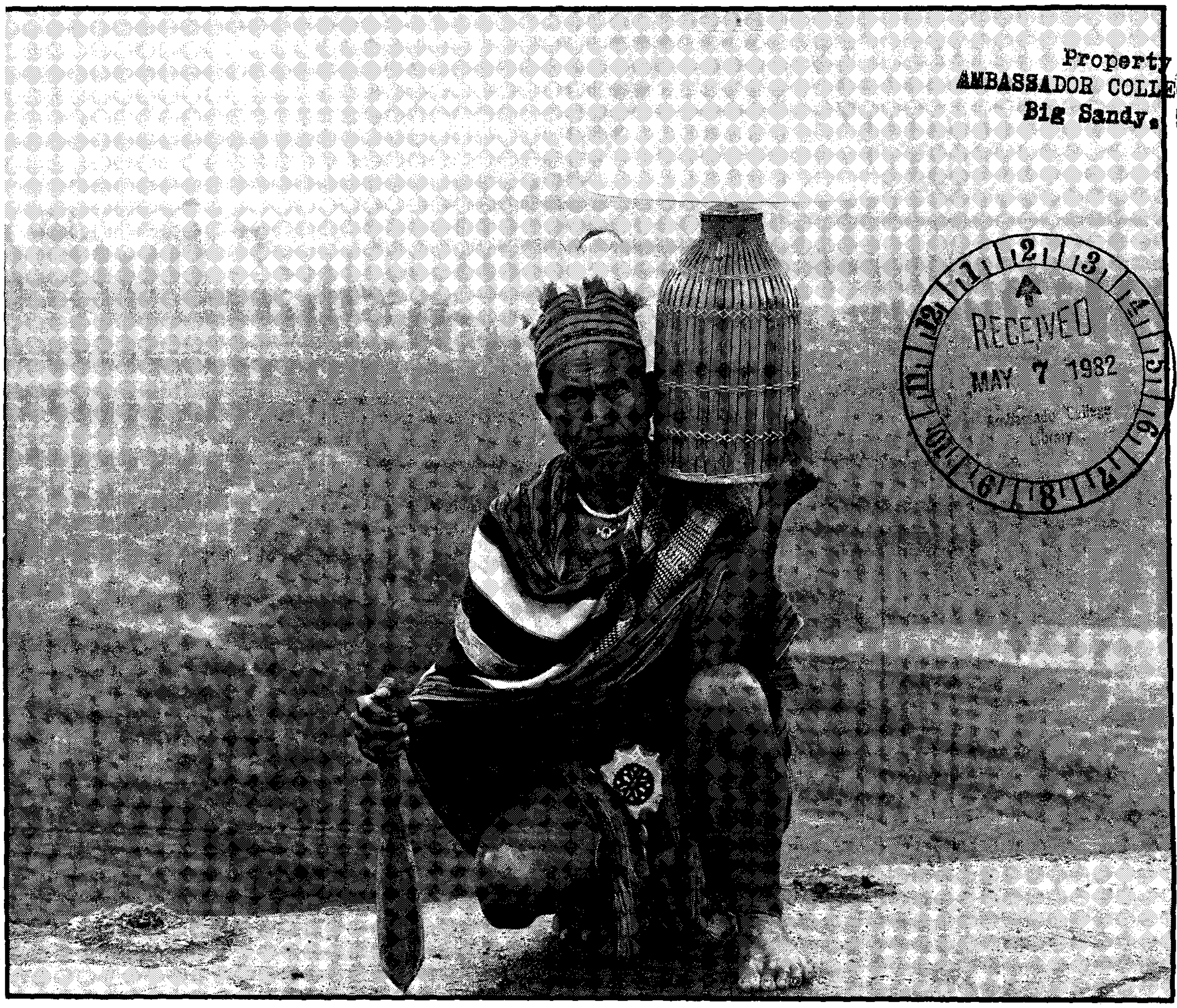

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Agnes of God—A distinctly flaky young nun has given birth to a baby, whose body is subsequently found in a wastepaper basket in her convent room. The nun maintains that God is the father of the child, and the Mother Superior of the convent is inclined to agree with her, but a court-appointed psychiatrist (herself a lapsed Catholic) has other notions. More of a debate than a play, but brilliantly enacted by Elizabeth Ashley, Geraldine Page, and Amanda Plummer. The author is John Pielmeier. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/12/82.) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

American Buffalo—Al Pacino is a funny, electric Teach in this revival of David Mamet's comedy of crime. James Hayden and J. J. Johnston are his cronies. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

Antigone—Joseph Chaikin's handsome, imaginative production is all but done in by a flat, tin-eared translation. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Browning Version and **The Twelve Pound Look**—A satisfactory revival of Sir Terence Rattigan's play, with Lee Richardson as the unpopular, beleaguered English schoolmaster who is undone by a single act of kindness—the gift of a book—on the day of his resignation. In Sir James Barrie's sharp and frothy "The Twelve Pound Look," which serves as a curtain-raiser, Mr. Richardson is a pompous Englishman who learns that his ex-wife left him fourteen years before not for another man but for a typewriter. (5/3/82) (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Cast of Characters—Patrizia Norcia re-creating Ruth Draper's one-woman shows. Opens Wednesday, May 5. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Chalk Garden—A very good revival of Enid Bagnold's imperishable comedy, with Constance Cummings, Irene Worth, and Donal Donnelly. John Stix was the director. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Circle Repertory Company—A festival of plays by authors aged eight to eighteen, presented by the Dramatists Guild Fund in association with the Company. "Bluffing," by Peter Murphy; "The Rennings Children," by Kenneth Lonergan; "Present Tense," by John McNamara; and "It's Time for a Change," by Adam Berger: Wednesday and Thursday, May 5-6, and Friday and Saturday, May 14-15, at 8. . . . ¶ "So What Are We Gonna Do Now?," by Juliet Garson; "The Bronx Zoo," by Lynnette M. Serrano; and "Half-Fare," by Shoshana Marchand: Friday and Saturday, May 7-8, at 8; Sunday, May 9, at 3; and Wednesday and Thursday, May 12-13, at 8. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Closes Sunday, May 16.)

Crimes of the Heart—In a small town in Mississippi, a number of terrible things happen, but it is the particular gift of the author, Beth Henley, to make nearly all of them appear very funny indeed. (11/16/81) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Dining Room—The action of A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s delightful play takes place in a formal dining room somewhere in New England, and this action is a matter of brief scenes about a large assortment of characters over the past fifty years or so. All the characters are portrayed by six nimble, accomplished actors—John Shea, Pippa Pearthree, Lois de Banzie, Ann McDonough, W. H. Macy, and Remak Ramsay. David Trainer was the good director. (3/1/82) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dreamgirls—Traditional musical-comedy hokum, directed and choreographed by Michael Bennett at his usual frantic pace. The enormous cast is young, tireless, and talented. (1/4/82) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Emigrés—A play by the Polish writer Slawomir Mrozek, with David Leary and Sam Tsoutsouvas. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W 26th St. 760-9810. Nightly at 8. Matinée Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday May 9.)

Eminent Domain—Percy Granger has written a play about the family troubles of a professor of English in a not very distinguished Midwestern university. The subject proves far more promising than it sounds, thanks in part to a superlative production, starring Philip Bosco, Betty Miller, and John Vickery Paul Austin is the director. (4/12/82) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8 Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Gardenia—John Guare's play about a Civil War nurse named Lydie Breeze, whose utopian commune on Nantucket fails for a variety of reasons, is very well acted by Jobeth Williams, Sam Waterston, Edward Herrmann and James Woods. Karel Reisz directed (Reviewed in this issue.) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 23.)

The Haggadah—Elizabeth Swados's celebration of Passover. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 23.)

The Hothouse—The Trinity Square Repertory Company, of Providence, production of Har-

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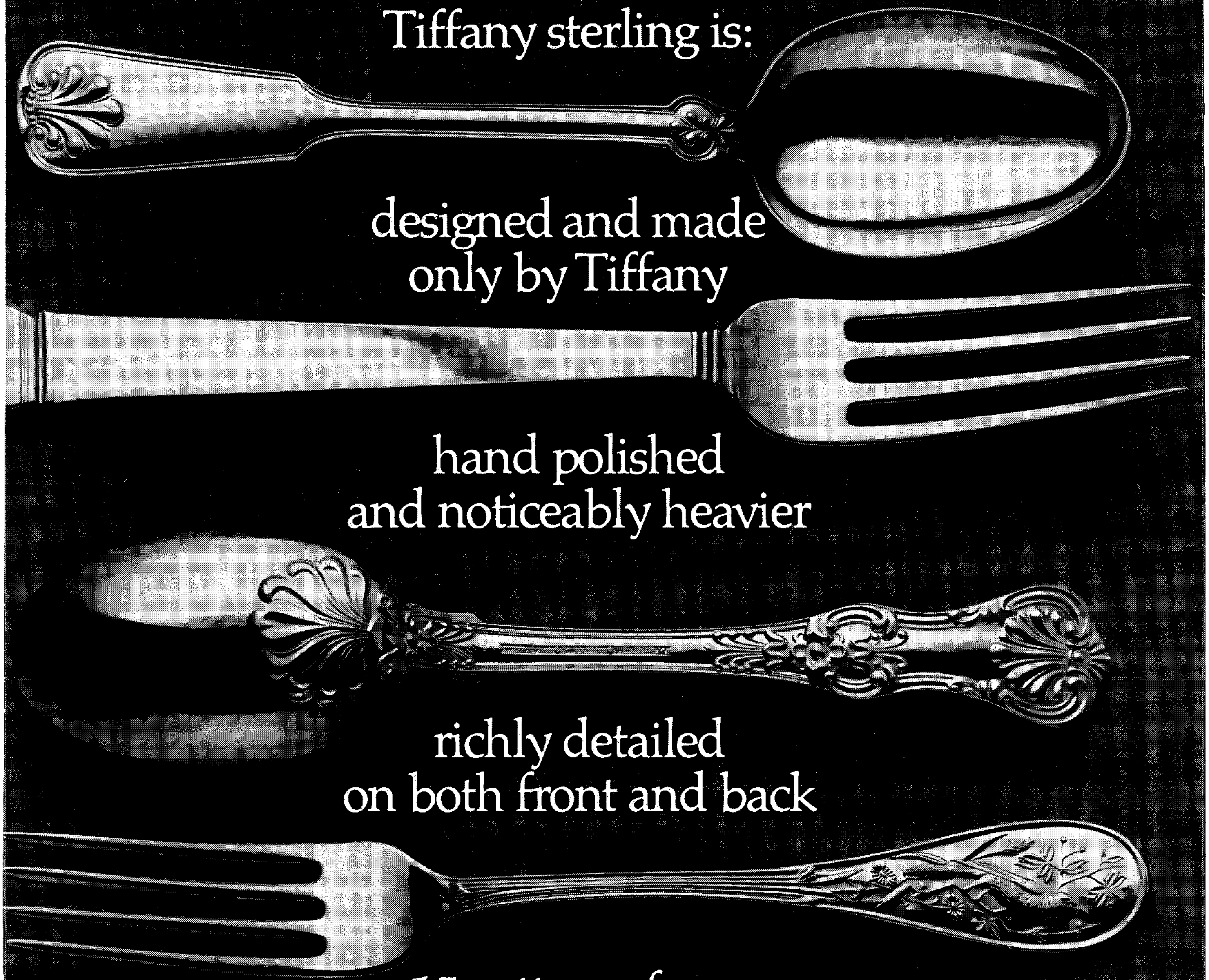

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

old Pinter's play. Adrian Hall is the director. Previews Wednesday, May 5. Opens officially on Thursday, May 6. (Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. 489-9237. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

How I Got That Story—Don Scardino plays an American reporter in Vietnam, and Bob Gunton plays everybody the reporter runs into in Amlin Gray's bitter and shrewdly written comedy. Both actors are excellent. (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Is There Life After High School?—A musical directed by Robert Nigro. The book is by Jeffrey Kindley, and the music and lyrics are by Craig Carnelia. Previews through Thursday, May 6. Opens officially on Friday, May 7. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat—Bill Hutton heads the cast of a musical derived from the Old Testament story. Andrew Lloyd Webber composed the score and Tim Rice wrote the lyrics. Tony Tanner is the director. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 5:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Johann Strauss's **A NIGHT IN VENICE.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Livingstone and Sechele—A British play by David Pownall, with Mike Champagne and Afemo Omilami. (Quaigh, Hotel Diplomat, 108 W. 43rd St. 221-9088. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

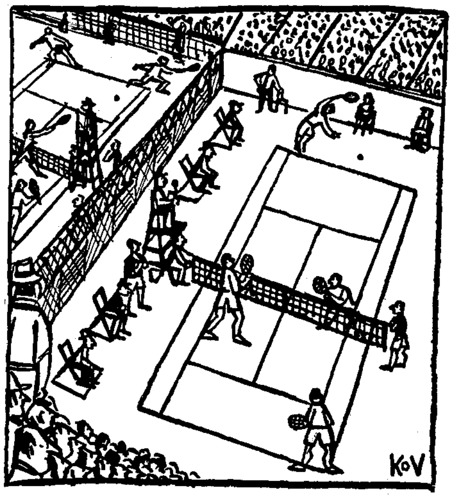
Mass Appeal—White-haired and black-browed, Milo O'Shea is a Catholic priest to the life; the only other character in Bill C. Davis's brilliant little comedy is Michael O'Keefe, who plays a troubled seminarian. Many contradictory opinions divide the two men, and out of the division comes, for one of them, salvation. Geraldine Fitzgerald is the able director. (11/23/81) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Master Harold . . . and the Boys—The Yale Repertory Theatre production of Athol Fugard's new play, with Danny Glover, Zakes Mokae, and Lonny Price. Directed by the author. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Medea—Zoe Caldwell and Judith Anderson star in a revival of Robinson Jeffers' adaptation of the Euripides play. Robert Whitehead is the director. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Negro Ensemble Company—Charles Fuller's gripping drama **A SOLDIER'S PLAY** is about an investigation into the shooting of a black sergeant at an Army camp in Louisiana in 1944. In a series of flashbacks, the investigator (a black Army captain) and the audience move closer and closer to the truth about the murder and about a number of other matters as well. The performances by all members of the company are excellent, under Douglas Turner Ward's direction. Adolph Caesar is the sergeant, Charles Brown is the captain, and Larry Riley is a private whose easygoing manner is especially irksome to the sergeant. (12/7/81) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Nine—A musical starring Raul Julia, with direction by Tommy Tune. Arthur Kopit wrote the book and Maury Yeston did the music and lyrics. Previews through Saturday, May 8. Opens officially on Monday, May 9. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)



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Othello—Though he claimed to have loved not wisely but too well, Othello knew little about love and poor Desdemona knew still less. James Earl Jones speaks his great lines with fitting dignity and Christopher Plummer makes an incomparable Iago. (2/15/82) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 23.)

Poor Little Lambs—A musical romp about the Whiffenpoofs of Yale. Many songs in the wonderful score are by distinguished alumni (among them Cole Porter, '13), and they are very well sung by the company. There is also a great deal of funny, dirty talk. A silly plot almost sinks the show but doesn't. With Miles Chapin as a memorable Whiff. (3/29/82) (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 751-4140. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Pump Boys and Dinettes—A thoroughly engaging and spirited little cabaret musical, set in a gas station with diner attached, somewhere in the South. Most of the appealing songs were written by Jim Wann (lead singer, guitarist, and pump boy) or by his wife, Cass Morgan (singer, percussionist, and counter girl). The six singer/instrumentalists are delightful; Mark Hardwick, at the piano, is especially so. A Dodger Theatre Company production. (11/16/81) (Princess, Broadway at 48th St. 586-3903. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Roads to Home—These three related one-acters by Horton Foote are set in Texas in the twenties, and in each of them a woman camouflages her deep distress with a spate of social chatter. Since Mr. Foote's writing is of high quality, the results are very sad and very funny. (Manhattan Punch Line, 7th Floor, 260 W. 41st St. 921-1455. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 16.)

Sister Mary Ignatius Explains It All for You and **The Actor's Nightmare**—A very funny evening in the theatre. "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd and wicked parodies of respected play-wrights. Everyone in the company does ver well, under Jerry Zaks's nimble direction Elizabeth Franz is splendid as the nun, an Jeff Brooks is fine as the actor-in-spite-of himself. (11/2/81) (Westside Arts Theatre 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays throug Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; an Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Three Acts of Recognition—A play by the German writer Botho Strauss, translated by Sophie Wilkins. (4/19/82) (Public, 42 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, excep Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 16.)

Torch Song Trilogy—Three plays—humorous sad, sentimental, and witty—by and starrin Harvey Fierstein, as a Jewish homosexua hustler and drag queen. The four-and-a-half-hour running time goes by quickly. (2/1/82 (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., a Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Nightly, excep Tuesdays, at 7:30.)

The Unseen Hand—A revival of Sam Shepard' astonishing, marvellous comedy. (Province-town, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sunday at 3.)

Waltz of the Stork—Melvin Van Peebles in a quasi-autobiographical display of ego that bears little resemblance to "The Education o Henry Adams." (1/11/82) (Century, 235 W 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**AMADEUS:** We are at the court of Joseph II, in Vienna, in the eighteenth century, and the court composer Salieri is engaged in killing off his upstart rival, Mozart, either by actual poison or by denigration. A sumptuously staged melodrama by Peter Shaffer, with Frank Langella, Dennis Boutsikaris, and Suzanne Lederer heading the large cast. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ANNIE:** Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **BARNUM:** A little musical that is more circus than Barnum. Mike Burstyn has the role of the impresario. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD:** An extraordinarily effective play about a young deaf woman and one of her teachers who falls in love with her. The author, Mark Medoff, has found humor and pathos in a most difficult subject. Phyllis Frelich and James N. Stephens play the leads. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 16.) . . . **CLOUD 9:** Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a witty and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is very well performed under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction. (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **DANCIN':** An assortment of vivid production numbers on unrelated themes. Bob Fosse is the choreographer, and his company of dancers is dazzling. The music is by Bach, Sousa, George M. Cohan, and other classic composers. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP:** A stunning cast, headed by Farley Granger, in a thriller

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

whose clever anfractuosities of plot are just frightening enough and just funny enough. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **EVITA:** A sung version of the life of Eva Perón, with Loni Ackerman, Anthony Crivello, and David Cryer. Nancy Opel substitutes for Miss Ackerman at the matinée performances. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,160 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **KEY EXCHANGE:** A charming first play by Kevin Wade, with Ben Masters and Priscilla Lopez as a pair of lovers and Mark Blum as a young bridegroom, all of whom meet on their bicycles in Central Park on Sunday afternoons. The performances, under Barnet Kellman's direction, are all that any dramatist—new or old—could hope for. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 260-8480. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **LENA HORNE: THE LADY AND HER MUSIC:** A couple of dozen cherished standards (by Porter, Youmans, Rodgers & Hart, etc., etc.) sung to perfection. Miss Horne brings down the house not once but many times. (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE:** Gilbert and Sullivan Americanized, which, in this case, is to say good-humoredly vulgarized. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SOPHISTICATED LADIES:** A stunning potpourri of Duke Ellington numbers, affording us again and again a welcome shock of recognition. The cast, headed by Maurice Hines, sings and dances with extraordinary energy; few musicals have ever moved so swiftly from a confident start to a no less confident finish. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:** Mickey Rooney and Ann Miller having a high old time in a musical show that only pretends to be based on the great days of burlesque, if burlesque ever had great days. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **WOMAN OF THE YEAR:** Lauren Bacall carries with ease *on her broad shoulders this musical-comedy* version of the old Hepburn-Tracy movie. The clever songs are by Kander and Ebb, and the direction is by Robert Moore. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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MISCELLANY

Circus—The hundred-and-twelfth edition of Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's wingding. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Tuesdays at 10:30 and 2:30; Wednesdays and Fridays at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursdays at 10:30 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; and Sundays at 1 and 5:30. Closes Monday, May 31.)

Radio City Music Hall—Presenting "Encore," a great big show celebrating the Music Hall's fiftieth birthday. Environmental Impact Studies by the Rockettes. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Mondays and Tuesdays at 11 and 2:30, and Wednesdays and Fridays through Sundays at 2:30 and 8.)

Forbidden Broadway—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Wednesdays at 9; Thursdays through Saturdays at 9 and midnight; and Sundays at 9.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday evening, May 5: "Mozartiana," "The Four Temperaments," and "The Four Seasons." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 6: "Square Dance," "Ballade," "Pas de Deux," and "Gershwin Concerto." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 7: "Irish Fantasy," "Sonatine," "Pas de Deux," and "Union Jack." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 8: "Irish Fantasy," "Sonatine," "Pas de Deux," and "Union Jack." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 8: "Calcium Light Night," "Ballade," "Piano Pieces," and "The Four Seasons." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, May 9: "Square Dance," "Sonatine," "Pas de Deux," and "Gershwin Concerto." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, May 9: "Mozartiana," "Calcium Light Night," "Pas de Deux," and "The Four Seasons." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 11: "The Magic Flute," "Ballade," "Sonatine," and "The Four Seasons." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 12: "Calcium Light Night," "Pas de Deux," "Piano Pieces," and "The Magic Flute." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 13: "Irish Fantasy," "Square Dance," and "Union Jack." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 14: "Mozartiana," "Piano Pieces," and "Union Jack." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 15: "Mozartiana," "Piano Pieces," and "The Magic Flute." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 15: "Ballade," "Pas de Deux," "The Magic Flute," and "The Four Temperaments." (New York Stat Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Tuesday through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7 Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1 Through Sunday, July 4.)

American Ballet Theatre—Wednesday matinée May 5: "Les Sylphides," "Configurations," and "Billy the Kid." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 5: "Raymonda," "Great Galloping Gottschalk," and "Bourrée Fantasque." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 6: "Raymonda," "Pillar of Fire," and "Push Comes to Shove." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 7; Saturday matinée and evening, May 8; and Monday and Tuesday evenings, May 10-11: "Swan Lake." . . . ¶ Wednesday matinée, May 12: "La Sonnambula," "Sphinx," and "Bourrée Fantasque." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 12 "Les Rendezvous," "Pillar of Fire," and "Billy the Kid." . . . ¶ *Thursday evening, May 13* "Great Galloping Gottschalk," "The Wild Boy," and "Raymonda." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 14: "Les Rendezvous" and "Giselle." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 15 "Jardin Animé," "Flower Festival Pas de Deux," and "Giselle." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 15: "Sphinx" and "Giselle." (Met*ropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Evenings at* 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, June 12.)

Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre—Wednesday evening, May 5: "Blues Suite," "Fontessa and Friends," and "Concerto in F." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 6: "Streams," "Cry," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 7: "Landscape," "Spectrum," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 8: "Blues Suite," "Fontessa and Friends," and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 8: "Streams," "Sonnets," "Pigs & Fishes," and "Concerto in F." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, May 9: "Streams," "Spectrum," and "Phases." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, May 9: "Blues Suite," "Cry," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 11: "Blues Suite," "Fontessa and Friends," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 12: "The Lark Ascending," "Treading," "The River," and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 13: "Landscape," "Spectrum," and "Concerto in F." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 14: "Streams," "Fontessa and Friends," and "Phases." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 15: "Night Creature," "Treading," "The Still Point," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 15: "Landscape," "Spectrum," and "Memoria." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Through Sunday, May 23.)

Riverside Dance Festival—Performances by two companies. **MERCURY BALLET:** Wednesday, May 5, and Friday, May 7, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, May 8-9, at 2. . . . **ART OF ISADORA:** Thursday, May 6, and Saturday and Sunday, *May 8-9, at 8. (Theatre of the Riverside* Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

Anna Sokolow Dance Company—"Song of Songs," "Dreams," and "Lyric Suite." (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Thursday, May 6, at 8.)

Daniel Nagrin—A program of solo works. (Studio Theatre, 555 Broadway, between Prince and Spring Sts. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 8. For tickets, call 924-0077. Through Saturday, May 22.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow nautical bar and restaurant that's been a Chelsea fixture for years. Friday and Saturday, May 7-8, pianist **HUGH LAWSON** will work on the four-foot-high bandstand, and Friday and Saturday, May 14-15, will belong to **DAKOTA STATON,** whose up-tempo blues-tinged numbers are wonderful but whose ballads tend to suffer from vibrato overload. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., *near Sixth Ave.* (475-

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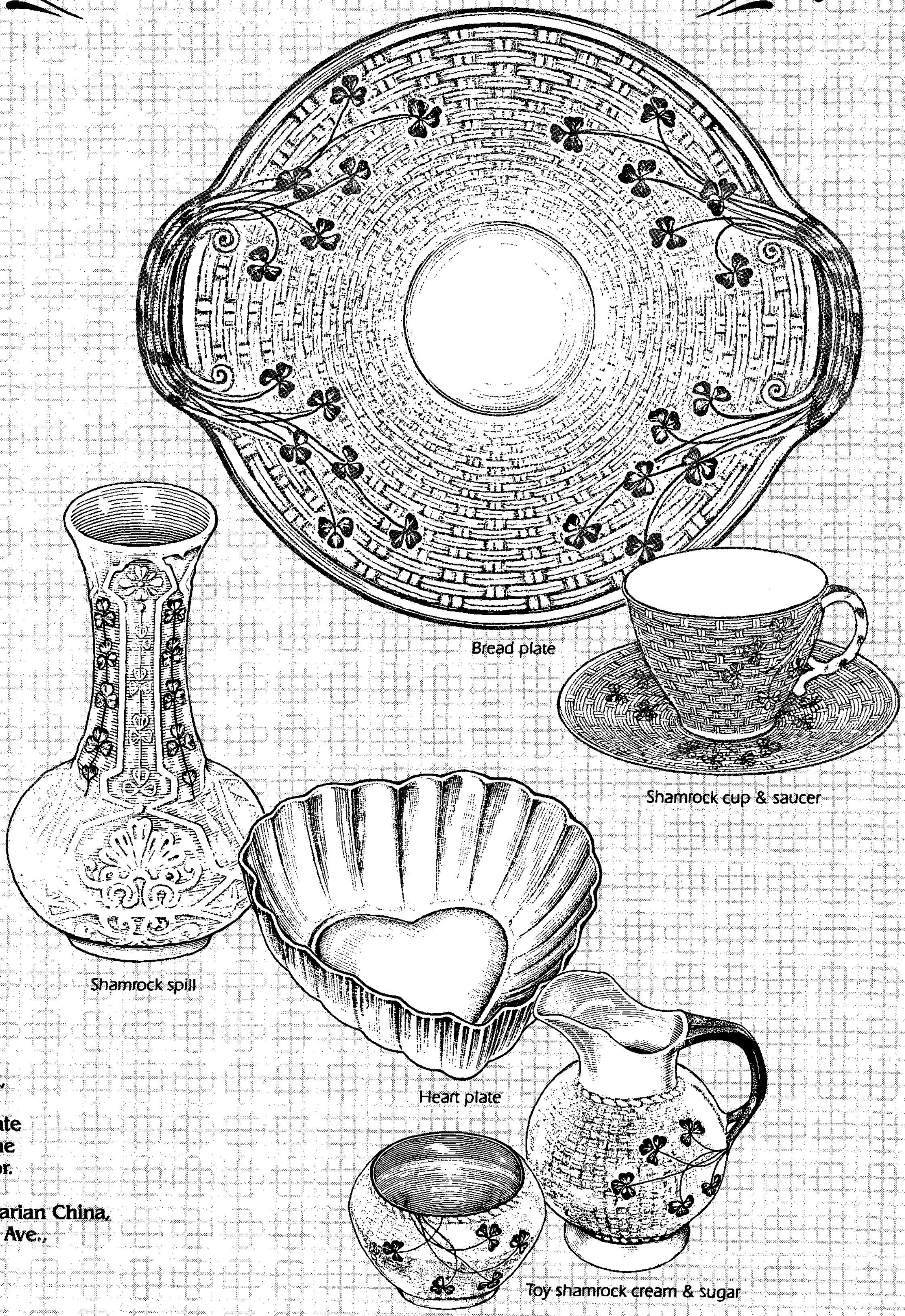

Bread plate

Shamrock cup & saucer

Shamrock spill

Heart plate

Toy shamrock cream & sugar

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225 Fifth Ave.,
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8592)—According to the barman, there've been scads of clubs at this address, going all the way back to speakeasy days. **BENNY CARTER**, the great alto saxophonist (he plays trumpet, too), arranger, and bandleader, is here leading a quartet through Sunday, May 9. Monday, May 10, has been set aside for saxophonist **MONTY WATERS** and his quartet. On Tuesday, May 11, guitarist **CHARLIE BYRD** will move in. There are usually three sets, beginning at ten.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The roster: Wednesday, May 5, Jools Holland & His Millionaires and Ann Monaco; Friday and Saturday, May 7-8, blues traditionalist **JOHN HAMMOND** and blues belter **TRACY NELSON**; Monday and Tuesday, May 10-11, drummer **BILLY COBHAM'S GLASS MENAGERIE**; and Friday and Saturday, May 14-15, the **ROCHES.** Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Some of the most accomplished and famous pianists, bassists, and, occasionally, guitarists in the world (although no musician's name is ever posted anywhere on the premises) work in this dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded, talkative New York bar and restaurant. Le Ann Ledgerwood and Ron McClure form the current (through Saturday, May 8) piano-bass duo. Music from nine-forty-five.

BROADWAY JOE'S, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The poised, swinging **JIMMY LYON**, who plays piano until ten in Peacock Alley at the Waldorf, a large, *very* subdued room, comes to this convivial, buzzing smallish barroom, where he gets an impressive second wind. He's here from ten-thirty to two Wednesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

CACHAÇA, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—The more passionate admirers of samba music think of it as one of the great developments of post-wheel civilization. This urbane room is a good place to hear it performed by a vocalist and a backup trio after eleven. Before eleven and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and *carnaval* music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

CAFÉ PIERRE, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI**, a subtle, rhythmically motivated guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music, heads a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT** and his trusty *compadres*, **BEVERLY PEER** and **ROBBIE SCOTT**, are here to stay—through June, anyway—in the Café Carlyle. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL**, who sings and plays piano, too, works in the Bemelmans Bar nightly, except Sundays, from nine-thirty to one.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—Pianist **ELLIS LARKINS**, whose solos epitomize delicacy and whose sets epitomize brevity, is once again performing nightly, except Sundays, from eight to midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry. The schedule: Wednesday, May 5, Arthur Monroe Zone, the Swing, Position, and Voicez; Thursday, May 6, the Mob; Friday, May 7, the Catholic Girls, True Romance, the Mundanes, and the Id; and Saturday, May 8, Shrapnel, Jo Marshall, and the Corpsicles. Monday is showcase night. Music long after nine-thirty.

CITY LIMITS, 125 Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (243-2242)—A country-and-Western hangout for New Yorkers who secretly wish they had names like Delbert McClinton and Lacy J. Dalton. Various lively, well-miked bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly after ten.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER**, who sings the blues, chants the blues, calls the blues, talks the blues, and writes the blues, also sings "Let the Rest of the World Go By," "Somebody Loves Me," and a beautifully slow version of "The Glory of Love." She's here Wednesdays through Saturdays. Shows at nine and eleven. Dining.

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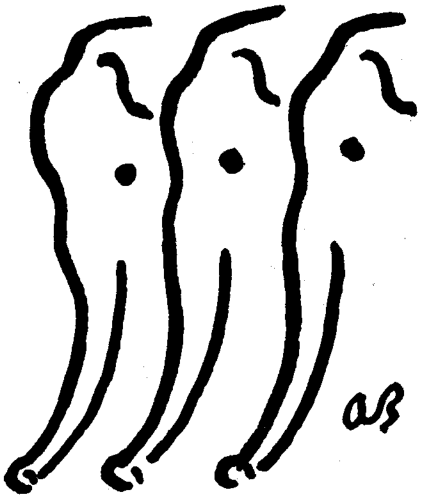
EAGLE TAVERN, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—A homey music room for devout admirers of bluegrass, old-time country music, and British and Irish folk music. (Devout doesn't mean subdued; there is plenty of hooting—not the self-indulgent, rowdy kind but the supporting, appreciative kind—and handclapping.) The musicians: Wednesday, May 5, James Keane & Mick Moloney; Thursday, May 6, Sandy Bradley & the Small Wonder String Band; Saturday, May 8, **TONY TRISCHKA & SKYLINE**; Sunday, May 9, guitarists Erik Frandsen and Ari Eisinger; Wednesday, May 12, John Roberts & Tony Barrand; Thursday, May 13, a jam session; and Saturday, May 15, Tom Adams & the Double Eagle Band. Music from eight-thirty on Wednesdays, from eight-fifteen on Thursdays and Saturdays, and from nine on Sundays.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek alternate hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's below). The house sextet works Mondays through Fridays from eight-thirty to two, and Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Sunday, May 9, trombonist **WAYNE ANDRÉ'S** quintet, which features **MARVIN STAMM** on trumpet, **PAT REBILLOT** on piano, and **JAY LEONHART** on bass, will perform from nine-thirty. On Wednesdays and Fridays, other small combos work from six to eight-thirty. Dining.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled belowstairs room, which is patronized by tourists, people on dates, and music lovers, and which is frequently very crowded. Three heavyweights—pianist **HANK JONES**, bassist **RON CARTER**, and drummer **MEL LEWIS**—occupy the stand through Sunday, May 9; on Tuesday, May 11, pianist **HORACE SILVER**, who plays some of the most rhythmic, most energetic, and prettiest jazz around, will bring in his latest quintet. Sets begin after nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

FOLK CITY, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Folkie City, that is: Wednesday, May 5, Woody Simmons and Luna Tune; Thursday, May 6, Hot Rize; Friday, May 7, **JOSH WHITE, JR.**; Saturday, May 8, the Aztec Two-Step; Sunday, May 9, Mike Glick; Tuesday, May 11, Cliff Eberhardt band; Thursday, May 13, **JOHN HARTFORD**; Friday, May 14, guitarist **NORMAN BLAKE**; and Saturday, May 15, bassist-singer **RICK DANKO**. Two shows, at about nine and midnight, every night but Monday, when a hootenanny begins around eight.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big, self-conscious space in which to listen to some worthwhile drummerless music. The mural is by Françoise Schein, the chairs are by David Utz, the plants a by Chris, and the graphics are by Sus Hunt Yule—those are the credits as they a pear in the menu. The live music: Wedn day, May 5, Jerome Olds and Tom Gro Thursday through Saturday, May 6-8, Ra Sugar; on Monday, May 10, pianist **BR TOWNSEND**, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM**, and ten saxophonist-vocalist **BIG NICK NICHOLAS**; Tu day and Wednesday, May 11-12, Tina F brik; and Thursday through Saturday, M 13-15, **PLATINUM HOOK**, a Motown-flavor band. Sundays, **TOP SHELF**—**REGGIE WORKMA JOHN STUBBLEFIELD, HOWARD JOHNSON, MIC TUCKER**, and **WARREN SMITH**—performs. Mus Sundays through Thursdays at ten-thirty a midnight, and Fridays and Saturdays eleven, twelve-thirty, and two. Dining.



GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (37 2220)—Small enough to be a hamburg stand (it was) and musical enough to be jazz landmark (it is). Guitarist **JOE PU** works with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN**, bassist Ronn Markowitz, and vocalist Alicia Sherm Wednesdays through Sundays from ten; Mondays and Tuesdays, a trio led by guita ist **CHUCK WAYNE** begins performing at te Pianist Don Golson works nightly from five ten, except on Sundays, when **BROOKS KE** plays stride piano and sings.

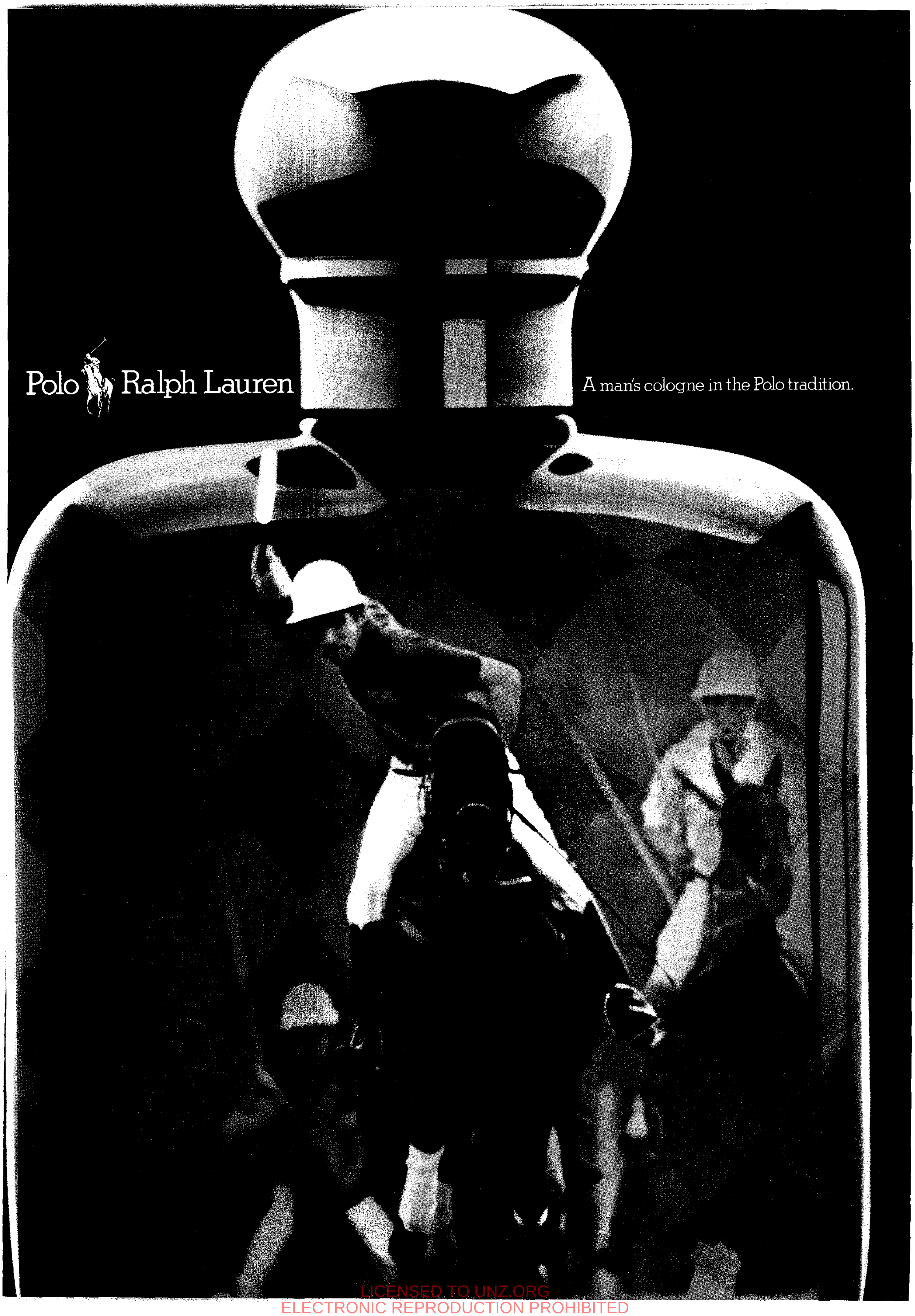
GRIFF'S PLAZA CAFÉ, Third Ave. at 37th St. (86 7179)—A pleasant, spiffy, laid-back resta rant that hangs over Third Avenue—it's o level up—and hires small bands and pia soloists. Pianist **JUNIOR MANCE**, a rhythmi bluesy player, works through Saturday, Ma 8; on Tuesday, May 11, vibraharpist **WARRE CHIASSON** will arrive with a trio. Music fro eight to midnight Tuesdays through Friday and from nine to one on Saturdays. Monda from seven to eleven are given over to **NIN SHELDON**, a lively singer and pianist.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (28 3200)—A refurbished bar and restaurant i a neighborhood that is itself in the process being refurbished. Pianist **SAMMY PRICE**, wh was born in Honey Grove, Texas, in 190 started out in the twenties as a Charlesto dancer. In the forties, he was playing sol piano at Café Society, the Downbeat, and th Famous Door, and led the Texas Blusicians, recording aggregation that included Leste Young. By the fifties, he had become a busi nessman and politician, but he kept active i music, recording some jumping rock and ro and rhythm and blues with drummer Pan ama Francis. He's at the dining-room gran playing blues and boogie-woogie Tuesday through Saturdays. On Sunday and Monda Vinson Hill is at the piano. Sets Tuesday through Thursdays from nine to one, Friday and Saturdays from ten to two, and Sunday and Mondays from seven-thirty to eleven thirty.

HORS D'OEUVRERIE, at Windows on the World 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938 1111)—Startling views of tall ships, wid ships, short ships, and narrow ships, as wel as Governors Island, Ellis Island, Liberty Island, Upper New York Bay, the Hudso River, the East River, Union City, Jerse City, Bayonne, assorted Brooklyn-Manhatta bridges, and beautiful downtown Brooklyn **MARTY NAPOLEON** and a trio perform for listening and dancing Tuesdays through Saturday from seven-thirty to one. Pianist Chuck Fold alternates with them after nine.

JAZZMANIA SOCIETY, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—A very big, airy room with ceiling fans and jazz fans. Friday and Saturday, May 7-8, two alumni from the Basie band of the fifties, trombonist **BENNY POWELL** and tenor saxophonist **BILLY MITCHELL**, will co-pilot a quintet; on Friday and Saturday, May 14-15, **SUN RA** and his **ARKESTRA & DANCERS** will celebrate the dance music of Duke Ellington and Fletcher Henderson. Wednesdays, a band called Jersey Bounce performs, and on Thursdays a young octet, the **NEW YORK SAMBA BAND**, plays sambas (of course) with *grandeza de animo*. Music from about eight-thirty, and if you hang around until one in the morning on Fridays and Saturdays you'll hear even more jazz, played by Mike Morgenstern, the saxophonist-proprietor, who jams with a bunch of musical colleagues. Closed Thursday, May 13.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries more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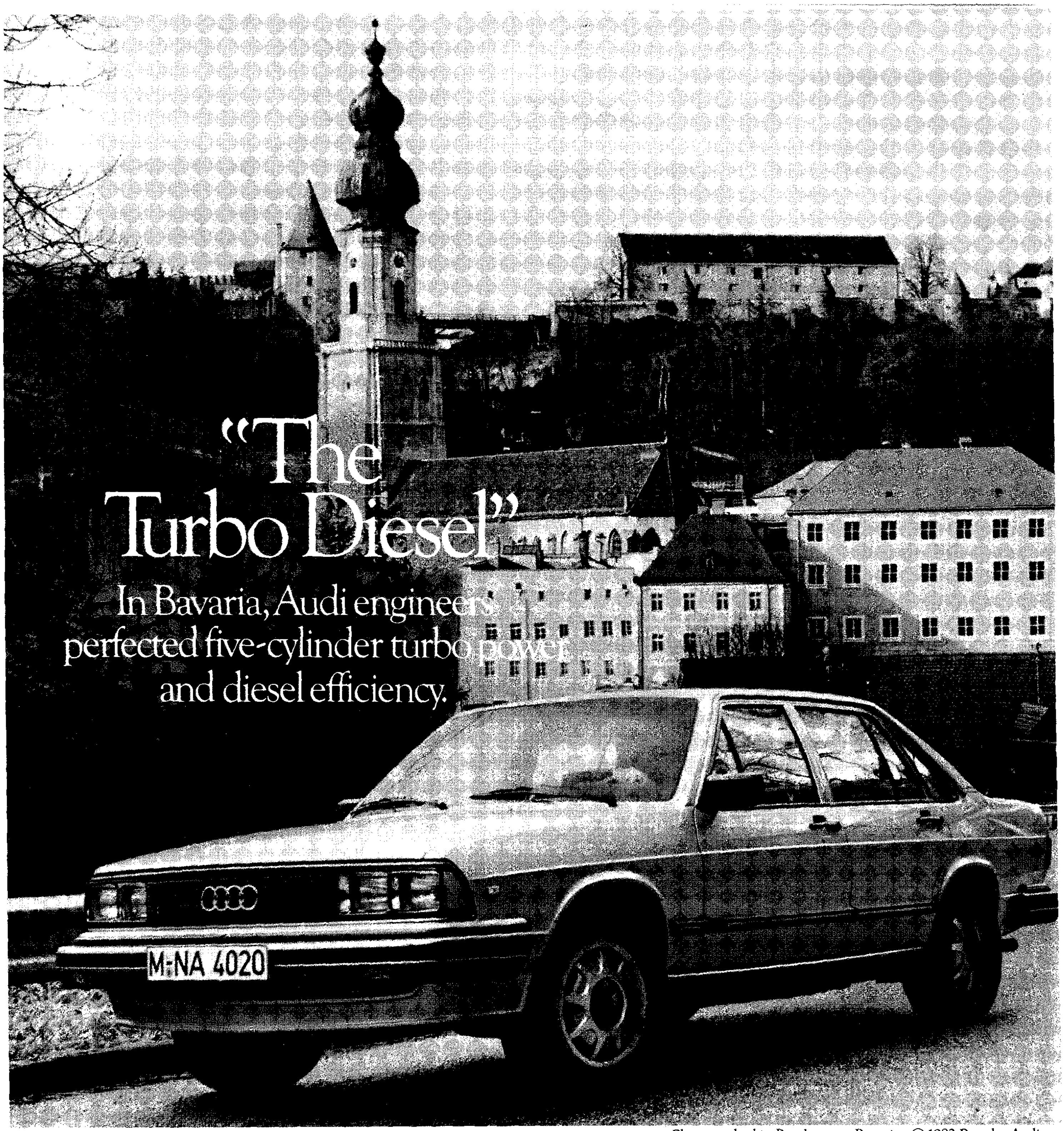
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vividly without a carpet to soak it up—traditional-jazz haunt and an alternative to Eddie Condon's (see above) just thirty paces east. A tradition-bound sextet led by trumpeter Spanky Davis occupies the bandstand Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads the group. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good reasons—the piano-bass teams that work here. **RAY BRYANT** and **JIMMY ROWSER** wind up their week on Saturday, May 8; on Tuesday, May 11, **LOU LEVY** will come in with **BILL TAKAS.** And on Sundays and Mondays **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** keep the good listeners listening. Music from ten.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Authentic in its Texasness except in the wide-open spaces department. On Wednesday, May 5, rockabilly patriarch **CARL PERKINS** will no doubt be greeted with shouts of "Hey, Carl, play 'Blue Suede Shoes,' 'Boppin' the Blues,' and 'Honey, Don't.' " Billy Hancock and Kid Tater will share the stage with Mr. Perkins that night. On Thursday, May 6, soul singer **MARTHA REEVES** will be present; on Sunday, May 9, singer Bonnie Bramlett will trade sets with Grinderswitch; Monday and Tuesday, May 10-11, will belong to singer Robert Gordon; Wednesday, May 12, has been reserved for Nashville fiddler **VASSAR CLEMENTS,** a legend in his own Banlon shirt; and Thursday, May 13, will belong to the reggae group the **HEPTONES.** Music from eight-thirty. Dining.

LUSH LIFE, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A practically brand-new jazz club that already has an exciting, established feel to it. Multinational multi-instrumentalist **DAVID AMRAM** and his quartet play music from the Middle East, from South America, and from Tompkins Square Park through Saturday, May 8; Monday and Tuesday, May 10-11, saxophonist **JOHN STUBBLEFIELD** will guide a quartet that will feature bassist **CECIL MC BEE** and drummer **FREDDIE WAITS;** and on Wednesday, May 12, pianist **STEVE KUHN,** singer **SHEILA JORDAN,** bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ,** and drummer **BOB MOSES** will take charge. Trumpeter **JABBO SMITH** is the musical attraction on Sundays. Sets begin at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. Dining.

MARTY'S, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A singer's room with a view of a garden and a view of **KENNY RANKIN,** the pleasant pop-jazz folkie, through Saturday, May 8. On Monday, May 10, **JOE WILLIAMS** will take charge. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Singer, pianist, and songwriter **DAVE FRISHBERG** and his associate pianist, Murray Grand, have seated themselves at twin pianos, but they probably won't be playing "Exodus" or "Chariots of Fire." Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Mondays from nine-thirty to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band, a septet, plays Dixieland jazz. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-thought-of upper West Side bar and restaurant that is poised and ready, as it has been for years, for the Columbus Avenue renaissance, which, it seems, moves a few blocks north each year. It is also rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. Wednesday, May 5, Roland Vazquez; Thursday, May 6, singer Ebony Jo-Ann; Friday and Saturday, May 7-8, **ERIC GALE,** the honey-toned R. & B. guitarist, with his reggae group; Sunday, May 9, String Fever; Monday, May 10, French Toast; Tuesday, May 11, Joe Passaro; and Wednesday, May 12, Nitesprite. Music from about ten until two.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A folk, folk-rock, rock, and occasional jazz club. The schedule: Thursday, May 6, Eve Moon and Johnny Caruso Story; Wednesday, May 12, High Times; and Friday, May 14, the Strangers. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays and Sundays at nine and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Mondays are given over to a showcase from nine-thirty. Dining and dancing.

PEACOCK ALLEY, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—What a room, what a view! **SY OLIVER** leads his bounce septet for listening, dancing, or just gawking out the windows. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

RED BLAZER TOO, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—Traditional jazz off the beaten track—far from West 54th Street and the Village, that is. Different bands work from nine every night but Sunday, when the music begins at seven. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. Wednesday, May 5, English R. & B. singer from the seventies **GRAHAM PARKER;** Thursday, May 6, English R. & B. singer from the sixties **ERIC BURDON;** Friday, May 7, Dépêche Mode; Saturday, May 8, the Lenny Kaye Connection and the Nitecaps; Sunday, May 9, Broken Arrow; Monday, May 10, the Colors and the Producers; Tuesday, May 11, Scandal; and Thursday through Saturday, May 13-15, Haircut and One Hundred. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—In the King Cole Room, "More of Loesser," a revue honoring composer Frank Loesser's tunes, is under way. Bobby Morse, Lynne Thigpen, Liz Callaway, and Regina O'Malley constitute the cast. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club, with a nice view of the street from the window tables. Wednesday, May 5, pianist **ONAJE ALLAN GUMBS** and his sextet; Thursday and Friday, May 6-7, trumpeter **LESTER BOWIE'S** quintet; Saturday and Sunday, May 8-9, **DEUCE,** a funk-jazz septet; Monday, May 10, Main Gazane; Tuesday, May 11, trumpeter **MALACHI THOMPSON** and saxophonist **OLIVER LAKE;** Wednesday, May 12, pianist **ANDY LA VERNE;** and Thursday through Sunday, May 13-16, trumpeter Tom Browne. Music from nine-thirty.

STAR AND GARTER, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—Lots of mirrors, easy-to-sit-in padded bentwood chairs, and live jazz. **SONNY FORTUNE,** the driving, hard-edged alto player who can make one downright grateful for the age of the long, extended solo, leads a trio on Friday and Saturday, May 7-8; on Friday and Saturday, May 14-15, super bassist **RON CARTER** will play duets with **CEDAR WALTON.** Music from ten. Dining.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Tenor saxophonist **BUDD JOHNSON** leads a combo through Saturday, May 8; on Sunday and Monday, May 9-10, Robert Watson will perform; and on Tuesday, May 11, pianist **AHMAD JAMAL,** who once estimated that he has played "Poinciana" about a hundred thousand times, will arrive. Shows from about ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Home of blues—rural blues, urban blues, Chicago blues, rhythm and blues, and Kingston blues (a.k.a. reggae). **CHARLES BROWN,** an R. & B. singer from Texas City, Texas, who was prominent in the late forties and early fifties—his big hit was "Driftin' Blues"—is in the midst of a rare New York visit. He's singing here Wednesdays through Saturdays. Tuesdays are lift-off sessions for the local soul-shake octet the **UPTOWN HORNS,** which plays some of the bluesiest, raunchiest, and loosest music in the city. Shows most nights after nine-thirty.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A non-threatening—if you can find the front door—rock-showcase club. Wednesday, May 5, the Mini-14's and the Nelson Ferrer Band; Thursday, May 6, Kid Tater and the Cheaters; Friday, May 7, Silent Types and Sound; Saturday, May 8, Jon Gault and Sighs Five; Monday, May 10, Corps; and Tuesday, May 11, the Shaboo All-Stars. Music after eleven. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Mondays are nights of salsa music in the big, barnlike downstairs room. On May 10, **RAY BARRETTO** and **JOSÉ BELLO** will lead their bands, and guest soloist violinist **BILLY BANG** will appear with them. On Tuesdays out on the Terrace, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** leads a trio from nine.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club. **MOSE ALLISON,** the simultaneously rural and urbane singer, pianist, and songwriter, performs with his trio through Sunday, May 9; on Tuesday, May 11, tenor saxophonist **JOHNNY GRIFFIN,** whose solos are the urgent, vigorous kind that ex-big-band soloists tend to play, will descend the stairs with his quartet. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band blast-off nights. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens; another is the warm atmosphere. Hank Johnson is at the piano Mondays through Wednesdays; Tony Regusis has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Music from eight-thirty until two.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of mostly swing music. Trombonist **JIMMY KNEPPER** is leading a group through Sunday, May 9; on Monday, May 10, trumpeter-vocalist **DOC CHEATHAM** will drop in; Tuesday, May 11, will be claimed by a young swing guitarist, **CHRIS FLORY;** and on Wednesday, May 12, **BENNY WATERS,** who was a member of the reed section in the bands of Claude Hopkins, Fletcher Henderson, and Jimmie Lunceford several decades back—he's just turned eighty—will move in with a quartet. Music nightly from about nine.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

JACK DEJOHNETTE'S SPECIAL EDITION—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Friday and Saturday, May 7-8, at 11:30.

HUMAN LEAGUE—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Friday, May 7, at 9. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

Bill Dixon—With Mario Pavone and Lawrence Cook. (Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. 777-3240. Saturday, May 8, at 8.)

Elegantly Ellington—A program of music by Duke Ellington, played by Ray Abrams' eighteen-piece orchestra, with Pat Spann. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Sunday, May 9, at 2:30. For tickets, call 722-8223.)

Nana Mouskouri—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Sunday, May 9, at 4 and 8.

Motörhead, Krokus, and **Fist**—Palladium. Friday, May 14, at 8.

Von Freeman Quartet—Public Theatre. Friday and Saturday, May 14-15, at 9:30.

Sarah Vaughan—Avery Fisher Hall. Saturday, May 15, at 8.

Sergio Mendes & Brasil '88—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Saturday, May 15, at 8 and 11:30.

The Jam—Palladium. Saturday, May 15, at 8.

Jazz Forum—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesdays at 10 and midnight: Charli Persip & Superband. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 6, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Frank Gant quartet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, May 7-8, at 10, 11:30, and 1: David (Fathead) Newman quintet. . . . ¶ Sunday, May 9, at 3: Michele Rosewoman quartet. . . . ¶ Sunday, May 9, at 10 and midnight: Evelyn Blakey & Celebration. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 13, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Jason Forsythe sextet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, May 14-15, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Bill Hardman–Junior Cook quintet. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

Soundscape—New music and jazz in another fifth-floor loft. Thursday, May 6, at 8: Rick Cutler, Chuck Loeb, Lawrence Feldman, and others performing new works by Fred Tompkins. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032.)

Benefit Concert—Ethel Merman, with the American Symphony Orchestra. The beneficiary is the Theatre Collection of the Museum of the City of New York. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, May 10, at 8. For tickets, call 397-1000.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Carol Anthony—New works in craypas. Through May 29. (Davidson, 43 E. 78th St.)

Albert Bierstadt (1830-1902)—Thirteen oil sketches of landscapes, recently discovered in a private collection in England. Through Saturday, May 8. (Davis & Langdale, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Roy Carruthers—Drawings, prints, and sculptures characterized by figures and objects with elongated parts. Through May 22. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

Jane Chenoweth—Paintings of flowers and landscapes by an artist whose work has a fresh touch; first solo show in New York. Through Saturday, May 8. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Enrico Donati—Abstract paintings in mixed mediums. Through June 4. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Carole Eisner—Abstract paintings. Through May 28. (Lubin House, 11 E. 61st St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 9; Saturdays, 11 to 6.)

Darryl Hughto—Abstract paintings in acrylic on unprimed canvas. Through May 29. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

Ralph Humphrey—Three-dimensional paintings. Through Saturday, May 8. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Alexej Jawlensky (1864-1941)—Twelve portrait heads in oil, spanning the years 1906 to 1930. Through May 29. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

Rockwell Kent (1882-1971)—Drawings for an edition of "Moby Dick," lithographs, and wood engravings. Through May 28. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closes at 4:30.)

Ida Kohlmeyer—Recent abstract paintings in mixed mediums, representing a departure from the checkerboard patterns usually associated with this artist. Through Saturday, May 8. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Jacques Lipchitz (1891-1973)—Relatively small bronzes on Biblical themes: the prodigal's return, David and Goliath, and so on. Through Saturday, May 8. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Marino Marini (1901-80)—Aquatints and lithographs. Through May 29. (Rolly-Michaux, 943 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Carl-Henning Pedersen—Recent oils by a Cobra elder. Through May 22. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Francis Picabia (1879-1953)—A small show of paintings and drawings. Through May 29. (Adler-Castillo, third floor, 58 E. 79th St.)

Picasso (1881-1973)—Etchings, aquatints, and drypoints from the artist's estate. Through Saturday, May 8. (Saidenberg, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Opens at 1 on Saturdays.)

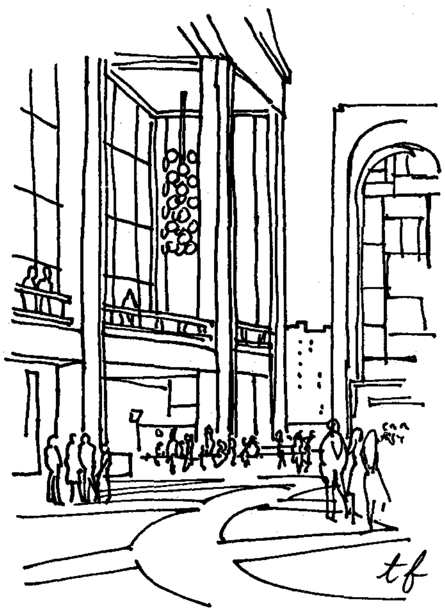
Reeve Schley III—Beach scenes—New Jersey, the Vineyard, Nantucket—done in crisp, almost stylized watercolors, plus one oil. Through Saturday, May 15. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Paul Signac (1863-1935)—Watercolors and drawings, several of them preparatory sketches for major works. Through Saturday, May 15. (Theo Waddington, 1044 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

David Smith (1906-65)—Sculptures and drawings from the thirties and forties. Through Thursday, May 13. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Ann Sperry—Recent sculptures. Through Saturday, May 15. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Group Shows—At **la boetie,** 9 E. 82nd St.: A hundred items produced at the Bauhaus studios, including graphics, publications, and watercolors and drawings by Oskar Schlemmer, Anni Albers, Paul Klee, and others. Also a lamp designed by Gyula Pap. Through June 30. . . . **browne,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Etchings by Europeans, done over the four centuries from 1500. Through June 19. . . . **cds,** 13 E. 75th St.: One work apiece by seven artists, including Louise Bourgeois, Louise Nevelson, and Robert Motherwell, and two each by seven others (Jake Berthot, Richard Fishman, Cletus Johnson). The latter group was chosen by the former. Through June 12. (Open Mondays.) . . . **center for inter-american relations,** 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Installations of film, painting, and sculpture by three Latin-American artists. Through May 16. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6. There will be a twenty-hour-long performance work—sleeping bags optional—by Leopoldo Maler on Saturday, May 8, at 8.) . . . **einstein,** 243 E. 82nd St.: Large-format drawings by Daniel Morper, Mary Joan Waid, Lucy Sallick, and others. Through May 28. . . . **coe kerr,** 49 E. 82nd St.: Works by sixteen American realists, Andrew Wyeth, Shirl Goedike, and Robert Cottingham among them. More than half of the artists represented are newcomers to the gallery. Through May 28. (Open Mondays.) . . . **stone,** 48 E. 86th St.: Wayne Thiebaud (portraits and San Francisco landscapes), Gordon Cook (still-life paintings), and David Beck (a painted construction of a symphony orchestra, seen at eye level, which performs at the turn of a handle). Through May 28. . . . **wildenstein,** 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit exhibition of nearly a hundred early-nineteenth-century French paintings and drawings. Both neoclassic and Romantic masters (David, Delacroix, and Ingres among them) are represented, as are some lesser-known artists (Fragonard's son and sister-in-law). Through May 28. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)



Sculpture—A show of more than seventy-five American works, ranging from carved-pine representations of "Comedy" and "Tragedy" done in 1808 by William Rush to a 1938 model for a bronze outdoor sculpture by Paul Manship, and including works by Frederic Remington, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, and Elie Nadelman. Through June 4. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Pat Adams—Large, energetic abstractions, plus smaller works on paper in which bits of eggshell or ground glass or mica are incorporated. Through May 22. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Abe Ajay—Constructions and related collages. Through May 22. (Aaron Berman, 50 W. 57th St.)

Charles Biederman—Painted-aluminum wall constructions. Through Saturday, May 8. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Fernando Botero—Sculptures (bronze and epoxy) in a style very much in keeping with his paintings. Through May 29. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Ernest Briggs—Recent paintings by an Abstract Expressionist. Through Saturday, May 8. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Charles Burchfield (1893-1967)—A selection of watercolors representing the seasons. Through May 28. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Richard Crozier—Small paintings of flowering mullein and other aspects of the Virginia landscape. Through May 29. (Tatistcheff, 38 E. 57th St.)

Lawrence Fane—One large welded-steel sculpture and several bronzes and polyester-resin works by an artist whose inspiration comes from rock formations. Through May 22. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

Patricia Tobacco Forrester—Watercolors of wooded landscapes and exotic flowers by a realist. Through May 28. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Ilse Getz—Collages, constructions, and paintings, mostly of window shutters or baroque doorways, inspired by the architecture of Key West and inland Connecticut. Through May 28. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Robert Goodnough—Abstract paintings. Through Wednesday, May 12. (Klonaridis, a new gallery at 50 W. 57th St.)

Caroline Greenwald—Abstractions on translucent handmade paper, some of them suspended from the ceiling. Through Saturday, May 8. (Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St.)

John Gundelfinger—Large paintings of the woodlands around the Delaware Water Gap, seen through a blue haze. Through May 22. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

John Hoyland—Recent abstract acrylics on canvas by a British artist. Through May 29. (Jacobson Hochman, 24 W. 57th St.)

YVONNE JACQUETTE—Paintings and drawings of New York at night, seen from airplane height and showing, of course, millions of lights. Through Saturday, May 8. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

ANSELM KIEFER—Recent paintings. Through Saturday, May 8. (Goodman, 24 W. 57th St.)

WILLIAM KING—Two huge figures cut out of thick aluminum plate and provided with cast-aluminum faces and hands. There are also photographs of some of his larger outdoor sculptures. Through May 20. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

FRED MEYER—A bronze of Fred Astaire in tails and other sculptures. Through May 22. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

JEANNE MILES / ARTHUR PIERSON—Small-scale abstract paintings. / Recent sculptures and drawings. Through Saturday, May 8. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

ROBERT MURRAY—The artist has coaxed various shades of blue from aluminum and bronze sculptures, with either a patina or a stain. Through May 29. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

ALICE NEEL—Paintings (not one of them a portrait) from the past fifty years—still-lifes, cityscapes, landscapes, interiors. Through June 5. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

DONA NELSON—Semi-abstract paintings, nearly all depicting the sea in various moods. Some are in oil on canvas and some in enamel on Masonite. Through May 22. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St.)

JOHN OBUCK—Three-dimensional works using canvas, wood, and Plexiglas. Through May 22. (Gladstone, 41 W. 57th St.)

BEVERLY PEPPER—Sculptures in cast ductile metal: single shafts up to ten feet tall and smaller pieces. Through May 22. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

ARCHIE RAND / LEATRICE ROSE—Paintings of figures that are sometimes seen in a landscape and sometimes paired with architectural elements. / Still-life paintings on paper. Through May 26. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

MARTIN SCHONGAUER (1450-91)—Eighteen engravings. Through May 28. (Donson, 38 E. 57th St.)

DON SHIELDS—Exuberant abstract paintings with figures discernible here and there. Through May 22. (Haber Theodore, 29 W. 57th St.)

LINDA SOKOLOWSKI—Landscapes and figures in prints and on paper in oil wash and pastel. Through Saturday, May 8. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

HARRY SOVIAK—Bright watercolors with vases as the central motif, plus silhouettes of vases made of stainless steel and mounted on pedestals. Through May 22. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

SAUL STEINBERG—"Still-Life and Architecture" is the title of this show of drawings and sculptures. Through Saturday, May 8. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

DONALD SULTAN—Large, severely stylized paintings—a yellow tulip, a street lamp, a factory smokestack breathing fire—done on Masonite and vinyl floor tiles. Through Saturday, May 8. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

JAMES SURLS—Carved-oak and pine sculptures of figures or of flower forms, often suggested by the natural shape of the wood. Through June 4. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

ANTONI TÀPIES—Mixed mediums on paper and cardboard. Through June 5. (Del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

TOM WESSELMANN—"Big Study for Still-Life with Blue Jar and Smoking Cigarette," a drawing on paper, is among new paintings, drawings, and sculptures. Through May 29. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

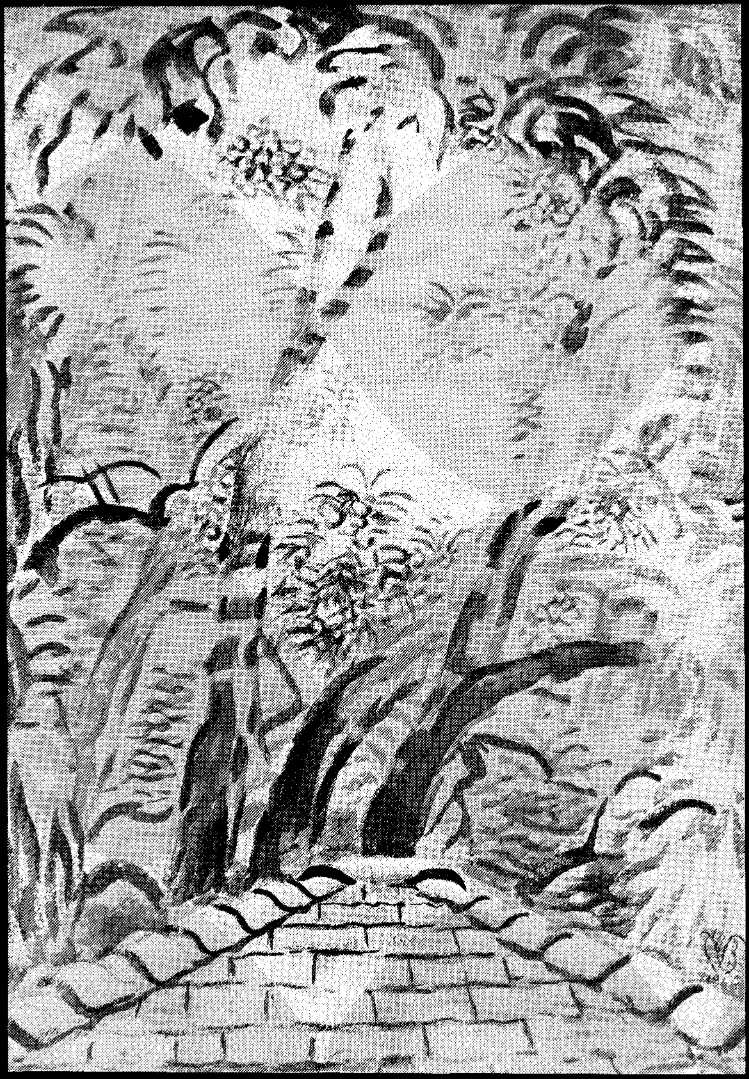
GALLERIES—SoHo

ALLAN ADAMS / ARIE GALLES—True-to-life carved-wood sculptures. / Painted-wood constructions. Through May 22. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

CONRAD ATKINSON—Photographs, collages, and other works by a British polemist who addresses subjects such as nuclear power and pollution. Through June 5. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.) . . . ¶ During the same period, sound works by Jud Fine, Hannah Wilke, and others can be heard (with headphones).

RICHARD BALLARD—Large charcoal and oil draw-

Burchfield's Seasons
at Kennedy Galleries
to May 28



CHARLES E. BURCHFIELD (1893 - 1967)
The Golden Glow of Summer watercolor, 40 x 29 inches
Signed lower right with monogram: "CEB/1964"
Illustrated exhibition catalogue, $15. Poster, $12.

"A wonderful — a perfect day — full of midsummer grasses and flowers, in front of my easel, with the warm sunshine and wind beating against me. . ."
From the artist's journal

Kennedy Galleries
Exclusive representative of the Charles E. Burchfield Foundation
40 West 57th Street (5th Floor) New York 10019
212/541-9600 Monday-Friday 9:30-5:30

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ings of odalisques; first one-man show in New York. Through May 29. (Birksted, 152 Mercer St. Opens at 12:30 on Saturdays.)

Richard Beckett—Painted wall constructions and drawings. Through May 22. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Peter Dean / Larry Nelson—Paintings of tragic events, such as the assassinations of President Kennedy and Martin Luther King, Jr. There is also a portrait of John Lennon. / Realist watercolors of storefronts and barbershops. Through Saturday, May 8. (Semaphore, 462 West Broadway.)

Marco Gastini / Dennis Roth—Varied works by an artist from Turin. / Color photographs. Through May 22. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

April Gornik—Large oils depicting imaginary landscapes. Through Saturday, May 8. (Thorp, 419 West Broadway.)

Elaine Huyer / Vera Schupack—Nonobjective oils. / Sculptured abstractions done in canvas. Through Sunday, May 9. (Pindar, 127 Greene St. Opens Sundays at 1.)

Alain Kirili—Hand-forged iron sculptures. Through May 22. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Norman Laliberté—Boxed collages and large wall hangings of painted unstretched canvas. Through May 30. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Opens Sundays at noon.)

Charles Luce—Five sculptures, one a wall installation presenting a visual puzzle whose parts include a painted wall, words on canvas, an axe, a white dress shirt. For viewers who require additional background material, a reference library of working drawings is provided. Through May 26. (Meyer, 410 West Broadway.)

Marion Ranyak—Paintings of house plants and landscapes. Through May 26. (SoHo 20, at 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

Alan Saret—Floor and ceiling sculptures by an artist who works with twisted and knotted industrial wire (copper and lead). Through May 22. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Keith Sonnier—Sculptures. An operating pay phone and a television set are joined on aluminum posts in one of the electronic pieces. Bamboo works are in evidence also. Through May 22. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Gary Stephan—Abstract paintings and sculptures. Through May 26. (Boone, 417 and 420 West Broadway.)

Jim Sullivan—Oils and drawings, often juxtaposing figurative and still-life elements. Through June 2. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Cy Twombly—New works on paper which continue his explorations of mythological themes. Through Saturday, May 8. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

Group Shows—At the **55 mercer street gallery:** Constructions in clay and in plaster and fabric by Grace Bakst Wapner, figurative paintings and collages by Joan Gillman Negron, and freestanding screens and other works by Gloria Greenberg. Through Saturday, May 15. . . . **hutchinson,** 138 Greene St.: Small-scale realist paintings by Sherman Drexler, Jim Richmond, and David Rohn. Through May 29. . . . **landmark,** 469 Broome St.: A show of figurative paintings, these comparing two works each (one from 1962 and one from 1982) by Sideo Fromboluti, Paul Georges, Lester Johnson, and Nicholas Marsicano. Through May 26. (Opens at 11:30 Tuesdays through Fridays, at noon Saturdays.)

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OTHER GALLERIES

Jacqueline Gourevitch—Recent abstract paintings. Through Friday, May 14. (Condeso-Lawler, 119 W. 25th St.)

Giuseppe Penone—Three sculptures and a drawing based on nature. Through Saturday, May 15. (Ala, 32 W. 20th St.)

Group Shows—At the **bromm,** 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.: One work apiece by Rosemarie Castoro, Roger Cutforth, Jody Pinto, Frank Young, and five others. Through Saturday, May 15. . . . **grey art gallery,** New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq.: "John James Audubon & His Sons," a hundred oils, watercolors, drawings, and prints; some of them are by Audubon's associate Joseph Bartholomew Kidd. Through June 5. (Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; and Saturdays, 1 to 5.) . . . **the new museum,** 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: Early works by five artists: Lynda Benglis, Joan Brown, Luis Jimenez, Gary Stephan, and Lawrence Weiner. Through June 3. (Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Thomas Barrow / Paul Berger—Manipulated prints, some incorporating stencilled phrases. / Recent works: related images cut from photographs and assembled together, as in a collage. Through May 22. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Roger Corbeau—Photographs taken on movie sets, 1932-82. Through June 25. (French Institute-Alliance Française, 22 E. 60th St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 8; Fridays, 10 to 5:30; Saturdays, 10 to 1:30.)

Roy DeCarava—A retrospective of photographs, some of which have been printed by him for the first time for this exhibit. Through June 5. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Robert Doisneau—Forty-five black-and-white portraits mostly dating from the fifties. Through Friday, May 14. (French Embassy, 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Earl Dotter—Documentary photographs of mill workers, coal miners, and other laborers taken throughout the United States. Through June 11. (Gallery 1199, at 310 W. 43rd St. Open until 8, Mondays through Fridays.)

Lee Friedlander / John Pfahl—"Factory Valleys": landscapes and portraits taken in and around the industrial regions of Ohio and Pennsylvania. / Dye-transfer prints of landscapes, plus other works. Through May 22. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.)

Florence Henri—Photomontages from the late twenties and early thirties, while she was enrolled at the Bauhaus. Through May 29. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Fred Korth—Thirty-five photographs from the thirties and forties by this industrial photographer whose work has been seen in *Fortune* *National Geographic*, *Look*, and other magazines. Through May 21. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Wilhelm Maywald / Eva Rubinstein—Fashion photographs and portraits of Picasso, Braque Chagall, and others, all from the late forties and early fifties. / Recent shots of building exteriors and of children, plus portraits Through Saturday, May 8. (Neikrug, 224 E 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

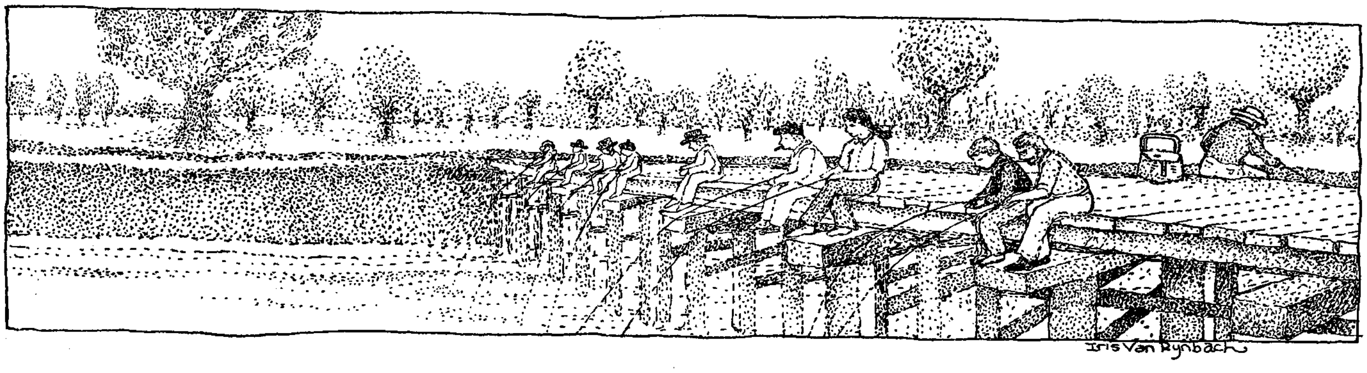
Chris Stein—Photographs of Debbie Harry and the band Blondie. Through Saturday, May 15. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

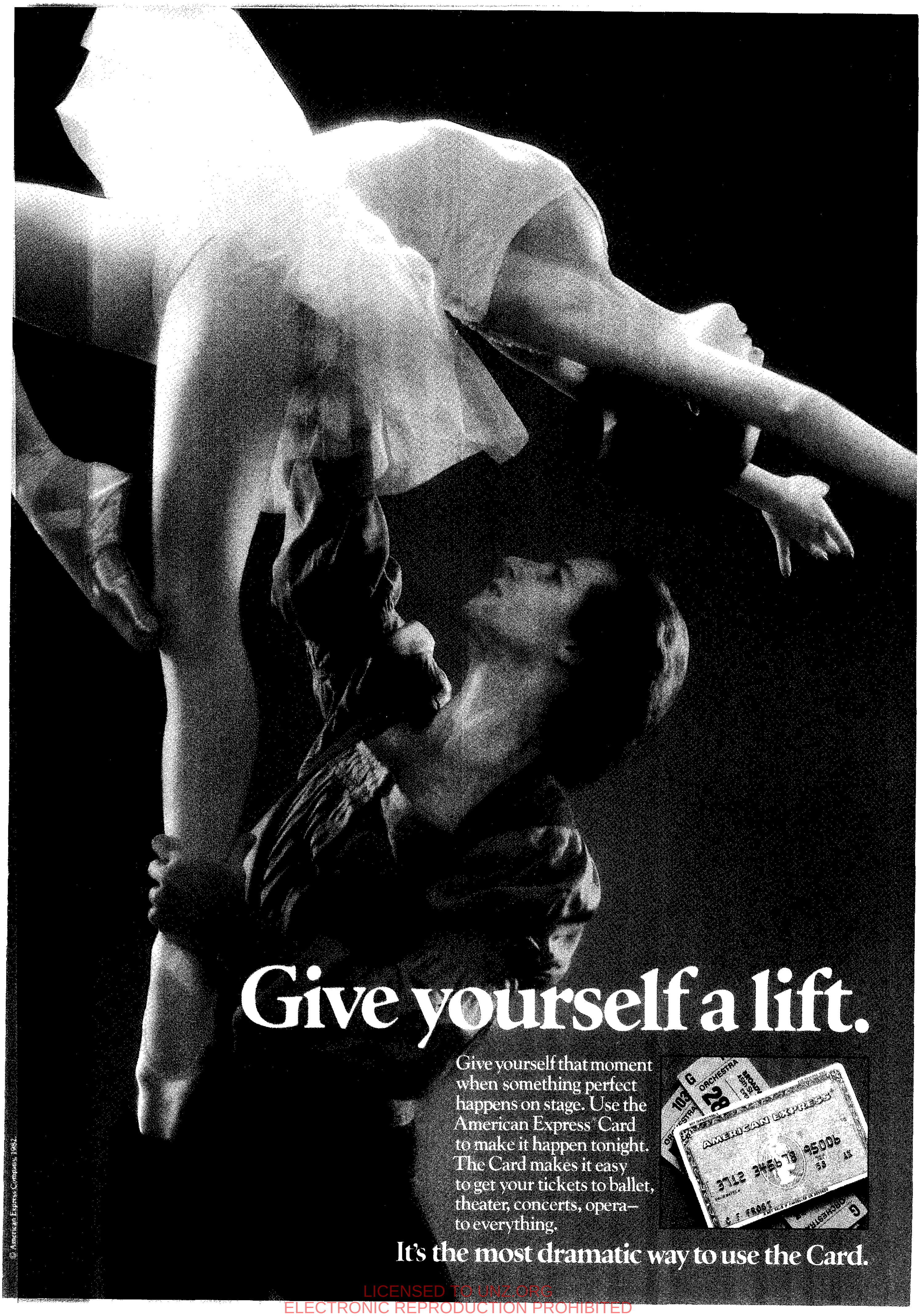
Ezra Stoller—Photographs of the ancient temples of Angkor Wat and Bayon, taken when the photographer went to Cambodia in 1959. Through June 9. (Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Group Shows—At the **goddard-riverside community center,** 647 Columbus Ave., at 91st St.: Color photographs by more than sixty artists, among them Jan Groover, Lucas Samaras, Stephen Shore, and Apollo II. Through May 16. (Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 5 to 7; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . **international center of photography,** 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Photographs of Paris from the archives of the Magnum coöperative. Half of the hundred black-and-whites have never been exhibited before. Robert Capa, David Seymour (Chim), Henri Cartier-Bresson, and Inge Morath are among the artists. . . . ¶ Photographs of Alaskan Eskimo villages taken from 1973 to 1978 by Alex Harris. Both exhibits through Sunday, May 9. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . **metropolitan museum,** Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.: Photographs by nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists, arranged topically and in pairs to illustrate different approaches to similar subjects; for example, Doris Ulmann's portrait of two lovers entitled "South Carolina" is displayed alongside Brassaï's "Couple d'Amoureux dans un Petit Café, Quartier Italie." Other twinned contributors: Kertész and Namuth, Model and Frank. (See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Thirty-one seventeenth-century Dutch paintings on loan from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Edward William Carter. Through June 20. . . . ¶ The hundredth anniversary of George Bellows' birth is the occasion for a show of his lithographs (including many of the best-known boxing scenes), as well as a few paintings and drawings. Through July 4. . . . ¶ A show of fifth- to tenth-century artifacts that were buried in the deserts of Central Asia for a thousand years and unearthed by German archeologists in the late nineteenth century—primarily religious paintings, clay and wood figures, and manuscripts, but also some frescoes retrieved from temples at Kizil, showing scenes from the life of Buddha. On loan from the West Berlin State Museums. Through June 20. . . . ¶ The Cos-

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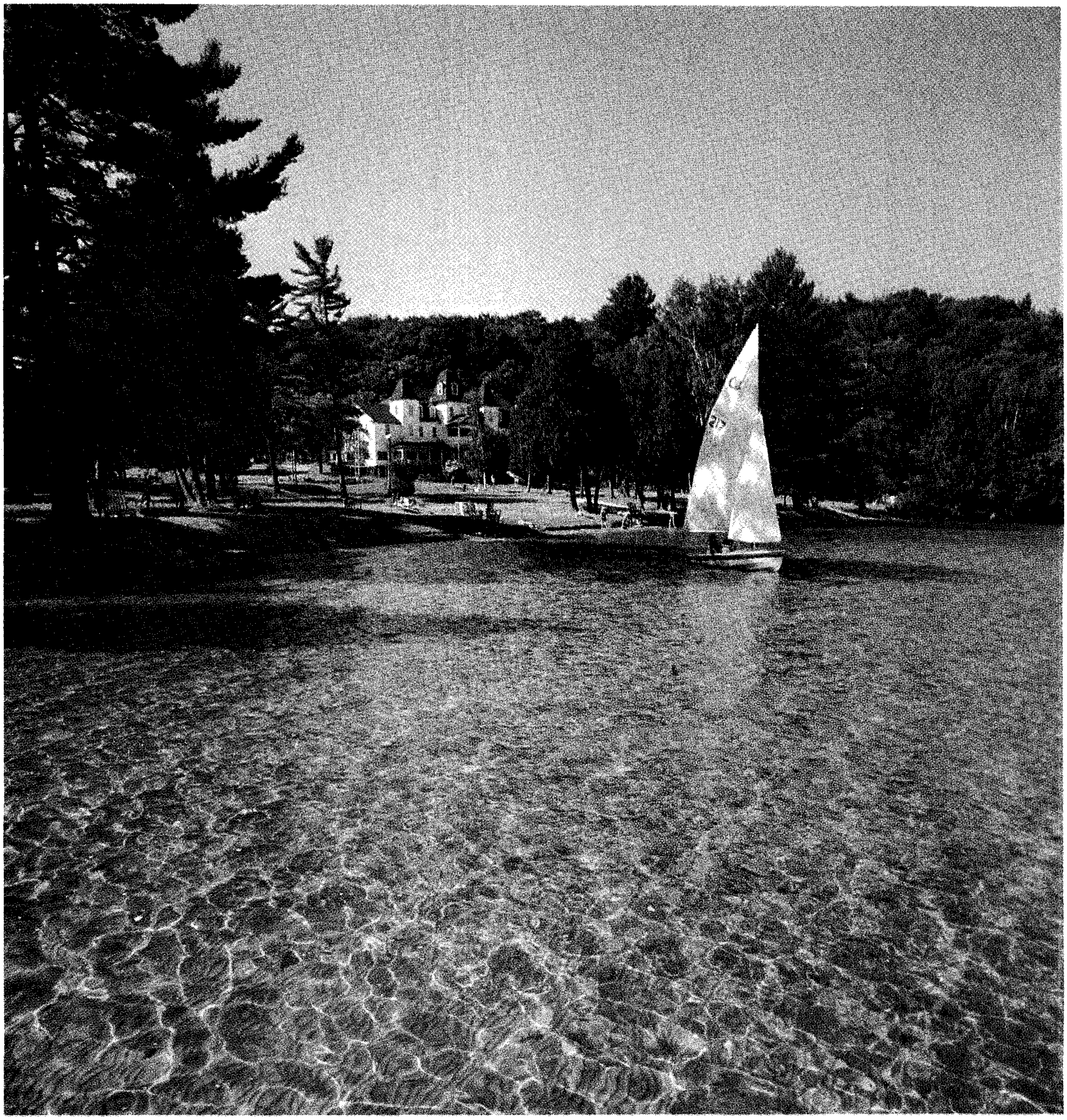

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ONTARIO
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tume Institute's tenth annual fashion show, focussing primarily on the eighteenth-century French woman but also encompassing her European and American counterparts. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints from the permanent collection. Through Sunday, May 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 18 W. 54th St.—An exhibition of about a hundred early paintings and drawings by Giorgio de Chirico. Through June 29. . . . ¶ Six recently acquired videotapes, one shown continuously each day; viewing time ranges from twelve minutes to an hour. Through Tuesday, May 11. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A show of diverse works by seven contemporary Italian artists: Sandro Chia, Enzo Cucchi, Nino Longobardi, Luigi Ontani, Giuseppe Penone, Vettor Pisani, and Gilberto Zorio. . . . ¶ Jack Tworkov: An exhibit of paintings and works on paper from the past fifteen years. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.) Both shows through June 20.

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of the works of the video artist Nam June Paik, whose latest piece consists of a pyramid of forty-eight television sets showing various Paik tapes. Through June 27. . . . ¶ An exhibit devoted to abstract drawings of this century; thirty-two artists are represented, including Weber, Gorky, Albers, and Rockburne. Through July 11. . . . ¶ Approximately fifty figurative paintings from the past two decades by nearly two dozen artists—Alice Neel, Alfred Leslie, Julian Schnabel, and David Salle among them. Through June 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A hundred and thirty intaglio prints by Richard Diebenkorn, done from 1949-80. Through June 6. . . . ¶ A selection of nearly a hundred and twenty pieces of Wedgwood from the collection of Emily Winthrop Miles. Included are a creamware plate from a large dinner service commissioned by Catherine II of Russia in 1770 and two basalt oil lamps dated 1790. . . . ¶ "Brooklyn Before the Bridge: American Paintings from the Long Island Historical Society": a show of sixty oils and watercolors. Through May 31. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Champions of American Sport," a show in which a hundred sports heroes from the eighteen-thirties to today (Knute Rockne, Casey Stengel, Pancho Gonzales, Wilma Rudolph, Mark Spitz) are seen in paintings, photographs, and sculptures by such artists as Thomas Eakins, Norman Rockwell, Neil Leifer, Elaine de Kooning, and others. Organized by the Smithsonian's National Portrait Gallery. Through June 27. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, 10 to 9.)

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—Fifty Oriental rugs collected by the members of the Hajji Baba Club. Through June 20. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, noon to 5.)

China Institute, 125 E. 65th St.—A selection of seventy-five bronzes, jades, ceramics, sculptures, and paintings from the Yale University Art Gallery. The earliest piece, from the Shang dynasty, is a bronze pole top with two addorsed heads—one animal, one human. Through May 30. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—More than a hundred and twenty examples of medieval stained glass and architectural sculptures from France, Spain, Italy, and Britain, selected from the Raymond Pitcairn collection. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, noon to 4:45.)

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Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A loan show of Hawaiian artifacts (and paintings and drawings) from the Bernice Pauahi Bishop Museum, Honolulu. . . . ¶ About seventy award-winning drawings by eighteenth-century architectural students who entered annual competitions held by the National Academy of St. Luke, in Rome. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) Both shows through Sunday, May 9.

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—This institution's entire collection of eleven Rembrandt etchings is on display for the first time in many years. Among the cleaned and restored works are scenes from the life of Christ (including the so-called "Hundred Guilder Print"), landscapes, and portraits. Through June 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—A show of works by Shikō Munakata (1903-75), whose set of twelve woodblock prints entitled "The Ten Great Disciples of Buddha" is complemented by landscapes and calligraphy in ink. Through June 20. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A survey of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century French illustrated books offers, among more than a hundred examples, a copy of Molière's "Œuvres" with original drawings by Moreau and of Verlaine's "Parallèlement" with all of its Bonnard drawings and trial proofs. . . . ¶ Fifty drawings from the Donald M. Oenslager collection of theatre drawings, a recent gift to the library. . . . ¶ A show of Carolingian and Romanesque illuminated manuscripts affording, in particular, a view of the jewel-bound front cover of the ninth-century "Lindau Gospels." (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) All three shows through July 31.

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—An exhibit of fifty-five paintings and drawings by Edwin Dickinson, including "Ruin at Daphne" on loan from the Metropolitan Museum. Through Sunday, May 9. (Open daily except Mondays, noon to 5.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(*Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.*)

Artists Space, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Conceptual works by second-generation Fluxus artists. . . . ¶ Installations by Bruce Charlesworth and by Tad Savinar. Both shows through Saturday, May 15.

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Bruce & Norman Yonemoto (performance with video and film), Thursday, May 6, at 8:30; Mineo Aayamaguchi (performance), Thursday, May 13, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Contemporary handmade books by East European artists, through June 19.

P.S. I, 46-01 21st St. Long Island City. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—The main show, entitled "Space Invaders," consists of eight large-scale installations. Through May 30.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Bel Canto Opera—Frederick S. Roffman conducting six performances of Victor Herbert's operetta "The Enchantress." (Robert F. Wagner Junior High School Auditorium, 220 E. 76th St. Fridays and Saturdays, May 7-8 and 14-15, at 7:30, and Sundays May 9 and 16, at 3. Tickets at the door on the days of the performances.)

Jewish Opera at the Y—The première of "Mikhoels the Wise," an opera by Bruce Adolphe and Mel Gordon, conducted by Amy Kaiser and staged by David Yakir. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, May 8, at 8:30, and Sunday, May 9, at 2:30.)

Bronx Opera Company—Two performances of Mozart's "The Magic Flute," in an English translation by Mark Herman and Ronnie Apter. Staged by Brian O'Connor, with the Bronx Opera Orchestra and Chorus directed by Michael Spierman. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Friday and Saturday, May 14-15, at 8. For information about tickets, call 265-4100.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting the final performances of the regular season—Thursday, May 6; Saturday, May 8; and Wednesday, May 12, *all* at 8: A program of music by Vivaldi, Richard Strauss, Glière, and Ravel, with Philip Myers, horn; Charles Rex, violin; and Joseph Robinson, oboe. . . . ¶ Friday, May 7, at 2: A repeat of the preceding program, except a Brahms work replacing the Vivaldi. With Mr. Myers and Mr. Robinson.

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting a Sibelius-Rachmaninoff-Brahms program, with Bella Davidovich, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, May 5, at 8.) . . . ¶ James Levine conducting a Chopin-Berlioz program, with Youri Egorov, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, May 11, at 8.)

Montreal Symphony Orchestra—Charles Dutoit conducting a program of music by Dvořák, Tchaikovsky, Stravinsky, and Ravel, with Itzhak Perlman, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 9, at 8.)

American Composers Orchestra—The last in a series of concerts of American music, this one conducted by Gunther Schuller, with Lewis Lipnick, contrabassoon. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, May 5, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss directing the final program of the season, with Victoria de los Angeles, soprano; the Brooklyn Philharmonia Chorus; the St. Thomas Singers; and members of the Coro Borincano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, May 7-8, at 8, and Sunday, May 9, at 3.)

Bloomingdale Chamber Orchestra—George Marriner Maull conducting, with Richard Sher, cello. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Sunday, May 9, at 3. For information about tickets, call 663-6021.)

Bronx Arts Ensemble—Arthur Weisberg conducting, with David Bar-Illan, piano; Gray-son Hirst, tenor; Elaine Comparone, harpsichord; Rudolph Palmer, keyboard; and Mark Sherman, marimba. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Monday, May 10, at 8.)

Senior Concert Orchestra of New York—Emil Kahn conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 13, at 2:30. A limited number of free tickets are available; for information, call 757-7722, Ext. 29.)

Manhattan Philharmonia—George Manahan conducting, with David Runnion, cello, and Joanne Frediani, flute. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, May 14, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—Michael Feldman conducting an all-Telemann program. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Saturday, May 15, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 943-0950.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting, with Yo-Yo Ma, cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, May 15, at 8, and Sunday, May 16, at 3.)

Collegiate Chorale—Robert Bass directing an all-Mozart program, with Hei Kyung Hong, soprano; Philip Creech, tenor; Alteouise DeVaughn, mezzo-soprano; and Arthur Woodley, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 8, at 8.)

Concordia Choir—Gerald Coleman directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 8, at 3.)

Glee Club of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick—George Mead and Paul LaMedica directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 8, at 8.)

Sine Nomine Singers—Harry Saltzman directing. (Merkin Concert Hall. Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, May 8, at 8:30.)

Canterbury Choral Society—Charles Dodsley Walker directing Brahms' Requiem and Debussy's "La Damoiselle Elue," with Beverley Rinaldi, soprano; Sondra Stowe, mezzo-soprano; Richard Anderson, baritone; and an orchestra. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, May 9, at 4. Admission by contribution.)

Zamir Chorale—Matthew Lazar directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, May 10, at 8.)

Manhattan Chorus—Daniel Paget directing a performance of Carl Orff's cantata "Carmina Burana." (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Tuesday, May 11, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Pomerium Musices—Alexander Blachly directing a program entitled "Heinrich Isaac: Musical Wizard of the Renaissance." (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, May 12, at 8.)

Oratorio Society of New York—Lyndon Woodside directing an all-Brahms program, featuring his Requiem, with Jo Ann Pickens, soprano, and James Dietsch, baritone, and his "Alto Rhapsody," with Glenda Maurice, mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 13, at 8.)

New York Choral Society—Robert DeCormier directing a performance of Bach's B-Minor Mass, with Beverley Rinaldi, soprano; Shirley Close, mezzo-soprano; Robert White, tenor; William McGraw, baritone; and Andrew Wentzel, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 15, at 8.)

RECITALS

Giora Feidman—Clarinet, with a trio. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, May 5, at 2.)

Guarneri Quartet—The first three in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, May 5; Monday, May 10; and Thursday, May 13, all at 8.)

Ravi Shankar—Sitar, with assisting artists. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, May 5, at 8.)

John Challener—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, May 5, at 8.)

Zenon Fishbein—Piano. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Wednesday, May 5, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Heinz Holliger—Oboe. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Thursday, May 6, at 8.)

Fitzwilliam String Quartet—The last in a series of concerts presenting the American première of the Shostakovich cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, May 6, at 8.)

Chamber Music—The American Chamber Trio, the Ariel Ensemble, and the Jubal Trio in a program of music by Myron Fink and William Mayer. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Thursday, May 6, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Galimir String Quartet—Chamber music. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. Friday, May 7, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Composers' Forum—An all-day program entitled "New Music/New Composers," performed by the Contemporary Chamber Ensemble; Ned Rothenberg, saxophonist-composer; the Electronic Art Ensemble; and the Meltable Snaps It. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Saturday, May 8, from 2 to 10. No tickets necessary.)

Linda Chesis and Sara Cutler—Flute and harp, with assisting artists. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, May 9, at 8.)

Yo-Yo Ma—Cello, in the last of three all-Bach recitals, with Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, May 9, at 8.)

New Music for Young Ensembles—The Dorian Woodwind Quintet; the Burdette Trio; and John Ostendorf, bass-baritone. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, May 10, at 8.)

Chamber Music at the Y—Jaime Laredo, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Sharon Robinson, cello; and others. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday and Wednesday, May 11-12, at 8.)

For the Love of Music—The last in a series of programs of chamber music, this one a Falla-Bartók-Chausson program, performed by Judith Norell, harpsichord; Renée Siebert, flute; Richard Sortomme, violin; Frederick Zlotkin, cello; and others. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, May 11, at 8.)

William Brown—Tenor. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, May 12, at 8.)

Victoria de los Angeles—Soprano, in a program of Spanish Renaissance music. With Joseph Iadone, lutenist; Susan Iadone, recorders and viola da gamba; and others. (Medieval Court, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 570-3949. Wednesday, May 12, at 8.)

Kalichstein-Laredo-Robinson Trio—The last in a series of concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, May 13, at 8.)

Portland String Quartet—Chamber music. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Thursday, May 13, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Joseph Rutkowski—Clarinet, in a program of Slavic and German music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, May 14, at 8.)

Mannes Ensemble for Contemporary Musi—Chamber music. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. Friday, May 14, at 8. N tickets necessary.)

Gordon Gottlieb and Jay Gottlieb—Percussio and piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, May 15, a 9.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At Shea Stadium—Mets vs. Sa Francisco, Thursday, May 6, at 7:35; Friday May 7, at 8:05; and Saturday and Sunday May 8-9, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Mets vs. San Dieg Monday through Wednesday, May 10-12, a 7:35. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Los Angeles, Thursday May 13, at 7:35; Friday, May 14, at 8:05 and Saturday, May 15, at 7:35.

Hockey—Stanley Cup playoffs—Islanders vs Quebec Nordiques, in the semifinal rounds (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100. Thursday May 6, and Tuesday, May 11, at 8:05, i necessary.) . . . ¶ The final rounds star Thursday, May 13.

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays a 1:05; through Monday, May 17. The Withers Saturday, May 8; the Comely, Sunday, Ma 9; and the Roseben Handicap, Saturday May 15. . . . **monmouth park,** Oceanport, N.J. Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept 4. . . . **pimlico,** Baltimore: The Preakness, Saturday, May 15.

Tennis—Tournament of Champions. (West Sid Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Wednesday throug Friday, May 5-7, at 1; semifinals Saturday May 8, at 12:30; and finals Sunday, May 9 at 1. For information about tickets, call 268-6777.)

Trotting—At **roosevelt raceway,** Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Wednesday, June 16. . . . **saratoga raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 7:30; through Saturday, Nov. 20. . . . **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 7.

ET ALIA

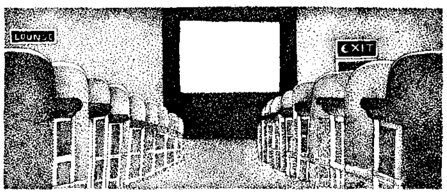
Poetry Readings—Dennis Silk and Sharon Olds reading from their own works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, May 10, at 8.) . . . ¶ Charles Simic and John Pijewski reading from their own works. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Monday, May 10, at 8.) . . . ¶ Frederick Morgan and Jay Parini reading from their own works. (Books & Co., 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. 737-1450. Tuesday, May 11, at 7:30.) . . . ¶ John Ashbery and Joseph Ceravolo reading from their own works. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Wednesday, May 12, at 8. Admission by contribution.) . . . ¶ May Swenson reading from her own works. (Loeb Student Center, Room 310, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Thursday, May 13, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Lectures—Two in a series of lectures under the over-all title of "The Lady Jazz Singers." Thursday, May 6, at 8: John Hammond speaking about Billie Holiday. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 13, at 8: Larry Carr speaking about Ethel Waters. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Tickets at the door on the nights of the lectures.)

Auctions—At **sotheby's,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5.) Tuesday through Thursday, May 11-13, at 10:15 and 2: Prints. Exhibition starts Thursday, May 6. . . . **sotheby's,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5.) Friday and Saturday, May 7-8, at 10:15 and 2: Japanese and Chinese works of art, as well as furniture. . . . **christie's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Wednesday, May 5, at 7: Contemporary art by such artists as Mark Rothko, Jackson Pollock, Robert Motherwell, and Roy Lichtenstein. Admission by ticket only; for information, call 546-1128. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 6, at 10 and 2: Contemporary paintings, drawings, and sculptures. . . . ¶ Monday, May 10, at 2, and Tuesday, May 11, at 10 and 2: Old Master and modern prints. Exhibition starts Thursday, May 6. . . . **phillips,** 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. Wednesday, May 5, at 1: Oriental works of art.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 23.

EAST SIDE

itle Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
"La Commare Secca" ("The Grim Reaper;" 1962; directed by Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian).

K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Chariots of Fire" (†).

. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through May 6: "Personal Best" (†) and "Outland" (†).
From May 7: To be announced.

ramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through May 6: "If You Could See What I Hear" (Eric Till), with Marc Singer.
From May 7: "Death Valley" (Dick Richards), with Paul Le Mat and Catherine Hicks.

ay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Richard Pryor Live on the Sunset Strip" (†).

urray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through May 13: "Soup for One" (Jonathan Kaufer), with Saul Rubinek.
From May 14: "House Where Evil Dwells."

oews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: Through May 6: "The Amateur" (Charles Jarrott), with John Savage and Christopher Plummer. From May 7: "Paradise" (Stuart Gillard), with Willie Aames and Phoebe Cates.
Theatre 2: "Porky's" (Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan and Mark Herrier.
Theatre 3: "Partners" (James Burrows), with Ryan O'Neal and John Hurt.

4th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Cat People" (†).

astside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through May 6: "A Week's Vacation" (Bertrand Tavernier; in French), with Nathalie Baye and Gérard Lanvin.
From May 7: "Memoirs of a French Whore."

utton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through May 13: "Soup for One" (Jonathan Kaufer), with Saul Rubinek.
From May 13: "Secret Policeman's Other Ball."

otham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"The Amateur" (Charles Jarrott), with John Savage and Christopher Plummer.

laza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Diva" (†).

anhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Porky's" (Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan and Mark Herrier.
Theatre 2: "Chariots of Fire" (†).

aronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "I Love You" (Arnaldo Jabor; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Sonia Braga.
Theatre 2: "Diner" (†).

. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Deathtrap" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Mephisto" (István Szabó; a Hungarian film, in German), with Klaus Maria Brandauer.
Theatre 2: "Too Far to Go" (Fielder Cook), with Michael Moriarty and Blythe Danner.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through May 6: "Fun Loving" (†). May 7-13: "Lady Chatterley's Lover" (Just Jaeckin), with Sylvia Kristel and Nicholas Clay. From May 14: "Conan the Barbarian" (John Milius), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and James Earl Jones.
Theatre 2: "Garde á Vue" (Claude Miller; in French), with Michel Serrault and Lino Ventura.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Chosen" (Jeremy Paul Kagan), with Maximilian Schell and Rod Steiger.

Loews New York Twin I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through May 6: "If You Could See What I Hear" (Eric Till), with Marc Singer. From May 7: "Paradise" (Stuart Gillard), with Willie Aames and Phoebe Cates.
Theatre 2: "The Long Good Friday" (John Mackenzie), with Bob Hoskins and Helen Mirren.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Das Boot" (Wolfgang Petersen; in German).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Wrong Is Right" (Richard Brooks), with Sean Connery and George Grizzard.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304; Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through May 6: "Missing" (†).
From May 7: To be announced.

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through May 6: "Fun Loving" (†).
From May 7: "Lady Chatterley's Lover" (Just Jaeckin), with Sylvia Kristel and Nicholas Clay.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Partners" (James Burrows), with Ryan O'Neal and John Hurt.
Theatre 2: "Some Kind of Hero" (Michael Pressman), with Richard Pryor and Margot Kidder.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Porky's" (Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan and Mark Herrier.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. I and 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Soup for One" (Jonathan Kaufer), with Saul Rubinek.
Theatre 2: Through May 6: "Cat People" (†). May 7-13: "Death Valley" (Dick Richards), with Paul Le Mat and Catherine Hicks. From May 14: "Conan the Barbarian" (John Milius), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and James Earl Jones.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through May 11: "One Night Stand" (1978; directed by Allan King; a Canadian film), with Chapelle Jaffe and Brent Carver. From May 12: "The Women's Independent Film Festival," a week-long series including thirty-six films from around the world. Call theatre for film titles and time schedules.
Theatre 2: May 5: "Edvard Munch" (†). May 6-8: "Phantom India, Parts 1-3" (1972; Louis Malle). May 9-10: "Tokyo Story" (†) and "Une Femme Douce" (†). May 11-12: "An Actor's Revenge" (1963; Kon Ichikawa; in Japanese); and "Princess Yang Kwei Fei" (†). May 13-15: "Phantom India, Parts 4-7" (1972; Louis Malle).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "The Atomic Café" (Kevin Rafferty, Jayne Loader, and Pierce Rafferty).
Theatre 2: Through May 6: "Atlantic City" (†). From May 7: "Quest for Fire" (†).

Greenwich Playhouse I and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: Through May 6: "A Week's Vacation" (Bertrand Tavernier; in French), with Nathalie Baye and Gérard Lanvin. From May 7: "Wasn't That a Time!" (Jim Brown), a documentary about the Weavers.
Theatre 2: "The Long Good Friday" (John Mackenzie), with Bob Hoskins and Helen Mirren.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through May 6: "On Golden Pond" (†). May 7-13: "Lady Chatterley's Lover" (Just Jaeckin), with Sylvia Kristel and Nicholas Clay. From May 14: "Conan the Barbarian" (John Milius), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and James Earl Jones.
Theatre 2: Through May 13: "Three Brothers" (†). From May 14: "Conan the Barbarian" (John Milius), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and James Earl Jones.
Theatre 3: Through May 13: "Missing" (†). From May 14: "Conan the Barbarian" (John Milius), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and James Earl Jones.
Theatre 4: "Roommates" (Chuck Vincent).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through May 6: "Who Has Seen the Wind" (1977; Allan King; a Canadian film), with José Ferrer.
From May 7: To be announced.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Victor/Victoria" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"The Arrest" (1976; Raphael Rebibo; a Swiss film, in French), with Bernard Le Coq and Catherine Lachens.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Genocide" (Arnold Schwartzman), a documentary.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Smash Palace" (Roger Donaldson; a New Zealand film).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Chosen" (Jeremy Paul Kagan), with Maximilian Schell and Rod Steiger.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Quest for Fire" (†).

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Chariots of Fire" (†).
Theatre 2: "My Dinner with André" (†).
Theatre 3: "Passione d'Amore" (Ettore Scola; in Italian), with Bernard Giraudeau and Valeria D'Obici.

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: Through May 6: "Three Brothers" (†). From May 7: "The Meadow" (Paolo and Vittorio Taviani; in Italian), with Isabella Rossellini and Michele Placido.
Theatre 2: Through May 13: "An Unfinished Piece for Player Piano" (1977; Nikita Mikhalkov; in Russian). From May 14: "Marianne and Juliane" (Margarethe von Trotta; in German), with Barbara Sukowa and Jutta Lampe.

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Das Boot" (Wolfgang Petersen; in German).
Theatre 2: "A Slap in the Face" (Genrikh Malyan; a Russian film, in Armenian).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through May 13: "The Long Good Friday" (John Mackenzie), with Bob Hoskins and Helen Mirren. From May 14: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through May 6: "If You Could See What I Hear" (Eric Till), with Marc Singer. From May 7: "Paradise" (Stuart Gillard), with Willie Aames and Phoebe Cates.
Theatre 3: Through May 13: "Deathtrap" (†). From May 14: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through May 13: "Soup for One" (Jonathan Kaufer), with Saul Rubinek. From May 14: To be announced.

New Yorker I and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: "Reds" (†).
Theatre 2: "Richard Pryor Live on the Sunset Strip" (†).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through May 13: "Roommates" (Chuck Vincent). From May 14: "Conan the Barbarian" (John Milius), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and James Earl Jones.
Theatre 2: Through May 6: "On Golden Pond" (†). From May 7: "Paradise"

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(Stuart Gillard), with Willie Aames and Phoebe Cates.

Theatre 3: Through May 6: "Personal Best" (†) and "So Fine" (†). From May 7: "Lady Chatterley's Lover" (Just Jaeckin), with Sylvia Kristel and Nicholas Clay.

Theatre 4: Through May 6: "Cat People" (†). May 7-13: To be announced. From May 14: "Conan the Barbarian" (John Milius), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and James Earl Jones.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)

Theatre 1: "The Amateur" (directed by Charles Jarrott), with John Savage and Christopher Plummer.

Theatre 2: "Chariots of Fire" (†).

Theatre 3: "On Golden Pond" (†).

Theatre 4: "Soup for One" (Jonathan Kaufer), with Saul Rubinek.

Theatre 5: "Death Wish II" (Michael Winner), with Charles Bronson and Jill Ireland.

Theatre 6: "Arthur" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)

"The Long Good Friday" (John Mackenzie), with Bob Hoskins and Helen Mirren.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: "Richard Pryor Live on the Sunset Strip" (†).

Theatre 3: "Silent Rage" (Michael Miller), with Chuck Norris; and "Game of Death" (1979; Robert Clouse), with Bruce Lee, Gig Young, Dean Jagger, and Colleen Camp.

Theatre 4: "Reds" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)

"Wrong Is Right" (Richard Brooks), with Sean Connery and George Grizzard.

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)

Theatre 1: "Partners" (James Burrows), with Ryan O'Neal and John Hurt.

Theatre 2: "Some Kind of Hero" (Michael Pressman), with Richard Pryor and Margot Kidder.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)

Through May 6: "Budo" (1978; Arthur Davis), a documentary.

From May 7 (tentative): "Cat People" (†).

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)

Through May 6: "Fun Loving" (†).

From May 7: "Dr. Butcher, M.D."

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)

Theatre 1: Through May 6: "Cat People" (†). May 7-13: "Lady Chatterley's Lover" (Just Jaeckin), with Sylvia Kristel and Nicholas Clay. From May 14: "Conan the Barbarian" (John Milius), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and James Earl Jones.

Theatre 2: Through May 6: "Private Lessons" (Alan Myerson), with Sylvia Kristel and Howard Hesseman. May 7-13: "Death Valley" (Dick Richards), with Paul Le Mat and Catherine Hicks. From May 14: "Lady Chatterley's Lover" (Just Jaeckin), with Sylvia Kristel and Nicholas Clay.

R.K.O. Century Cinerama 1 and 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)

Theatre 1: Through May 6: "Amin, the Rise and Fall" (Sharad Patel). From May 7: "Lady Chatterley's Lover" (Just Jaeckin), with Sylvia Kristel and Nicholas Clay.

Theatre 2: Through May 6: "Christiane F." (Ulrich Edel; a German film, dubbed *in* English), with Natja Brunkhorst. From May 7: "Paradise" (Stuart Gillard), with Willie Aames and Phoebe Cates.

R.K.O. Century National Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: "If You Could See What I Hear" (Eric Till), with Marc Singer.

Theatre 2: "Porky's" (Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan and Mark Herrier.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

"Soldier Girls" (directed by Nicholas Broomfield and Joan Churchill), a documentary.

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

May 5: "Brussels Transit" (1981; Samy Szlingerbaum; in Yiddish); and "Le Fils d'Amur Est Mort" (1980; Jean-Jacques Andrien; in French).

May 6: "Persona" (1967; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann; and "The Touch" (1971; Ingmar Bergman), with Elliot Gould, Bibi Andersson, and Max von Sydow.

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May 7: "Un Soir, Un Train" (1968; André Delvaux; in French); and "The Man Who Had His Hair Cut Short" (1965; André Delvaux; in French). Mr. Delvaux will be present at 6:30.

May 8: "Life of Brian" (1979; Terry Jones), with Graham Chapman, Terry Gilliam, John Cleese, and Jones; and "Take the Money and Run" (1969; Woody Allen), with Allen and Janet Margolin.

May 9-10: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964; Stanley Kubrick), with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden; and "The Great Dictator" (1940), directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin.

May 11: "The Brothers and Sisters of the Toda Family" (1941; Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese); and "Mr. Radish and Mr. Carrot" (1964; Minoru Shibuya; in Japanese).

May 12: "Strangers on a Train" (1951; Alfred Hitchcock), with Farley Granger, Robert Walker, Ruth Roman, Marion Lorne, and Leo G. Carroll; and "Les Bonnes Femmes." (†)

May 13: "Images" (†) and "Drive, He Said" (†).

May 14-15: "Badlands" (1973; Terrence Malick), with Martin Sheen and Sissy Spacek; and "East of Eden" (1955; Elia Kazan), with Julie Harris, James Dean, Raymond Massey, and Richard Davalos.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

May 5: "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (1935; Max Reinhardt and William Dieterle), with James Cagney, Dick Powell, Olivia de Havilland, and Mickey Rooney; and, at 8 P.M. only, "Orlac's Hands" (1925; Robert Wiene; *an Austrian silent film*), with Conrad Veidt.

May 6: "The Great Waltz" (1938; Julien Duvivier), with Luise Rainer, Fernand Gravet, and Miliza Korjus; and "The King Steps Out" (1936; Josef von Sternberg), with Grace Moore and Franchot Tone. At 8 P.M. only, a program of four works by Peter Kubelka, who will be present.

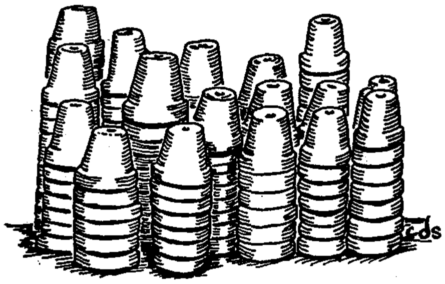
May 7: "The Right Man" (1981; Dieter Berner; an Austrian film, in German); and "The Apartment" (1960; Billy Wilder), with Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine, and Fred MacMurray. Mr. Berner will be present at 9:45.

May 8: "Headstand" (1981; Ernst Josef Lauscher; an Austrian film, in German), with Christoph Waltz; and "Bonjour Tristesse" (1958; Otto Preminger), with Deborah Kerr, David Niven, and Jean Seberg. Mr. Lauscher will be present at 8:15.

May 9: "The Memorable Pilgrimage of Emperor Kanga Mussa from Mali to Mecca" (1977; Goetz Hagmueller and Dietmar Graf; an Austrian film, in German); and "Moonfleet" (1955; Fritz Lang), with Stewart Granger, George Sanders, Joan Greenwood, Viveca Lindfors, and Jon Whiteley.

May 10: "Zechmeister" (1981; Angela Summereder; an Austrian film, in German); and "Mildred Pierce" (1945; Michael Curtiz), with Joan Crawford, Jack Carson, Zachary Scott, and Ann Blyth.

May 11: "The Last Bridge" (1955; Helmut Kaeutner; an Austrian film, in German and "The Last Ten Days" (†).



May 12: "Casablanca" (1942; Michael Cu tiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Ber man, and Claude Rains; and, at 8 P.M only, "Moon of Israel" (1924; Michael Cu tiz; a German silent film).

May 13: "Scholar Gerber" (1981; Wolfgar Gluck; an Austrian film, in German); an "Julia" (1977; Fred Zinnemann), with Jar Fonda, Vanessa Redgrave, and Lillia Hellman.

May 14: "Blind Owl" (1979; Mansur Madav an Austrian film, in German); and "Suns Boulevard" (1950; Billy Wilder), with Gl ria Swanson, William Holden, and Eric von Stroheim.

May 15: "Exit—Don't Panic" (1980; Fran Novotny; an Austrian film, in German and "The Merry Widow" (1925; Erich vo Stroheim; a silent film), with Mae Murra and John Gilbert.

Cinema Village, *22 E. 12th. (924-3363)*

Through May 6: "La Dolce Vita" (196 Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcell Mastroianni and Anita Ekberg.

May 7-8: "Polyester" (1981; John Waters with Divine and Tab Hunter; and "Mom mie Dearest" (Frank Perry), with Fay Dunaway.

May 9-11: "War and Peace, Part 1" (196 Sergei Bondarchuk; in Russian).

May 12-13: "The Wedding Party" (196 Brian De Palma), with Charles Pfluge and "Taxi Driver" (†).

May 14-15: "The Night Porter" (1974; Lili ana Cavani), with Dirk Bogarde and Char lotte Rampling; and "Maîtresse" (197 Barbet Schroeder; in French), with Bull Ogier and Gérard Depardieu.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mon days through Fridays, theatre opens in th late afternoon.)

Through May 6: "Pink Flamingos" (1974 and "Female Trouble" (1975), both film directed by John Waters, with Divine.

May 7-12: "Christiane F." (1982; Ulric Edel; in German), with Natja Brunkhorst.

May 13 at 8: A program of clips from film and a discussion by Vito Russo, author o "The Celluloid Closet."

May 14-15: "Reflections in a Golden Eye (1967; John Huston), with Elizabet Taylor, Marlon Brando, Brian Keith, an Robert Forster; and "The Sergeant" (1968 John Flynn), with Rod Steiger and Joh Phillip Law.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th (246-0717)

Through May 8: "One Flew Over the Cuckoo' Nest" (1975; Miloš Forman), with Jack Nicholson, Louise Fletcher, and Will Sampson; and "The Hospital" (1971; Arthur Hiller), with George C. Scott and Diana Rigg

May 9-11: "Grand Hotel" (†); and "Camille" (1937; George Cukor), with Greta Garbo, Robert Taylor, and Henry Daniell.

May 12-15: "Morning Glory" (†) and "Stage Door" (†).

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through May 8: "The Good, the Bad and the Ugly" (1968) and "A Fistful of Dollars" (1967), both films directed by Sergio Leone, with Clint Eastwood.

May 9-11: "Being There" (1979; Hal Ashby), with Peter Sellers, Shirley MacLaine, Melvyn Douglas, and Jack Warden; and "Network" (1976; Sidney Lumet), with Faye Dunaway, William Holden, Peter Finch, and Robert Duvall.

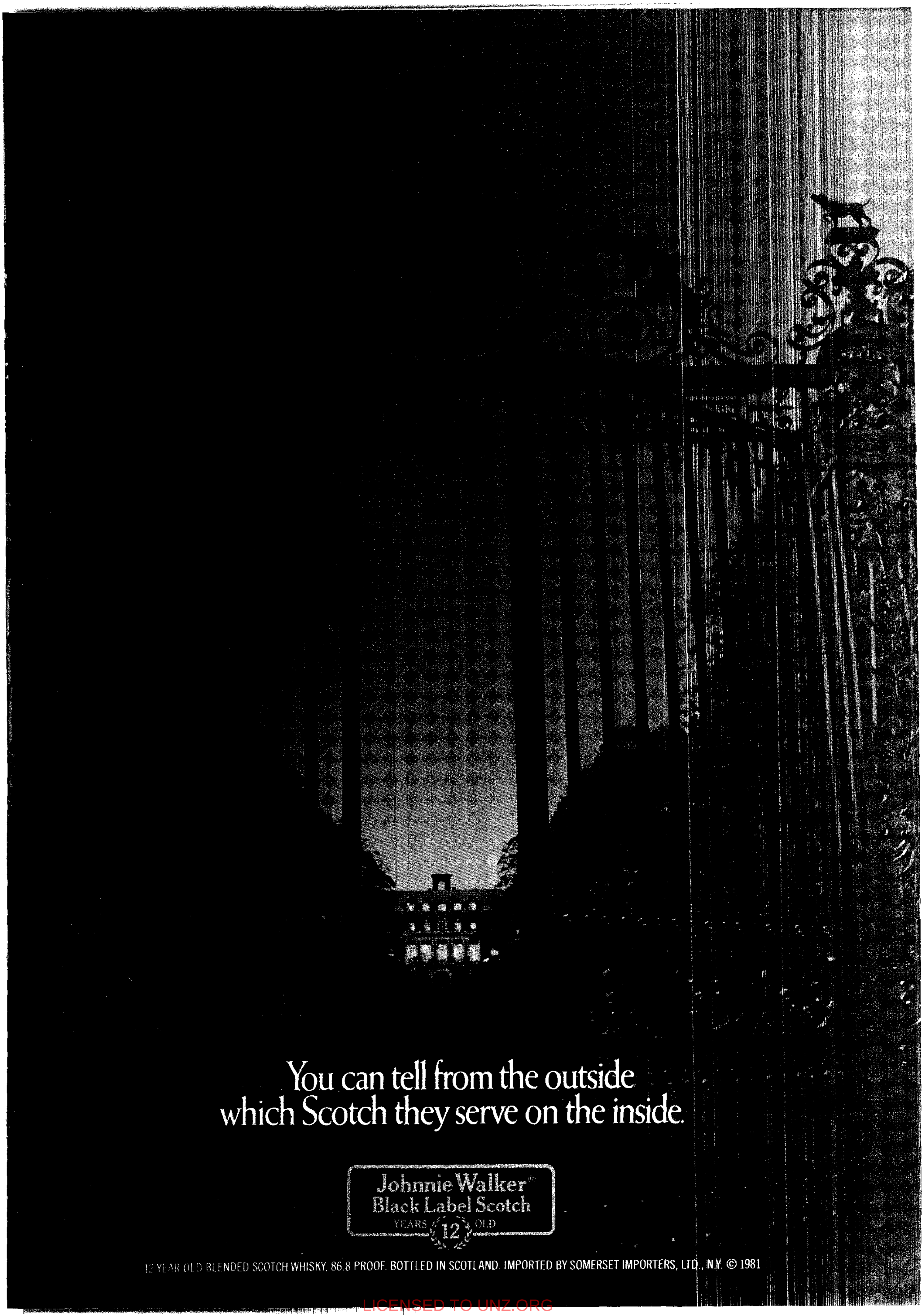
May 12-15: "The French Lieutenant's Woman" (Karel Reisz), with Meryl Streep and Jeremy Irons; and "The Go-Between" (1971; Joseph Losey), with Julie Christie, Alan Bates, and Margaret Leighton.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

May 5: "My Darling Clementine" (1946; John Ford), with Henry Fonda, Linda Darnell, Victor Mature, and Walter Brennan; and "Western Union" (Fritz Lang), with Robert Young and Randolph Scott.

May 6-8: "Cluny Brown" (1946; Ernst Lubitsch), with Charles Boyer, Jennifer Jones, Richard Haydn, and Una O'Connor; and "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" (1945; Elia Kazan), with Dorothy McGuire, James Dunn, and Peggy Ann Garner.

May 9-10: "The Snake Pit" (1948; Anatole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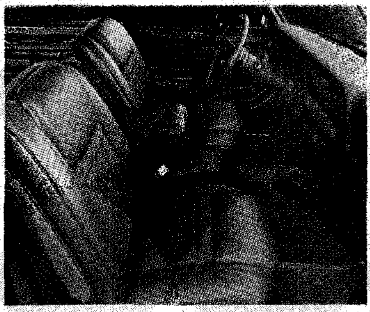

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Litvak), with Olivia de Havilland and Mark Stevens; and "The Three Faces of Eve" (†).

May 11-12: "Stormy Weather" (†) and "On the Avenue" (†).

May 13-15: "Desk Set" (†) and "Two for the Road" (†).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

May 5: "Thérèse Raquin" ("The Adulteress;" 1953; Marcel Carné; in French), with Simone Signoret and Raf Vallone; and "Banana Peel" (1965; Marcel Ophuls; in French), with Jeanne Moreau, Jean-Paul Belmondo, Gert Frobe, and Claude Brasseur.

May 6: "D.O.A." (1949; Rudolph Maté), with Edmond O'Brien; "The Dark Past" (1948; Rudolph Maté), with William Holden, Nina Foch, Lee J. Cobb, and Adele Jergens; and "Dead Reckoning" (1947; John Cromwell), with Humphrey Bogart and Lizabeth Scott.

May 7-8: "Autumn Sonata" (1978; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ingrid Bergman and Liv Ullmann; and "Cries and Whispers" (1972; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Liv Ullmann, Harriet Andersson, Ingrid Thulin, and Kari Sylwan.

May 9: "Lacombe, Lucien" (1974; Louis Malle; in French), with Pierre Blaise; and "Elevator to the Gallows" (†).

May 10: "The Bridge on the River Kwai" (†).

May 11: "Attack of the 50-Foot Woman" (1958; Nathan Hertz), with Allison Hayes and William Hudson; "The Hypnotic Eye" (1961; George Blair), with Jacques Bergerac, Merry Anders, and Marcia Henderson; and "Tomorrow's Children" (1934).

May 12: "Rembrandt" (†) and "The Man on the Eiffel Tower" (†).

May 13: "The Big Heat" (1953; Fritz Lang), with Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame, Alexander Scourby, and Lee Marvin; "The Blue Gardenia" (1953; Fritz Lang), with Anne Baxter, Richard Conte, and Ann Sothern; and "Scarlet Street" (1946; Fritz Lang), with Joan Bennett, Edward G. Robinson, and Dan Duryea.

May 14-15: "Children of Paradise" (1945; Marcel Carné; in French), with Jean-Louis Barrault, Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, and Maria Casarès.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

May 5: "Auntie Mame" (1958; Morton da Costa), with Rosalind Russell, Forrest Tucker, and Coral Browne; and "His Girl Friday" (1940; Howard Hawks), with Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy.

May 6: "Bordertown" (1935; Archie Mayo), with Paul Muni, Bette Davis, and Margaret Lindsay; and "Cabin in the Cotton" (1932; Michael Curtiz), with Bette Davis, Richard Barthelmess, and Henry B. Walthall.

May 7-8: "Another Thin Man" (1939; W. S. Van Dyke) and "Song of the Thin Man" (1947; Edward Buzzell), both films with Myrna Loy and William Powell.

May 9: "Waterloo Bridge" (1940; Mervyn LeRoy), with Vivien Leigh and Robert Taylor; and "Sidewalks of London" (†).

May 10: "As You Desire Me" (†) and "The Saga of Gösta Berling" (†).

May 11: "The Secret Bride" (1935; William Dieterle), with Barbara Stanwyck, Warren William, Glenda Farrell, and Ward Bond; and "Illicit" (1931; Archie Mayo), with Barbara Stanwyck, Joan Blondell, Ricardo Cortez, and Charles Butterworth.

May 12: "Double Indemnity" (†) and "Sorry, Wrong Number" (†).

May 13: "The Pink Panther" (1964; Blake Edwards), with David Niven, Peter Sellers, Robert Wagner, and Capucine; and "A Shot in the Dark" (1964; Blake Edwards), with Peter Sellers and Elke Sommer.

May 14-15: "Roman Holiday" (†); and "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961; Blake Edwards), with Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Martin Balsam, and Mickey Rooney.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Arthur—As Hobson, the valet to a drunken millionaire playboy, John Gielgud may be the most poised and confident funnyman you'll ever see. And as the top-hatted lush, Arthur, Dudley Moore has a mad sparkle in his eyes. This is the first movie directed by Steve Gordon (who also wrote the script); he's a long way from being able to do with images what he can do with words, but there are some inspired bits, and his work has a friendly spirit. But Liza Minnelli, as the poor-girl heroine, doesn't have her share of the good lines, and she's electrifying when she needs only to be charming; as the playboy's grandmother, Geraldine Fitzgerald has the worst scenes, and the zest she gives them goes peculiarly wrong. Cinematography by Fred Schuler; he makes the New York locations look elegant, even when the staging suggests a waxworks museum. (Reviewed in our issue of 7/27/81.) (Criterion Theatres.)

As You Desire Me (1932)—Greta Garbo plays a café entertainer in Budapest with amnesia, trying to escape from the influence of a novelist, played by Erich von Stroheim. Melvyn Douglas is her forgotten husband—a count, what else? The plot is taken from Pirandello and made into trumpery, but there is always Garbo, though the rewards of the film are pretty inverted. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 10.)

Atlantic City—This spa that became a racketeer's paradise during Prohibition and is now on its chaotic way to becoming Vegas with a beach is an improbable place, and in this lyric farce, directed by Louis Malle, from John Guare's script, it gives a hallucinatory texture to the lives of the characters. The story is a prankish wish-fulfillment fantasy about prosperity—what it does to cities, what it can do for people. It takes Malle a little while to set up the crisscrossing of the major characters, but once he does, the film operates by its own laws in its own world, and it has a lovely fizziness. Everything goes wrong and comes out right. The casting is superb. As an old numbers-runner who dreams of the days when he was a flunky and bodyguard for big-time racketeers, Burt Lancaster gives what is probably his funniest (and finest) performance. Susan Sarandon plays an uneducated girl studying to become a croupier, and for once her googly-eyed, slightly stupefied look seems perfect. With Kate Reid, Hollis McLaren, Robert Joy, Michel Piccoli, and many fine character actors. Cinematography by Richard Ciupka. (4/6/81) (Waverly; through May 6.)

Les Bonnes Femmes (1960)—This early, episodic Claude Chabrol film, dealing with the yearnings and vulnerabilities of a group of shopgirls, is uneven and, in parts, somewhat tedious and tawdry, yet it has more tenderness and is more emotionally compelling than much of Chabrol's more refined work. The girls are Bernadette Lafont, Clotilde Joano, Stéphane Audran, and Lucile Saint-Simon; the cast includes Claude Berri and Pierre Bertin. Cinematography by Henri Decae. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 12.)

The Bridge on the River Kwai (1957)—David Lean's big and engrossing Academy Award winner, adapted from Pierre Boulle's novel about prisoners of war held in Burma by the Japanese. The film is rather misshapen, particularly in the sections featuring William Holden, and the action that detonates the explosive finish isn't quite clear. However, Alec Guinness is compelling as the English Colonel Nicholson, a stickler for rules, who courageously defies the Japanese by legalistic means, and then goes haywire and restores morale among the men in the prison camp by putting them to work building a bridge for their captors—a bridge that will enable the Japanese to bring up troop reinforcements. With Sessue Hayakawa, Jack Hawkins, James Donald, André Morell, and Geoffrey Horne. Produced by Sam Spiegel; cinematography by Jack Hildyard; the screenplay was by Boulle, with the uncredited collaboration of the blacklisted Carl Foreman and Michael Wilson. Filmed in Ceylon. (Thalia; May 10.)

Cat People—Working with his team—the visual consultant Ferdinando Scarfiotti, the cinematographer John Bailey, and the composer Giorgio Moroder—the director Paul Schrader is perfecting an apocalyptic swank. Each shot looks like an album cover for records you don't ever want to play. The picture (it's set in New Orleans) is meant to be poetic and "legendary." It has all the furnishings for a religious narrative about Eros and Thanatos, but what's going on is that Nastassia Kinski and Malcolm McDowell—the sister and brother with black leopards inside them—are jumping out of their skins and leaving little puddles of guck behind. The obscure proceedings are often ludicrous (especially in the orange-colored primal-dream sequences), yet you don't get to pass the time by laughing, because it's all so queasy and so confusingly put together that you feel shut out. Just when a scene begins to hold some interest, Schrader cuts away from it; the crucial things seem to be happening between the scenes. The film is comatose; you're brought into it only by the camera tricks or the special-effects horrors, or, perhaps, the nude scenes. With John Heard, Annette O'Toole, Ruby Dee, and Ed Begley, Jr. From a script by Alan Ormsby that's a total reworking of the much simpler 1942 film of the same title. (5/3/82) (34th St. East. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Century 86th St., Olympia Quad, and Rivoli; through May 6. . . . ¶ Movieland; starting May 7, tentative.)

Chariots of Fire—The story of the courage and the triumph of two young runners who represented Britain in the 1924 Olympics, held in Paris. The runners—Harold Abrahams (Ben Cross), a wealthy Jewish boy who is a student at Cambridge, and Eric Liddell (Ian Charleson), a Scottish divinity student—win because they have something to run for. The unbelievably self-possessed Abrahams runs against anti-Semitic snobbery and prejudices, and the devout Liddell runs in an ecstatic state, because "when I run, I can feel His pleasure." The picture is a piece of technological lyricism held together by the glue of simpleminded heroic sentiment; basically, its appeal is in watching a couple of guys win their races. Produced by David Puttnam, directed by Hugh Hudson (it's his début film), from Colin Welland's script. Cinematography by David Watkin; music by Vangelis Papathanassiou. With Lindsay Anderson, John Gielgud, Alice Krige, Ian Holm, Cheryl Campbell, Dennis Christopher, Brad Davis, Nigel Havers, Nicholas Farrell, Nigel Davenport, Patrick Magee, and David Yelland as the Prince of Wales. (10/26/81) (R.K.O. Century Art, Manhattan, Lincoln Plaza, and Criterion Theatres.)

Deathtrap—This movie is for people who dream of seeing "Sleuth" again—there must be at least one or two of them. A once successful playwright (Michael Caine), who specializes in thrillers, plans to murder a former student (Christopher Reeve) and steal his flawless play, "Deathtrap." The director, Sidney Lumet, and the screenwriter, Jay Presson Allen, have decided to make the movie version of Ira Levin's wisecracking whodunit as realistic as possible. What this comes down to is a broad, obvious movie that looks like an ugly play and appears to be a vile vision of life, and at the end the staging and editing are so quick and muddled that you can't be sure what's happening. With Dyan Cannon, Irene Worth, and Henry Jones. (4/5/82) (D. W. Griffith. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through May 13.)

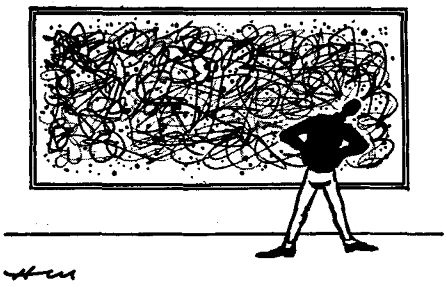
Desk Set (1957)—The eighth of the films that co-starred Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn; it was one of their bummers. He's a wizard engineer. She's in charge of a TV-network research department, and, misunderstanding his intentions, she thinks he means to put her group out of work by installing an electronic brain called Emmy. Gig Young and Joan Blondell help out, but it's a dispirited, straining-for-laughs sitcom. Tracy looks bulky, and Hepburn looks scraggy and cheerless; both seem overage for their roles. Walter Lang directed; Henry and Phoebe Ephron adapted William Marchant's 1955 Broadway play. With Dina Merrill and Neva Patterson. (Regency; May 13-15.)

Diner—A wonderful movie, set in Baltimore, in 1959. Five or six young men in their early twenties who've known each other since high school still cling to their late-night bull sessions at the diner—where, magically, they always seem to have plenty to talk about. It's like a comedy club—they take off from each other, and their conversations are all overlapping jokes that are funny without punch lines. They can sound worldly and sharp, but when these boys are out with girls they're nervous, constricted, fraudulent, half crazy. Written and directed by Barry Levinson, "Diner" is a great period piece—a look at middle-class relations between the sexes just before the sexual revolution. It features some of the best young actors in the country: Mickey Rourke, Ellen Barkin, Daniel Stern, Kevin Bacon, Steve Guttenberg, Paul Reiser, and Timothy Daly. (4/5/82) (Coronet.)

Diva—An up-to-the-minute glittering toy of a movie, a romantic thriller from France, made by a new director, Jean-Jacques Beineix, who has a fabulous camera technique and understands the pleasures to be had from a picture that doesn't take itself too seriously—the whole high-tech incandescence of the film is played for humor. The diva is an awesomely beautiful black American soprano (Wilhelmenia Fernandez) who refuses to make recordings. Frédéric Andrei is the wide-eyed eighteen-year-old postal messenger who adores her; he sneaks his Nagra tape machine into her concert in Paris so he'll be able to listen to her at home—and all hell breaks loose around him. He's pursued by two baroque thugs: one is tall and Latin and chews gum with the jaws of a hippopotamus; the other is small, with spiky blond hair and sunglasses, and an earplug so he can listen to a transistor radio while he's on his murderous errands—he's so dissociated he's practically a mutant. The unfazable heroine (the fourteen-year-old Thuy An Luu) is a post-Godardian tootsie—in her short-short skirts and transparent plastic coat she's a lollipop wrapped in cellophane. A Mr. Cool in a white suit and a white Citroën comes to the aid of the besieged messenger. The film may remind you of Welles' "Touch of Evil;" it's Welles romanticized, packaged. It's a mixture of style and chic hanky-panky, but it's genuinely sparkling. In French. (4/19/82) (Plaza.)

Double Indemnity (1944)—Every turn and twist is exactly calculated and achieves its effect with the simplest of means; this shrewd, smoothly tawdry thriller is one of the high points of forties films. The director, Billy Wilder, collaborated with Raymond Chandler in adapting James M. Cain's story, and it's a tribute to them that one is likely to remember the names of the principal characters. Barbara Stanwyck's Phyllis Dietrichson—a platinum blonde who wears tight white sweaters, an anklet, and sleazy-kinky shoes—is perhaps the best acted and the most fixating of all the slutty, cold-blooded femmes fatales of the *film-noir* genre. With her bold stare, her sneering, over-lipsticked thick-looking mouth, and her strategically displayed legs, she's a living entrapment device. Fred MacMurray's Walter Neff, an insurance salesman, is the patsy she ensnares in a plot to kill her businessman husband and collect on the double-indemnity clause in his policy; MacMurray's slightly opaque, regular-guy, macho Americanness is perfectly used here (he has never had better audience empathy). And as Keyes, the claims investigator for the insurance company, Edward G. Robinson handles his sympathetic role with an easy mastery that gives the film some realistic underpinnings. It needs them, because despite the fine use of realistic sets—a cheerless middle-class home, a supermarket, offices—Chandler's dialogue is in his heightened laconic mode, and the narration (Walter Neff tells the story) is often so gaudy and terse that it seems an emblem of forties hard-boiled attitudes. This defect may be integral to the film's taut structure. Another, lesser defect isn't: except for the three stars, the cast is just barely adequate. With Jean Heather, Porter Hall, Tom Powers, Byron Barr, Richard Gaines, and Fortunio Bonanova. Art direction by Hans Dreier and Hal Pereira; cinematography by John Seitz; score by Miklos Rozsa. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 12.)

Drive, He Said (1971)—Jack Nicholson's début as a director. This film about schizophrenia in the soul of young America is well acted, but it skids into some very leaden symbolism about a crackup in the mind of a boy avoiding the draft; the screen suddenly swarms with lizards and mice and bugs that he has let loose in a biology lab, in the spirit of freeing fellow-prisoners. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 13.)



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Edvard Munch (1976)—Peter Watkins' nearly three-hour film about the Norwegian painter of 1863-1944, who prefigured Expressionism. Working with non-actors, Watkins has devised a technical method that makes the film seem to be happening in the here and now. It becomes plain to us that Munch had much in common with his friend Strindberg in his longing for an intimacy that he thought unattainable. The film also shows that Munch (played by Geir Westby) was a sober and not at all despondent businessman. The love of his life—the anonymous Mrs. Heiberg of his journals—is played by Gro Fraas, a noble-faced beauty with the eyelids of Munch's figures. In Norwegian, with English narration by the director. (Film Forum; May 5.)

Elevator to the Gallows (1957; also known as "Frantic")—Louis Malle's first film, a thriller about an attempt at a perfect crime, made in a tense yet velvety style. Jeanne Moreau, who was to become famous the next year in Malle's second film, "The Lovers," is less expansive here; her sullen, sensual mask is just right for this limited but absorbing *policier*, set to Miles Davis's music. The film has an unusual sense of control and style, considering that the plot itself is third-rate; the black-and-white cinematography is by Henri Decae. With Maurice Ronet, Lino Ventura, and Georges Poujouly. In French. (Thalia; May 9.)

Une Femme Douce (1969)—Robert Bresson's modern-Paris transcription of Dostoevski's "A Gentle Creature"—Bresson's first time in color, though it turns into black-and-white in your head afterward. The teen-age heroine, a mysteriously ominous mixture of the docile and the stubborn, marries a stuffy pawnbroker. The film begins with the last act—with her suicide. What follows is a narrative of their life together. This is one of his big films. Like "Un Condamné à Mort S'Est Echappé," "Pickpocket," "Le Journal d'un Curé de Campagne," and all his others, it is really about confinement and flight—an account of a character pledged to escape. In French. (Film Forum; May 9-10.)

Fun Loving (1970; "Quackser Fortune Has a Cousin in the Bronx")—Comedy about a hero (Gene Wilder) who resists computerized society by collecting horse manure in a cart. The film is laid in Dublin. It should be laid to rest. (Gemini, U. A. 85th St. East, and New Embassy 49th St.; through May 6.)

Grand Hotel (1932)—From her first line, "I have never been so tired in my life," Greta Garbo sets the movie in vibration with her extraordinary sensual presence. ("Mademoiselle Hamlet," Alice B. Toklas called her.) Garbo plays a *première danseuse* whose career is fading—a weary, disillusioned woman briefly reconciled to life by a passion for a shady nobleman: John Barrymore. Garbo was only twenty-six when she played this role (Barrymore was fifty), but the fatigue, the despair seem genuine. There is every reason to reject "Grand Hotel" as an elaborate chunk of artifice; there are no redeeming qualities in Vicki Baum's excruciating concepts of character and fate, and anyone who goes to see this movie expecting an intelligent script, or even "good acting," should have his head examined. Most of the actors give impossibly bad performances—they chew up the camera. But if you want to see what screen glamour used to be, and what, originally, "stars" were, this is perhaps the best example of all time. "Grand Hotel" is still entertaining because of the same factor that made it a huge hit in its day (it even won the Academy Award as Best Picture): the force of the personalities involved in the omnibus story. As a secretary working in the hotel, there is a startlingly sexy minx named Joan Crawford, who bears only a slight resemblance to the later zombie of that name; at twenty-five she still connected with other actors, and her scenes with Lionel Barrymore (in one of his rare likable performances: he's a dying man spending his life savings on a last fling) show a real rapport. The fifth star is Wallace Beery, as a brutal, crooked tycoon; he overacts mightily and charmlessly. Also in the cast are Lewis Stone, Jean Hersholt, Raffaela Ottiano, Ferdinand Gottschalk, Frank Conroy, Tully Marshall, Purnell Pratt, Morgan Wallace, Robert McWade, and Edwin Maxwell. Striding through it all is a living legend of the screen: Garbo, in her chinchilla polo coat, with her drawn face and wrinkled forehead and her anguished "I want to be alone." (Her clothes seem to get in her way, and there's a ridiculous little bobby pin that keeps her hair firmly in place during her big love scenes with Barrymore.) Directed by Edmund Goulding from William A. Drake's adaptation of Vicki Baum's "Menschen im Hotel;" cinematography by William Daniels; art direction by Cedric Gibbons; gowns by Adrian. (A 1945 remake was called "Week-end at the Waldorf.") (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; May 9-11.)

Images (1972)—Robert Altman's modern variant of the "Caligari" ploy—the world as seen through a mad person's eyes. A classy schizo (Susannah York) duplicates herself, confuses the living with the dead, and can't tell her husband (René Auberjonois) from her lovers (Marcel Bozzuffi, Hugh Millais). Her madness seems to be a matter of tinkling wind chimes, slivers of glass, windows, lenses, mirrors—"images." To be effective, the movie needs to draw us in to identify with her hallucinations, but the cold shine of the surfaces doesn't do it. The imagery itself fails to stir the imagination, though the cinematographer, Vilmos Zsigmond, shot some unusual landscapes, inhumanly clear and visible at a great distance, and there are some ravishing pastoral scenes. It's a hollow puzzle movie despite the seductive editing rhythms and the many inventive moments. From a screenplay by Altman, with improvisations; in this ornamental setting, with so much care given to twirling glassy baubles, the occasional flat improvised lines are like peanut shells stuck in jewelry. Susannah York in real life wrote "In Search of Unicorns," the stupefyingly high-flown story for children, which the heroine narrates in the movie. With Cathryn Harrison. Made in Ireland. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 13.)

The Last Ten Days (1955)—G. W. Pabst, who directed this account of the last ten days in Hitler's headquarters, employs a restrained style that makes the collapse of discipline and the final disintegration seem like an enveloping nightmare. Erich Maria Remarque's script, based on Judge Michael Musmanno's chronicle "Ten Days to Die," perhaps errs in systematically constructing little episodes to illuminate chaos; the atmosphere is so compelling that these vignettes seem trite and unnecessary. Albin Skoda's Hitler is an intelligent approach to a terribly difficult role; Oskar Werner's heroic role as a liaison officer from one of the Army corps is a flamboyant invention, and he gives it a fine flourish. Surrounding Hitler are Lotte Tobisch as Eva Braun, Willi Krause as Goebbels, and, of course, the generals of all kinds and attitudes: General Krebs, for example, who asks if God exists, and General Burgdorf, who replies, "If he did, we wouldn't." Whatever your judgment of the picture's value as historical interpretation, it is an experience to spend two hours in this claustrophobic bunker with Pabst and his actors. Made in Austria. In German. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 11.)

The Man on the Eiffel Tower (1948)—This nasty thriller has some fancy degenerate aspects, and some imaginative photography and trial-and-error work with color that put it in a special class—it might even be called an experimental thriller. Burgess Meredith directed this peculiar (and not particularly enjoyable) manhunt, with himself as one of the hunted. Franchot Tone makes a cunning psychopathic killer—the really horrid kind that tries to put the noose on an innocent neck—and Charles Laughton is Inspector Maigret. The Simenon novel, "A Battle of Nerves," was adapted by Harry Brown. With Robert Hutton, Belita, Patricia Roc, Jean Wallace, and Wilfrid Hyde-White. Shot in Paris; Stanley Cortez was the cinematographer. (Thalia; May 12.)

Missing—Costa-Gavras has given his accusatory political thriller a soft, warm-and-human center. As Ed Horman, the father of a young American who has disappeared in Chile after the military coup that overthrew Allende, Jack Lemmon is the naïve, protected, nonpolitical conservative who is radicalized (or, at least, reëducated) by what he learns. Ed arrives in Santiago to look for his son and we're stuck, observing each step in the calibrated process of his coming closer to the counterculture values of his son's wife (Sissy Spacek, who's fresh and natural). Costa-Gavras's antipathy to Americans appears to be so deep-seated that he can't create American characters. The only real filmmaking is in the anxious, ominous atmosphere of a city under martial law. With John Shea as Charles, the son (seen in flashbacks), and Melanie Mayron. Based on the book by Thomas Hauser; shot in Mexico. (3/8/82) (72nd Street East; through May 6. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through May 13.)

Morning Glory (1933)—Katharine Hepburn got her first Academy Award for her performance as "Eva Lovelace"—the name taken by a girl who comes to New York obsessively determined to become a great actress. It's a strange, ambivalent study of that lying-cheating kind of determination, taken from a play by Zoë Akins and directed by Lowell Sherman. With Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Adolphe Menjou. (The picture was remade in the late fifties as "Stage Struck," starring Susan Strasberg.) (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; May 12-15.)

My Dinner with André—It's like a mad tea party or a mad, modern platonic dialogue about the meaning of life. Self-effacingly directed, by Louis Malle, it creates the illusion that we are simply listening in on a dinnertime conversation between the playwright Wallace Shawn and the former avant-garde theatre director André Gregory. Wally persuades André to tell him what he has been up to, and the suave, hawklike André, a crackpot glittery-eyed charmer, pours out the record of his transcendental experiences in Poland, in Scotland, in India and Tibet, in the Sahara, and even in Montauk, where he was buried alive in a death-and-rebirth ceremony. What he acts out for us is the questing that has torn so much of the modern theatre apart. When Wally, the pragmatist and sensualist, begins to talk, he plays warthog to André's soaring flights of mysticism. They're perfect foils. This is a bizarre and surprisingly entertaining satirical comedy: the story of the search beyond theatre turned into theatre—or, at least, into a movie. (1/4/82) (Lincoln Plaza.)

On Golden Pond—The kind of uplifting twaddle that traffics heavily in rather basic symbols: the gold light on the pond stands for the sunset of life, and so on and on. Directed by Mark Rydell, from Ernest Thompson's adaptation of his own 1978 play, the movie is a doddering valentine in which Popsy Norman (Henry Fonda), who's having his eightieth birthday, and Mopsy Ethel (Katharine Hepburn), who's nearing her seventieth, crack jokes, weather domestic crises, and show us the strength of solid Yankee values. With Jane Fonda, who gives a tense performance in the terrible role of the neurotic daughter of the lovey-dovey old pair, and Dabney Coleman, Doug McKeon, and William Lanteau. (12/7/81) (Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, and Olympia Quad; through May 6.)

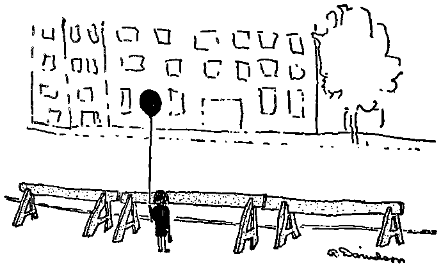
On the Avenue (1937)—One of the best of the 20th Century-Fox musicals of the thirties, despite its unevenness and lack of sophistication. If it had nothing else, it might still be worth seeing for Alice Faye singing the memorable "This Year's Kisses," and it has a lot more: Dick Powell in ebullient voice, the Ritz Brothers doing a parody number, and a first-rate Irving Berlin score that includes "I've Got My Love to Keep Me Warm," "Slumming on Park Avenue," and "You're Laughing at Me." The love interest involves ever beautiful, ever coy Madeleine Carroll, who gurgles when she means to talk, but the director, Roy Del Ruth, doesn't linger on her. He does, blessedly, linger on Harry Ritz, and when this great manic vaudevillian puts on drag and does an imitation of Alice Faye, or when he exercises his eyeballs, you can just barely gasp "dada." With Joan Davis, George Barbier, Cora Witherspoon, Walter Catlett, E. E. Clive, Alan Mowbray, and Billy Gilbert. Written by Gene Markey (who was also the producer) and William Conselman; choreography by Seymour Felix. (Regency; May 11-12.)

Outland—Science fiction set in a morally grimy future that is conceived as a continuation of capitalist exploitation in space. Sean Connery is the new federal district marshal on Io (a volcanic moon of Jupiter), who learns that Peter Boyle, the boss of the mines on Io, is selling the workers amphetamines that keep them speeding for ten or eleven months, until they go berserk and kill themselves or attack others. When Connery destroys a shipment of the drug, Boyle sends for hired killers, and, just as in "High Noon," the one lone good man finds he has to fight by himself. The sets are great—the industrial-nightmare city on Io is like the offspring of a gigantic pipe organ and an oil rig. And Peter Hyams, who directed, knows how to stage chases and fights. But he also wrote the script, which deadens everything and doesn't even make sense. (It's insane that the miners refuse to help Connery—that they don't mind being exploited, going crazy, and destroying themselves.) It's a noisy, sombre film, with an element of the repugnant (the high spots are the horrible deaths), but with good performances by Connery, Frances Sternhagen as a sour, snappish doctor, and James B. Sikking as Connery's sergeant. (6/29/81) (St. Marks Cinema; through May 6.)

Personal Best—There has probably never been a growing-up story presented on the screen so freely and uninhibitedly. Set in the world of women athletes, this film—written, produced, and directed by Robert Towne—tells most of the story non-verbally and lets its characters reveal themselves in movement. When Towne shows the two heroines (Mariel Hemingway and Patrice Donnelly) arm-wrestling, he concentrates on their throbbing veins and their sinews and how the muscles play off one another—it's sensual and sexual, and it's informative, too. There's an undercurrent of flabbergasted awe in this celebration of women's bodies, and everything in the movie is physically charged. This is a very smart and super-subtle film in which the authenticity of the details draws us in. With Scott Glenn and Kenny Moore; cinematography by Michael Chapman, with a few scenes by Caleb Deschanel. (2/22/82) (St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia Quad; through May 6.)

Princess Yang Kwei Fei (1955)—One of the great Mizoguchi's eighty-odd films. This one is set in China in the eighth century: a stirring, gentle love story about an emperor and a concubine. Mizoguchi began his career as a painter, and his films show it. Very rewarding. In Japanese. (Film Forum; May 11-12.)

Quest for Fire—Set eighty thousand years ago, this science fantasy is a full-length version of the ape-man prologue to "2001." Naoh, Amoukar, and Gaw (Everett McGill, Ron Perlman, and Nameer El-Kadi), three warriors of the spear-carrying Ulam tribe, go out on the sacred mission of finding fire and bringing it back. As they fight off predatory animals and hideous, apier men, you begin to wish you could detect famous actors under all the makeup, the way you could in the Biblical spectaculars. If it weren't for the grisly closeups of torn flesh and of bloody confrontations, the picture might be taken for a put-on. The director, Jean-Jacques Annaud, has his own primitivism: he doesn't seem to have discovered crosscutting yet. What's fun in the movie is the makeup and the way that the faces of the three warriors are simian and attractive. Naoh, the hero, falls in love with the smooth-skinned, bluish-looking Ika (Rae Dawn Chong) of the mud people, the Ivaka, who know how to *make* fire. Ika also teaches Naoh a few other things—such as a basic, mutually satisfying sex position. Anthony Burgess "created" the "special languages," and Desmond Morris "created" the "body language and gestures." Script by Gérard Brach, based on a 1911 French novel by J. H. Rosny, Sr. (3/8/82) (Loews Paramount. . . . ¶ Waverly; starting May 7.)



Reds—Warren Beatty, who was the producer, the director, and the co-writer (with Trevor Griffiths), also plays the hero, the American journalist John Reed, who took part in the Bolshevik Revolution and wrote "Ten Days That Shook the World." Diane Keaton plays Reed's wife, the independent-minded Louise Bryant. The film, which runs three hours and twenty minutes, is conceived as a love story set against a background of bohemian living and revolutionary fervor. But the writers didn't work out a scrutable character for Louise. Beatty is often touching, and he does some of the best acting he has ever done, but he doesn't let his energy come through; he plays so much on what the audience responds to in him—the all-American combination of innocence and earnestness—that he's in danger of turning into Li'l Abner. The subject—the romantic life of an American Communist—may be daring, but the movie-making is extremely traditional. With Jack Nicholson as Eugene O'Neill, and Gene Hackman, Paul Sorvino, the novelist Jerzy Kosinski as Zinoviev, Edward Herrmann, and Max Wright. Best of all: Maureen Stapleton as Emma Goldman, and a group of contemporaries of the Reeds (e.g., Rebecca West, Hamilton Fish), who appear in documentary interviews as "witnesses." Cinematography by Vittorio Storaro. (12/21/81) (New Yorker, and Embassy.)

Rembrandt (1936)—Perhaps because Charles Laughton's performance lacked the crowd-pleasing exuberance of his other major roles, the picture was not a commercial success, though it's a fine example of its genre and was obviously made (by Alexander Korda) with love and dedication. At times, the visual style seems more Vermeer than Rembrandt, but that's closer than most movies about painters get. Gertrude Lawrence plays the artist's shrewd housekeeper, and lovely young Elsa Lanchester is the kitchenmaid who becomes his mistress. (Thalia; May 12.)

Richard Pryor Live on the Sunset Strip—The master of physical comedy and lyrical obscenity in a new one-man show. To those of us who thought his 1979 film, "Richard Pryor Live in Concert," was one of the greatest performances we'd ever seen or ever will see, it may be disappointing yet emotionally stirring. The vast public outpouring of affection for him after his near-fatal accident in June, 1980, has changed him and his relation with the audience. He knows that all he has to do is stand on the stage and be adored. And he knows there's something the matter with this new situation, but he doesn't know how to deal with it. This film isn't in the class of the first, but it has superb bits. (4/5/82) (Bay Cinema, New Yorker, and Embassy.)

Roman Holiday (1953)—Charming. This is the picture that made Audrey Hepburn a movie star. Probably no one could have brought out her skinny, long-necked gamine magic as winningly as the director William Wyler did; his calm, elegant style prepares the scenes and builds the characters until she has the audience in thrall, and when she smiles we're all goners. She plays a Central European princess on an official tour of Rome; she flies the royal coop and has her first experiences of freedom with an American reporter (Gregory Peck, who is at his most animated and likable) and his photographer sidekick (Eddie Albert). The plot is banal, and the movie is no more than a Cinderella-style romantic comedy, but it is enough. (Children adore this movie about a modern princess.) With Harcourt Williams, Hartley Power, Margaret Rawlings, and Tullio Carminati. Much of it was shot on Roman locations. The cinematography was by Franz Planer until he fell ill and Henri Alekan took over; the music is by Georges Auric; the editing is by Robert Swink; the story is credited to Ian McLellan Hunter and the script to him and John Dighton, though Ben Hecht also worked on it at one stage, and Ennio Flaiano and Suso Cecchi d'Amico are said to have rewritten it for Wyler when he was in Rome. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 14-15.)

The Saga of Gösta Berling (1924)—Garbo, when she was an entrancingly soft-faced, full-bodied young girl, and the dashing Byronic Lars Hanson in Mauritz Stiller's stirring, romantic film version of the Selma Lagerlöf novel. Stiller was a master at unifying visual beauty and emotional effect; the complicated narrative is blurry, but there are sequences as lovely and expressive as any on film. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 10.)

Sidewalks of London (1938)—Vivien Leigh in her pre-Scarlett O'Hara days, as a lovely young sidewalk entertainer who rises in the world and lands a Hollywood contract. The star of this draggy piece is Charles Laughton, as a busker. It is not one of his major—or even engaging—performances, and toward the end he turns to whining. Directed by Tim Whelan. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 9.)

So Fine—This is the first film directed by the comedy writer Andrew Bergman, and it's a visual insult: crudely lighted and framed, and jumping out at you. Jack Warden is Jack Fine, a Seventh Avenue dress manufacturer in debt to the mob; his most frequent line is "Holy s - - -," which he delivers whenever Bergman thinks the movie needs a really big laugh. The central gimmick is that Jack's college-teacher son (Ryan O'Neal) splits a pair of jeans and stuffs see-through plastic into the cheeks, and that this turns into a fashion craze. There are potentially funny scenes, but Bergman doesn't know how to give timing and polish to his own jokes. The film's only freshness comes from the lovely, tiny Italian blonde Mariangela Melato, making her American début as a mobster's wife; she's an erotic imp. (10/12/81) (Olympia Quad; through May 6.)

Sorry, Wrong Number (1948)—Lucille Fletcher wrote this overextended treatment of her radio play about a bedridden hypochondriac who calls her husband at his office, overhears a couple of men arranging a murder, and slowly comes to realize that she is to be the victim. Barbara Stanwyck is the terrified and, finally, whimpering woman; Burt Lancaster is her morose husband. The director, Anatole Litvak, seems to be defeated by the extravagantly jumbled, shallow script. With Ann Richards. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 12.)

Stage Door (1937)—One of the flashiest, most entertaining comedies of the thirties, even with its tremolos and touches of heartbreak. As roommates in a New York boarding house for girls aspiring to a stage career, Katharine Hepburn and Ginger Rogers are terrific wisecracking partners. (Rogers, at her liveliest, holds her own with apparent ease.) The other girls waiting for their lucky breaks include Eve Arden (who wears a cat around her neck like a tippet), Lucille Ball, Ann Miller, Andrea Leeds, and Gail Patrick. The cast includes the supremely regal (and supremely funny) Constance Collier as an aged actress who does coaching, Adolphe Menjou as a producer with a roving eye, Franklin Pangborn as his valet, and Samuel S. Hinds, Jack Carson, William Corson, Grady Sutton, Phyllis Kennedy, Katherine Alexander, Ralph Forbes, Mary Forbes, Huntley Gordon, and Theodore Von Eltz. Directed by Gregory La Cava; from the Broadway hit by George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber, adapted by Morrie Ryskind and Anthony Veiller. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; May 12-15.)

Stormy Weather (1943)—Vague, wandering show-biz story—a fictionalized bio of Bill Robinson—but marvellous musical numbers. With Robinson, Fats Waller (doing "Ain't Misbehavin' "), Lena Horne, Cab Calloway, Ethel Waters, Dooley Wilson, Katherine Dunham and her dancers, the great Nicholas Brothers, Zutty Singleton, Ada Brown, Eddie (Rochester) Anderson, Benny Carter, and many other black performers and musicians. There are so many famous people in this movie that sometimes three or four "greats" are packed together in the drably staged scenes. Andrew Stone directed, and Clarence Robinson and Nick Castle staged the dances. The script by Frederick Jackson and Ted Koehler is about as bad as a script can be. In black-and-white, originally released in sepia. (In "Hi, Mom!" De Palma parodies the use of sepia for black subjects.) (Regency; May 11-12.)

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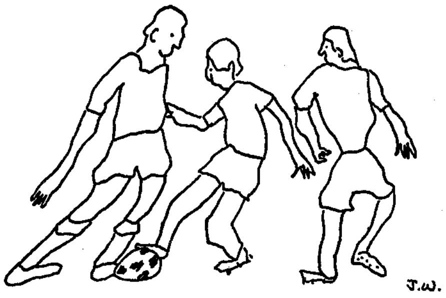
Taxi Driver (1976)—Robert De Niro is in almost every frame of Martin Scorsese's feverish, horrifyingly funny movie about a lonely New York cab driver. De Niro's inflamed, brimming eyes are the focal point of the compositions. He's Travis Bickle, an outsider who can't find any point of entry into human society. He drives nights because he can't sleep anyway; surrounded by the night world of the uprooted—whores, pimps, transients—he hates New York with a Biblical fury, and its filth and smut obsess him. This ferociously powerful film is like a raw, tabloid version of "Notes from Underground." Scorsese achieves the quality of trance in some scenes, and the whole movie has a sense of vertigo. The cinematographer, Michael Chapman, gives the street life a seamy, rich pulpiness. From Paul Schrader's script; with Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, Jodie Foster, Peter Boyle, Albert Brooks, and Scorsese himself. (Cinema Village; May 12-13.)

Three Brothers—Three Italian brothers who have emigrated to the cities go back south to their father's farm in the Apulia region for their mother's funeral. Directed by Francesco Rosi, from a script he wrote with Tonino Guerra, it might be said to be an inquiry into the terrorist chaos of the nation—yet it's set in the old father's world, where the cycle of nature is what matters. The old man (Charles Vanel, at eighty-nine) has lived his life without ever needing to worry about terrorism, crime, chaos; the sons' thoughts and fantasies all come out of their anxieties. Working with his long-time cinematographer, Pasqualino De Santis, Rosi keeps you in a state of emotional exaltation. A simple image—such as that of the old man just walking—has the kind of resonance that most directors never achieve. Though the actors who play the brothers—Philippe Noiret, Vittorio Mezzogiorno, and Michele Placido—are less than exciting, while you're watching this film it envelops you. In Italian. (3/22/82) (Cinema Studio; through May 6. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through May 13.)

The Three Faces of Eve (1957)—Joanne Woodward's big one—her Academy Award-winning role as the drab Southern housewife and mother with a splintered personality. The heroine calls herself Eve White when she's good and Eve Black when she's bad and sexy, and has yet another personality—that of the upstanding, intelligent woman whom the writer-producer-director, Nunnally Johnson, approves of. Shallow, but the gimmick is appealing, and Woodward's showmanship is very likable. With Lee J. Cobb and David Wayne, and an introduction by Alistair Cooke. Adapted from a book by two doctors: C. H. Thigpen and H. M. Cleckley. (Regency; May 9-10.)

Tokyo Story (1953)—One of the most honored of all Japanese films, directed by Yasujiro Ozu, who has made a gentle-natured masterpiece of wonderful complexity out of a simple story about elderly parents who go to visit their grownup children in Tokyo and find that the children have no interest in them. In Japanese. (Film Forum; May 9-10.)



Two for the Road (1967)—The scriptwriter Frederic Raphael, set his brittle stamp on this story of a husband and wife—Albert Finney and Audrey Hepburn—seen on European trips at different periods of their lives, not consecutively but shifting back and forth. Other films by the director, Stanley Donen, are not conspicuously edgy or self-conscious. (And when Donen fails it's usually in less complicated ways.) The intention is to show a modern marriage in which ideal people, in love and successful, are still not happy. But the film's veneer is that of slick commercial comedy: there's always a swimming pool for the characters to take their pratfalls into. Raphael is witty and talented but he is too much in love with old-movie comedy romances: he puts in tedious running jokes, such as the wife's always turning up with the passport the husband loses. And at the same time Raphael is trying for a bitter comment on modern marital ennui, of the "La Notte" variety. So the facile, comic bits set off audience expectations that are then betrayed, and the clever, bitter stuff just seems sour. Still, at times Hepburn is surpassingly beautiful—particularly at the end, when she's meant to be roughly the age she actually is, and her hard, lacquered mini-face is set off by a shining-disc gown. As the husband, Finney seems surly and beefy and rather infantile—which makes Hepburn look all the more gallant and poignant when the wife tries to make the best of things. Donen fumbled some sequences that *might* have worked: the comedy is often too broad, and the caricatures of Americans, played by William Daniel and Eleanor Bron, which would be embarrassingly overdone at fifty yards, are in close-up. Raphael's scheme is defective, anyway: his lovers seem shallow and empty not because of the spiritual malaise he's trying to show us but because he took them out of old movies and failed to give them enough character. With Jacqueline Bisset, Claude Dauphin, and Nadia Grey. Cinematography by Christopher Challis. (Regency; May 13-15.)

Victor/Victoria—The writer-director Blake Edwards' rough-and-tumble boudoir farce centers on Julie Andrews as Victoria, an English singer stranded in Paris in 1934, who pretends to be a man so that she can get work as a female impersonator. The picture is at its yeastiest in the slapstick embellishments of the preparatory sequences; when the infuriatingly sane and distant Julie Andrews finally gets into men's clothes, there's nothing remotely funny about it. And you don't believe that she could successfully impersonate a woman on the stage. Edwards pulls laughs, though. He does it with the crudest setups and the moldiest, most cynical dumb jokes. This is an audience pleaser in the worst sense. As an aging homosexual entertainer who trains Victoria to pass as Victor, Robert Preston brings an unholy glee to his work. He plays a sentimental stereotype so heartily and likably that he redeems the musty material. (This is yet another movie in which a girl's best friend is a homosexual.) James Garner, in a mustache and acting like a funny, scowly Clark Gable, is a night-club owner from Chicago, and, as the girlfriend he discards when he falls for Victoria, Lesley Ann Warren, gone blond, does dippy, exaggerated versions of Jean Harlow's nasal petulance. She's a comic-strip eccentric, and you feel her sweetness, but Edwards ties tin cans to her tail—he makes her into a nasty, screeching floozy. This picture features speeches about sexual politics that are the latest in show-biz enlightenment; it also features a chorus line, headed by Lesley Ann Warren, that may be the most contemptuous display of women's bodies ever seen in a major-studio movie. With Alex Karras as Garner's bodyguard. The songs by Henry Mancini and Leslie Bricusse are bland and forgettable. Based on the 1933 German film comedy "Viktor und Viktoria;" this is at least the fifth version. (5/3/82) (Ziegfeld.)

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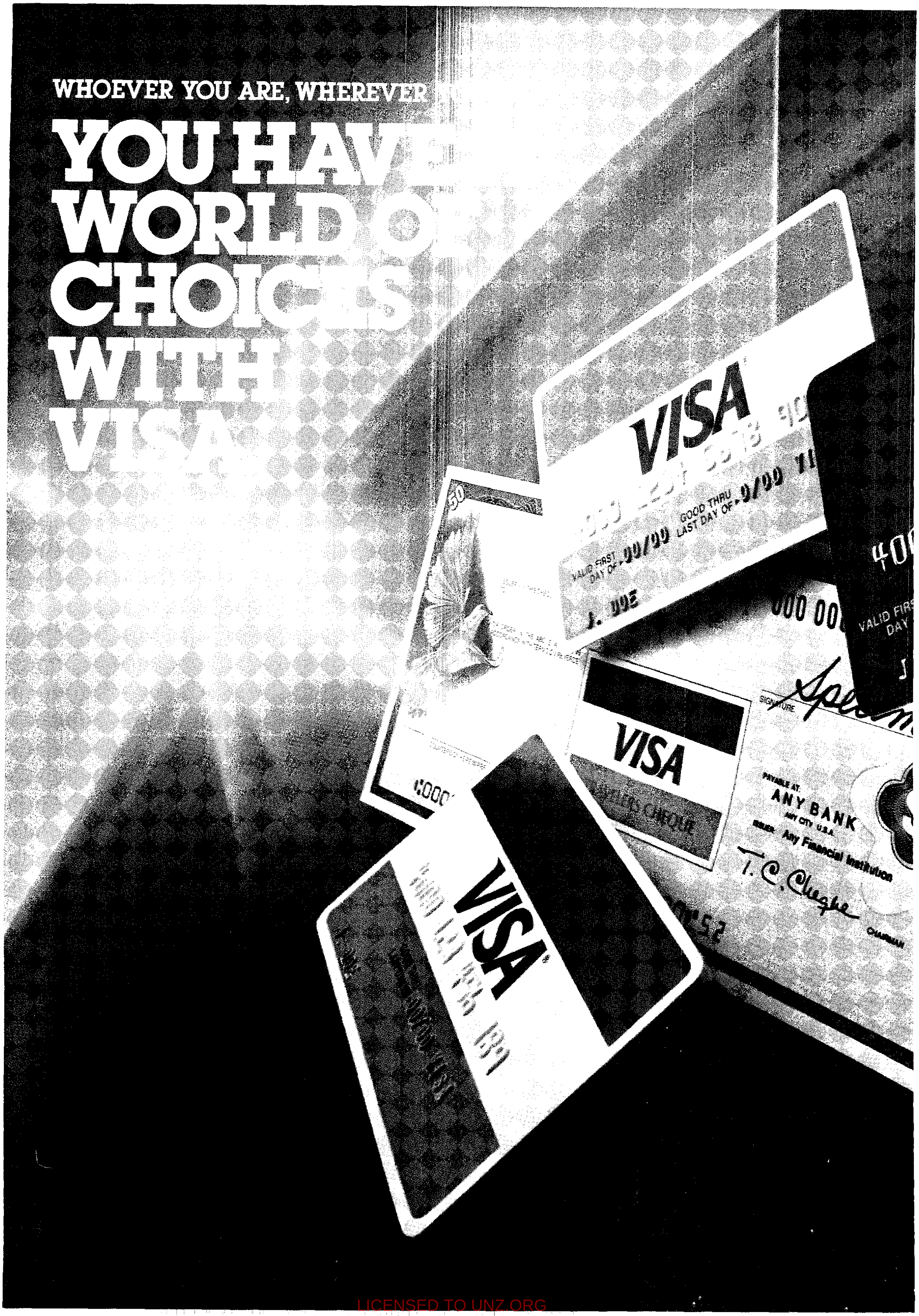
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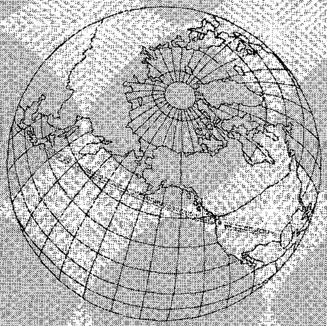
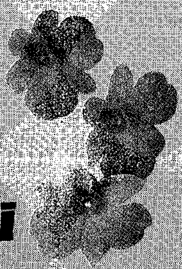


It is the "Great Circle Express," starting in Dallas/Fort Worth and flying a straight line to Seattle, Tokyo, Bangkok.
It, like everything else, is extraordinary and Thai.



Thai

A Flight of Graciousness.

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A MAN who keeps track of financial doings writes:

I have been feeling unusually cheerful lately, and although that state of mind clearly has nothing to do with the state of the markets, which is parlous, it may be related in some degree to my having recently learned about a service now being offered, through brokers, to investors in gold, silver, and platinum by a Wall Street firm called Mocatta Metals Corporation, which is the American affiliate of Mocatta & Goldsmid, Ltd., a London firm older than the Bank of England. What Mocatta offers is something called a "lookback option," and what the option offers an investor is the certainty, over a stated period of time, of buying gold, silver, or platinum at the bottom of the market during that period or of selling it at the top. Buying at the bottom and selling at the top of any market is, of course, the time-honored goal of investors, the very Valhalla of plungers; all but the most infantile of them regard it as axiomatic that this can't be done, and that devoting oneself to trying to do it is a formula for disaster. But not with a Mocatta lookback option! If you possess, say, a six-month lookback option to buy, you are entitled under its terms to buy a quantity of, say, gold at the lowest price the gold market falls to during the period when the option is in force, whatever that price may be. If you have a six-month lookback option to sell, you are entitled to *sell* a quantity of gold at the *highest* price the gold market rises to during the period. In plain words, the ability to buy cheap and sell dear, guesswork removed, is now itself for sale.

The catch, of course, is that lookback options are expensive—presumably expensive enough so that Mocatta usually comes out ahead on the transaction. But lookback options provide an additional and not-to-be-neglected benefit, in terms of providing material for boasts about investment prowess. (If one were to take literally all the tales of market coups that one hears over lunch tables, one would be astonished at how often one is asked to split the check.) A user of lookback options can say to a fellow-dabbler in the markets, with truth, "Last month, I bought gold at the bottom of the market." Not necessary or appropriate to make much of the fact that this accomplishment was purchased from Mocatta at a stiff price, any more than an unsuccessful angler who brings home a splendid fish need emphasize that it has been bought, with chagrin, at a fish market.

For years, Hollywood has been called a merchant of romantic dreams. In these trying times, when national economic problems seem insoluble, it may be fitting that Wall Street should do its bit to enrich the psychic life of the nation by offering for sale dreams of financial genius, fulfillment guaranteed.

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Triple Play

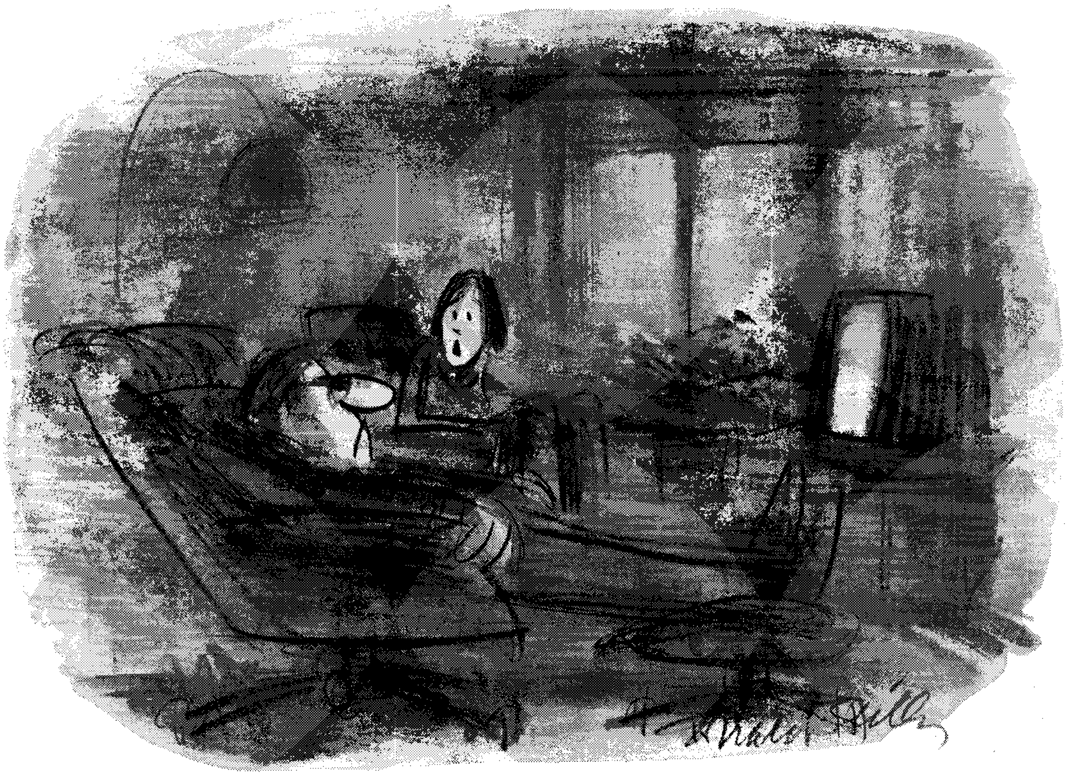
WE tend to forget that this city, underneath its glib surface, is something of a Tower of Babel, and that some of its citizens live in a kind of linguistic isolation, islanded in their languages. The other week, however, just as spring was struggling to its feet, we were present at an event that, though small in compass, struck us as a heroic attempt to storm the barriers of language. The event was a fair, held at the Chatham Square branch of the Public Library, on East Broadway, to celebrate the publication of a four-hundred-page Trictionary, which renders some three thousand words in their Spanish, English, and Chinese forms, and which has been published by Art Resources for Teachers and Students, or ARTS, an organization that has set in motion a variety of cultural projects on the lower East Side over the past twelve years. What distinguishes the Trictionary from linguistic enterprises of a like nature is that it was compiled over the last three years by the spare-time energy of some hundred and fifty young people from the neighborhood, between the ages of ten and fifteen, who worked two afternoons a week on the top floor of the library after school, under the supervision of members of ARTS. When we arrived at the library, the young compilers were present in vociferous numbers, leafing enthusiastically through the first sample copies of the Trictionary, which were lying on a table by the entrance. Round the walls hung some of the evidence of the compilers' activity—an exhibit showing how the Trictionary came into being, a brightly painted map of the Caribbean, and charts rendering family relationships and medical terms in English, Spanish, and Chinese. As we took a seat at one end of a row of chairs, the decibel level reduced itself to a steady buzz and the gathering was welcomed, first by the Librarian, Miss Virginia Swift, who had given her blessing and a part of her premises to the project, and then by the two project directors—Jane Shapiro, a teacher of English as a second language in Junior High School 65, and Mary Scherbatskoy, of ARTS. One cor-

ner of the room was concealed by screens framing a square of white cloth, and on this was now presented a performance of a traditional Chinese shadow-puppet play, in the course of which two generals routed a cluster of bright-colored demons that had been haunting their emperor's sleep. The puppeteers filed out from behind the screen to take a bow, and were followed by the Duartes, brother and sister, who sang two Spanish songs to their own guitar accompaniment. When they had concluded, Dr. Archer Dong, the new principal of J.H.S. 65, cut a ribbon on a cardboard carton containing the first copies of the Trictionary to be offered for sale, bought the first copy himself, and set us free to wander round the exhibit and watch demonstrations of the working methods of the young lexicographers.

First, though, we acquired for ourself a mint copy of the Trictionary and sat down to study it, as the room around us grew shrill with enthusiasm. After some introductory material came three sections: the first in blue, where English words were listed in the left-hand column, with their Chinese and Spanish equivalents in the two columns adjoining; the second in yellow, with the Chinese characters coming first; and the third in pink, with the Spanish words leading. In all three sections, the text was punctuated here and there with line drawings done by the compilers, who, as we read, were massing along the far wall for an official photograph. Already, a number of eminently practical uses for the Trictionary had occurred to us.

Closing our copy, we eavesdropped on a session of what Mrs. Shapiro calls "brainstorming." She had gathered a group of about a dozen children round a large blank board, with the word "Animals" written at the top, and on this the children wrote animal names in Chinese, in Spanish, and in English, going on to worry them into the other languages—the occasion for some small linguistic arguments. We moved over to a table where a review session was taking place, in Spanish, supervised by William Bellber, of ARTS, who had in front of him a stack of blue cards, each with an English word on it. He offered one word at a time to the Spanish-speaking students at his table, and when they had agreed on its correct equivalent in Spanish they entered the Spanish word on a pink card, to be collected and filed at the end of the session. "There are times when we find no exact equivalent," Mr. Bellber told us. "In these cases, we redirect the card with our suggestions to a second review group, for a more thorough scrutiny. We've had some memorable experiences. When the English word 'allowance' came up, for example, nobody in my group could translate it, because allowances were unknown to them. When I explained it to them, they thought it was such a great notion that they rushed home to tell their parents. That single discovery probably had quite an effect on our community."

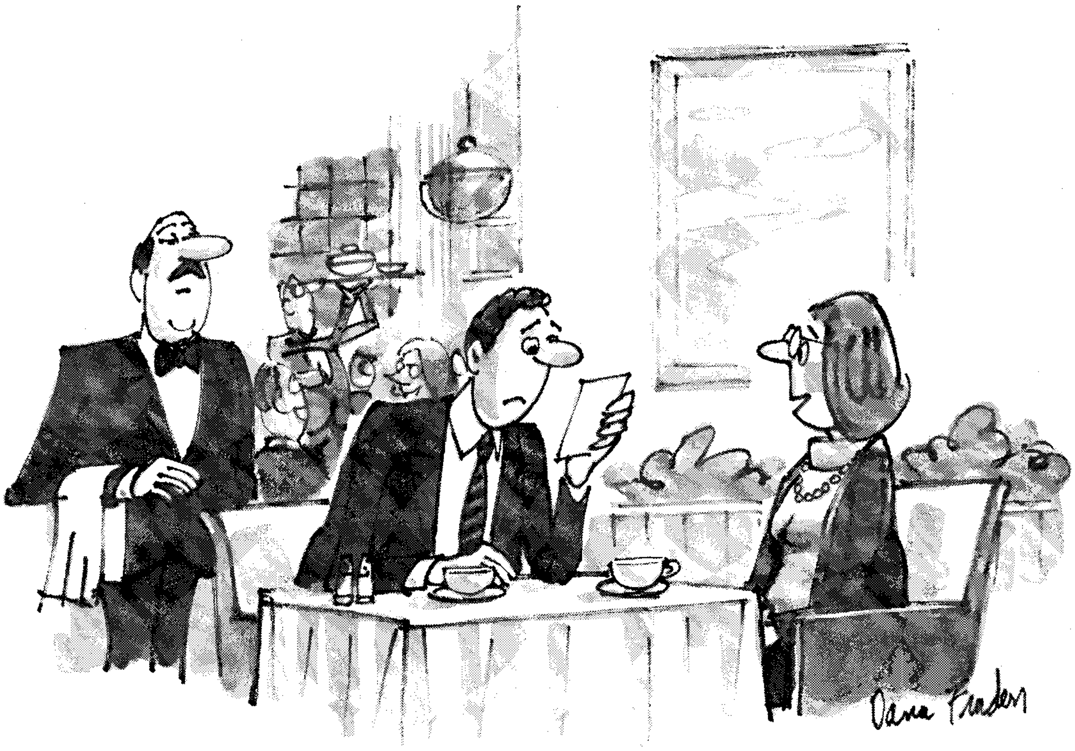
We sought out the two project directors, but conversation with them was not easy, for students of various sizes crowded round to ask questions in various languages and to collect signatures in their own, hard-earned copies of the Trictionary. Mrs. Shapiro told us something of how the Trictionary had come into being. "When I first took the job at J.H.S. 65, sixteen years ago, I was not aware of the problems I would come across. Our neighborhood is about eighty per cent Chinese-speaking and twenty per cent Spanish-speaking, and in class I often had to hold sessions like the brainstorming sessions we later developed when we compiled the Trictionary—getting the children to find English equivalents for words they knew only in their own languages. Class seemed to me like a small United Nations. I kept coming up against situations in which I *wished* that such a book existed. Available dictionaries were either too stiff or out of date or written on a linguistic level far different from that of the students. We needed something like the Trictionary badly, and that, of course, was the first step toward bringing it into being."



"I'm worried about you. You're no longer writhing during the news."

Mrs. Shapiro was borne off at that point for another photograph, and Miss Scherbatskoy took up the story. "I had worked with Jane on various projects in the community—I've been with ARTS down here for the last twelve years—and it must have been sometime in 1978 when she raised the notion of the Trictionary. It is the biggest project ARTS has undertaken to date, and we eventually got funding from the National Endowment for the Humanities, which allowed us to go ahead with it in the fall of 1979. What we had to do was invent the system—separate translation groups, different-colored file cards, ways of reviewing and checking. We kept away from existing dictionaries, because we wanted the words to come from the children themselves. Neighborhood usage was our authority, even though t might not always be correct by the strictest standards. You'll notice that the Trictionary has a fair quota of legal and medical terms. These were essential, since it is often the children who have to interpret between their families and doctors or lawyers. We had a shifting body of helpers, because quite a number had to leave us eventually, to go to work. All of us from ARTS have been involved in the project. We have native Chinese and Spanish speakers on our staff, and one of our members, Yeh Yung-ching, besides supervising the Chinese translation, is our calligrapher, and also directed the puppet play. The last few months have been something of a scamper, to get the Trictionary finished, checked, and through the printer. It will be on sale now, and we're all interested in seeing how much of a demand there is for it. The best thing about it, though, is that we never had to *make* the students work—they saw the point of it at once, without any explaining, and just worked away at it, week in, week out."

It was Miss Scherbatskoy's turn to be photographed, and we took our leave. On our way out, we had a word with a bright-faced, smiling girl named Iris Chu, whom we had noticed in Mr. Bellber's Spanish group. We asked her how she had come by her languages, and she laughed. "My parents are Chinese," she told us, "but I was born in Venezuela—they were living there then—and grew up speaking Chinese at home and Spanish in school. We came here about four years ago, so I learned English. I worked a lot on the Trictionary, and I made a lot of friends doing it. It's funny to see it as a book now—before, it was just something we *did* every week. I'm really sorry it's over. For us, it was a whole lot of fun."



"I suppose it's not that much if you see it in the context of a three-trillion-dollar economy."

• •

The Northville Ducks

WE got a call the other day from the friend who keeps in touch with her relatives in Northville, Michigan. "Something amazing has just happened," she told us, sounding breathless. "The Ford Motor Company has announced that it will reopen the Northville Valve Plant—the plant that had supposedly been closed for good when I visited Northville just before Christmas. The entire town is in a state of shock, because Ford has *never* changed its mind about a plant closing before. My cousins think that the decision had something to do with the new Ford contract—although Northville isn't mentioned in it—and something to do with those ducks that live in the pond next to the plant. When the local press wrote about how Ford was feeding ducks and firing workers, those birds began to turn up on television, and I understand that Ford got quite worried about its corporate image. Why don't you go out there and find out what really happened?"

That seemed like a good idea, and a couple of days later we arrived in Northville, to find the sun shining, the snow melting, and the celebrated ducks playing host to a laggard flock of dark-brown Canada geese. Paul Vernon, Northville's mayor, who has a business office across the street from the plant, told us that Ford had announced the reopening of the plant on St. Patrick's Day. "We're absolutely delighted, and we're eagerly awaiting word of what they will produce here," he said. "The machinery is still in place, and there is plenty of room to expand the plant if an increase in size would make it more efficient and profitable. Actually, I've never heard anyone at Ford say that the plant, which used to turn out ninety per cent of all Ford car valves, was *not* profitable. When they told us they were going to close it, they said that the market in valves had dropped off because engines were smaller."

We asked the Mayor if the ducks had influenced Ford's thinking.

"I can't speak for the company," he said, "but there has always been great concern here about what would happen to them, because feeding those ducks is a tradition that goes back to the early days of the plant. In 1964, the union made it a bargaining issue, but Ford refused to write the ducks into the contract. Since then, there has been an oral understanding that Ford would supply a ton of grain a month for the workers to give to the ducks. When the plant closed down last December, the city took over distribution. This winter, we fed about eight hundred Canada geese in addition to the ducks."

We thanked the Mayor, crossed the street, and entered the valve plant, a large, one-story yellow brick factory. There we found Mr. George Antoine, a silver-haired Ford industrial-relations specialist, who was in charge of the skeleton crew that was maintaining the building and its adjacent paddle wheel, which was used from the mid-thirties until the early forties to supply energy for lighting the offices.

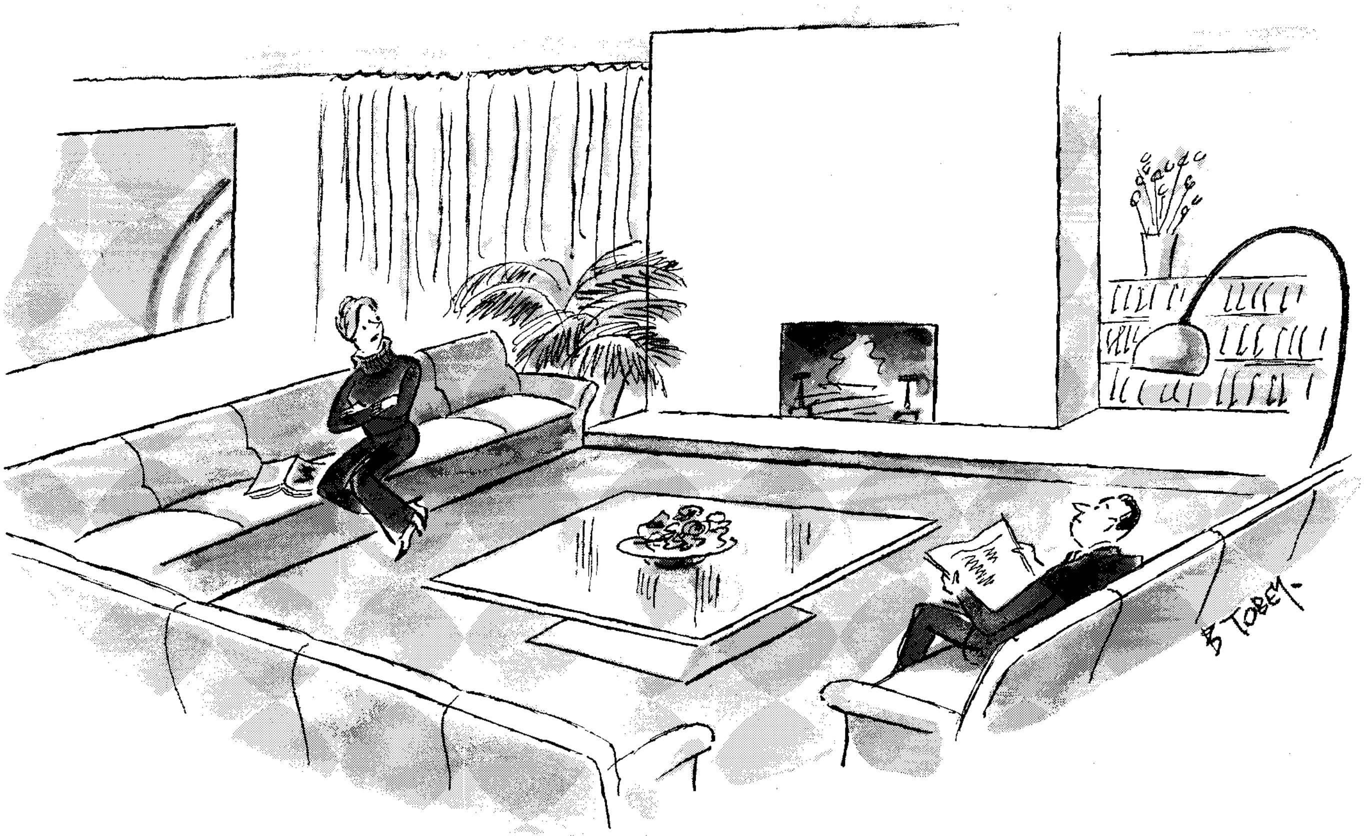
Mr. Antoine walked with us through the dark, cavernous building, pointing out a series of large machines—forging presses, shearers, broachers, and grinders—that shape and finish the mushroomlike valves. He explained that the plant had originally produced two kinds of valves—exhaust valves, which were cast of exceptionally hard steel at the Dearborn Specialty Foundry and were brought to Northville for finishing, and intake valves, which, being of softer metal, could be "cold-headed," or both stamped out and finished on the premises. "We lost our exhaust-valve business when the Dearborn Foundry closed, in 1980, and we began losing intake orders around 1979, when the demand for eight-cylinder engines decreased," he said. "Right now, I have a hundred and forty-six people laid off, most of them production workers. One thing I can say about this plant is that quality was never one of our problems. We had a lot of good, conscientious people here, who really took pride in their work and watched the whole operation very carefully. We had good labor relations—there was never a purely local strike—and we had a relatively flexible agreement with the skilled trades, which permitted men in the general-maintenance category to perform a number of different types of work."

After we finished our tour, Mr. Antoine introduced us to a large, forceful man named Norman Fultz, who is the president of the Northville United Automobile Workers local, a member of the fourteen-man national council that recently renegotiated the Ford contract, and one of the workmen taking care of the building. "Northville was known as a low-return operation, which means there weren't a lot of profits but there weren't a lot of losses, either," Mr. Fultz said. "And I figure that they closed us down because Ford didn't want to spend the money that was needed to update our equipment. I never gave up hope, though. Over the past seventeen months, we tried just about everything to keep the plant open. Last year, we even raised three million dollars and offered to buy the plant, but Ford turned us down. Now I'd just like to see my people go back to work. It doesn't matter what we make—I hear that Ford has been looking into some type of small engine—so long as we make *something*. Most of the machinery is still in place, because Ford put a hold on the dismantling process when contract negotiations were reopened, in January. We lost our tools and maintenance equipment, but everything else is in good shape. If we start producing valves again, we can be back in operation in sixty days; if we have to strip the building and go to something new, it will take longer."

The next morning, we drove over to Detroit to ask Donald Ephlin, the U.A.W. vice-president in charge of Ford, how Northville had figured in the contract negotiations that concluded in mid-February. Mr. Ephlin, an outgoing Irishman with white hair and considerable charm, told us that Ford had informed the U.A.W. in November of 1980 that it intended to close Northville the following June, because diminishing volume had made the operation less efficient. "Our people have always maintained that the plant was profitable," said Mr. Ephlin, "and Northville, which is the only one of Henry Ford's old 'paddlewheel' plants still in operation, has become a symbol of the out-sourcing of jobs to non-union facilities." Mr. Ephlin went on to tell us that during most of 1981 Ford and General Motors were seeking to renegotiate their contracts more than a year before they were up, citing enormous financial losses that might force the closing of a number of plants. The final date for Northville was delayed from June to November, as a gesture of good will, but last July, when the U.A.W.'s International Executive Board voted against contract reopening for the second time, Ford announced that both Northville and an aluminum-casting plant in Sheffield, Alabama, which had been losing thirty-six million dollars a year, would be closed—Northville by December. Meanwhile, the chairman of General Motors, Roger B. Smith, had been meeting secretly with the top U.A.W. leadership to work out an unusual framework for negotiations which included a pass-through of union concessions to produce lower car prices. This pass-through idea persuaded the U.A.W. to start bargaining with G.M., and when it was made public, on January 12th, Ford, which had not been informed of the arrangement, was outraged. "Then, when the G.M. talks reached a deadlock at the end of January, the U.A.W. Ford negotiating committee, which had been in a holding pattern, went to work with Ford in earnest," Mr. Ephlin told us. "In two weeks, we arrived at a settlement that provided for sacrifices on the part of our members in return for job-security and income-security measures. There was to be a two-year moratorium on plant closings that would have occurred as a result of out-sourcing, with the exception of two plants—Northville and Sheffield—whose closing had already been announced. On February 13th, when the negotiating committee approved the contract, Douglas Fraser, the U.A.W. president, and I made it clear to them that there was no guarantee we could save either plant, although we'd brought the question up across the table a number of times. That evening, at the point where we had the traditional handshake, Donald Petersen, the president of Ford, told us that he would 'look seriously' at Northville again and would get a study under way at Sheffield. The unusually warm climate in which the settlement was reached made me optimistic about Northville, and on March 1st, when Petersen and Ford's chairman, Philip Caldwell, showed up at the Ford headquarters, in Dearborn, for the official signing of the contract, both men told me that several different items were being studied for production at the plant. They said they'd try to reopen it, but they didn't want to make an announcement right away. I think there was a running debate inside Ford over Northville. It became the target of two styles of management—one that emphasized economics and one that emphasized people—and I think that between the settlement and the signing of the contract the humanists won out."

We told Mr. Ephlin that it had been suggested that the timing of the Northville reopening was Ford's way of taking revenge on General

2415 BROADWAY FRUIT & VEGETABLES
M. IAN



"Can you come over here for a moment, Gregory? I'd like to talk to you."

• •

Motors for its pass-along proposal.

"It was certainly no accident that the Northville announcement took place on March 17th, right in the middle of a potential stalemate in the G.M. negotiations," he said, with a smile. "G.M. had announced it was closing seven plants, and there's no doubt that the fact that Ford was *reopening* Northville caused that decision to be reconsidered. In the end, G.M. agreed to keep four of the seven plants open, and so the fight for a hundred and forty-six jobs at Northville probably helped to save eight thousand jobs in those G.M. plants. Toward the end of the G.M. negotiations, I understand, a few unkind remarks were made across the table about me, about Ford, and about the Northville ducks. You might say that they—and I—were decoys."

Birthday Party at an East Side Town House

"HELLO, I am so glad you could come," said Gwendolyn, the assistant editor of a literary magazine, greeting some of the guests at her twenty-sixth-birthday party. As she said this, she kissed each of them on the cheek. There were well over a hundred guests at the party. They all knew Gwendolyn and said how glad they were to come.

Now she stood in the middle of the room surrounded by these friends, who were momentarily and randomly grouped together. A young man joined the group.

"Do you know Tommy?" Gwendolyn asked her friends. "We grew up in Virginia together. His father and my father went to all the same schools.

"Tommy," said a friend standing beside her, a man named George.

"Tommy," murmured the others.

"I am so honored that Victor came," she said. "He does my hair. He is a wonderful man."

"Victor," said George.

"Victor," murmured the others.

"That tree is too large for this room," said a man named Maurice, pointing to a plant that if it stood in a forest would be a mere sapling.

"But isn't this a beautiful room?" asked Gwendolyn.

"I think *you* are beautiful," said a man named Chris.

"Natalia writes beautifully about food," said Maurice.

"Food," said Tommy.

"A drink," said George.

"Maurice has almost finished writing his book," said Gwendolyn.

"I am trying not to mention it," said Maurice.

"Have you received many presents?" asked Chris.

"Yes, but I am not opening them until tomorrow," said Gwendolyn.

"I am giving you a book," said Chris. "I am giving you a book full of pictures."

"Oh," said Gwendolyn. "What kind of pictures?"

"They are the most beautiful pictures I have ever seen," said Chris. "I have been looking at these pictures for months and months now, day after day."

"Will I like them?" asked Gwendolyn.

"Yes, I think so," said Chris. "I look at these pictures and I am emptied out. I have nothing left inside once I have seen these pictures. I feel so much when I am looking at them. Lots and lots of sensation, and then I am drained. It's as if I had been in Los Angeles. Sensation, as you know, is the tyranny of Los Angeles."

"A book of pictures," said Gwendolyn.

"A book of pictures," murmured her friends.

SUNDAY

I shine all day Sunday,
That one day when I'm with you.
—*Popular song.*

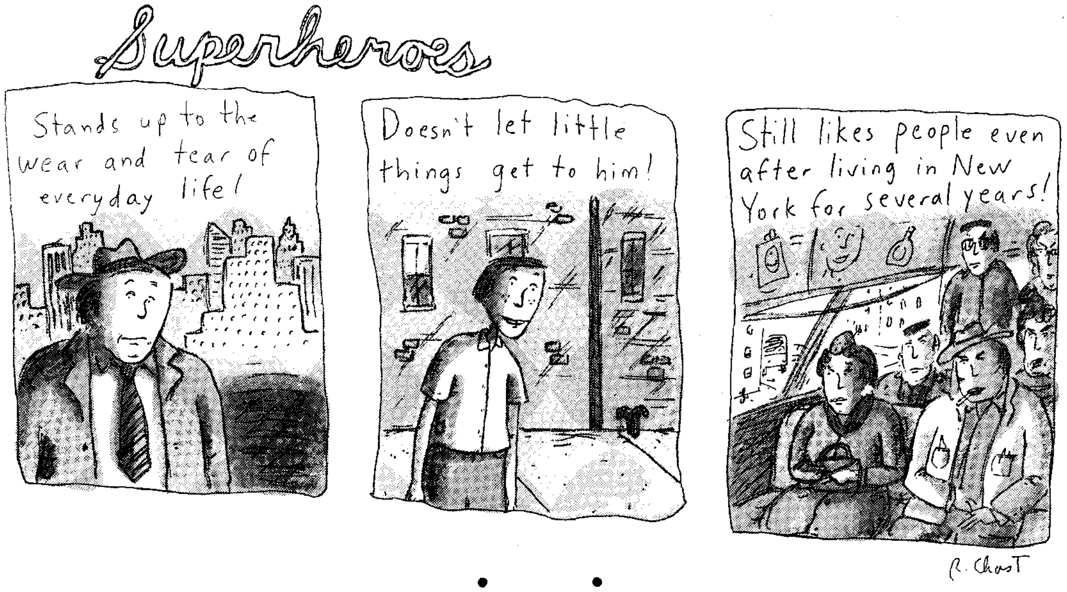
HERE is one way you can tell that winter is near: the squirrels are wearing their silver-tipped furs. Out here, pines and yews and junipers keep us basted to the living seasons; outside our windows, there are no wolves running through the evergreen forests, thank God, although it is probable that the poor have the suffering to which they are fairly accustomed. While nobody we know is poor, nobody has any money—you know. We have put away our golf skirts and shirts and plaid slacks; our tennis dresses and shorts are still handy to get at, as tennis can be played inside now, in bubbles and things, in any weather, although it is my candid opinion that tennis is never going to knock sex out of the ring as a year-round, rain-or-shine activity. We used to spend Sunday lying around the house, getting to know each other, washing our hair, looking at "60 Minutes"—all that. Then a couple of years ago the *Times* published a piece by Enid Nemy that said, "Forget shampooing, Sunday is suddenly the night to party." Ms. Nemy went on to describe a Sunday "bash"—her word—which was "big and personality studded. . . . Even Andy Warhol, who goes to parties almost every night, was thrown for a loop." Well. Now we have *our* Sunday parties, too, principally those that entail a contribution for the poor and/or handicapped—a charity "bash." Gladstone, who is my husband, is scarcely ever thrown for a loop by parties, but we make our contribution, and I feel that once in a while we should attend the spirit of the occasion. Tonight, because we are running out of causes but not benefactors, the Swifts, Tom and Gerry, are hosting a party to benefit one-armed painters—that is, unsung artists of modest means who claim they can paint better with one hand tied behind their backs than some featured in Madison Avenue and SoHo galleries. Gladstone is resigned. He says he supposes it is true that out of misery genius creates joy, but he doesn't understand why he has to be present. Like Gatsby, he dislikes parties, and, also like Gatsby—at least, according to the movie—he would prefer to give one of his own while sitting upstairs in his bedroom, listening to the din below. But our house is too small, and the yard can be soggy.

This Sunday morning the ground glitters with a thin crust of snow. I get up and go down to the enclosed porch, which is on the south side of our house. The sun has flared over the back yard, turning the snow, the enamelled trees into a rosy scene. Robert White, who is one of my two white cats, has been sleeping on top of the back of a blue chintz flower-sprigged love seat. Hearing me, he lifts his head, stretches, rolls over on his back, and tumbles down onto the cushions, asprawl. "Morning," I say, and amble over to stare at some pink geraniums, to give him time to pull himself together and scramble back to his ledge, where he begins yawning as if he hadn't noticed anything unusual. I seem to be in a good humor, or I would say, "Clumsy!" Perhaps it is the sun. I am wearing my white fleece robe and red down-filled slippers, a present from one of the children. As I turn to leave, I slip on the bare floor but regain my balance in time to see Robert White, who has been watching me, put his head down on his paws, lift one paw to cover his eyes, and doze off. I carefully continue into the kitchen, put the teakettle on for a flagon of decaf, and go out to get the Sunday *Times*. Gladstone will make the coffee.

Back in bed, sorting out the paper, I get to the magazine section, turn to the puzzles, and see a good thing: today there is an Acrostic. As I settle down, Gladstone shuffles into the room in his faded yellow pajamas, looking like a frayed stalk of last week's celery, and tells me that there is a mouse in the mousetrap in back of the refrigerator. I say, "Live and let live," and reach for a sharp pencil. He reminds me that he traps mice only to keep me from having an episode. He is right. He goes out, comes back, and says he has thrown the mouse away. He wonders if we should have a boa constrictor to feed the mice to; Gladstone doesn't like waste. He looks out the window, sighs, and says that after coffee he believes he will go for a spin in the country. I remind him that he is already in the country. He recalls this and nods; then he says that the radio has told him there may be flurries today, toward evening, which rules out going anywhere in the car, as he has used up his last can of spray-on liquid chains, and he has been told that they don't make the stuff anymore. I remind him that we don't drive to visit the Swifts, who are neighbors, just down the road.

I am halfway through Across when Gladstone goes downstairs and returns with a mug of coffee and a *pain au chocolat* for me. I thank him and ask if he has had breakfast. He says he hasn't; he thinks he will fix a cup of tea for himself. His skin feels funny all over, sore when you touch it, and he is a trifle giddy—light-headed, you might say—as if he were about to spike a temp (hospital jargon he employs anytime his temperature is even the slightest bit over 98.6). I tell him that if he feels light-headed he ought to eat something substantial. He stands at the foot of my bed and says he has a little story—something he hasn't wanted to worry me with. I lower the mag section and look at him closely. It's this: Last week, when he went to the doctor's for his physical, his heart skipped a beat now and then. I ask him if the doctor told him this. No, he says, he pointed it out to the doctor. And what, I want to know, did the doctor say? Gladstone shrugs and tells me the doctor says it's very common for the heart to skip a beat—nothing to worry about. Then we won't worry, will we, I say. Gladstone turns to go out of the room, and as he leaves he says, "They never tell you anything until it's too late." I finish Across as he comes back into the room with a cup of tea and gives me a piercing stare. How many people will there be at this party, he wants to know. I tell him I haven't asked for the guest list. He sits wearily on the bed and says there will be too many. Gladstone believes that a party with more people than there are chairs is evidence of a flagging society. I frown at Across, which will look a lot better when I get in some Downs.

LATER in the day, crossword in abeyance, I find I can only fill in four blanks of the Acrostic and so start to put "A" or "I" in the single spaces. The phone rings. It is my friend Sally, who with her husband has just moved out here from Manhattan to get away from crime in and under the streets. She doesn't know where she is yet—the town is still confusing to her—but


Superheroes
Stands up to the wear and tear of everyday life!
Doesn't let little things get to him!
Still likes people even after living in New York for several years!
R. Chast

Sally hasn't always known where she was even when she's been there for a while. Now they have been talking about corned beef on rye—one of the things they miss from the city—and she wonders if there's a kosher deli in this town. I tell her there are more than one, but closest to her is Gold's. She says she doesn't know where Gold's is. I tell her Gold's is right across the street from Silver's. She says she doesn't know where Silver's is. Right across the street from Gold's, I say, and then, relenting, I add the name of the street.

Gladstone, who has been listening in case the call might be for him, asks if I'd like a corned beef on rye; he'd be glad to run out and get me one. I tell him he'd better rest for the party. He says I am perfectly right, although corned beef on rye sounds good, and he has heard that milk is no longer considered the panacea for a possible pre-ulcerous condition. I ask him if he knows a five-letter word for African antelope, beginning with "K." He says, "Koala." I put the paper down and tell him that if he does have a pre-ulcerous condition he'd better take it easy on the sauce at the party. He says that may not be hard to do, as they will probably be serving something pink in little glass cups with handles. I ask, "Well, what's a cup without a handle?" He wanders away, and I consider the alternative to the party—staying home. I conclude that there is nothing basically wrong with going out of the house on Sunday—a custom established by our Puritan ancestors.

I get up, toss on my white fleece robe, and go to look for my portable pencil sharpener. Gladstone is coming my way; I am going the other way. We meet in the narrow upstairs hall and pause. Gladstone turns sideways; I do the same. We keep walking, without saying anything. What is there to say—"Excuse me," or "Pardon me"? It occurs to me that being alone together on Sunday in a split-level house and meeting on the same level is not without its complexities.

Back in bed, I sharpen my pencil as Ms. White, my other white cat, in a demonstration of flexibility that only cats know about, causes herself to lie close to me on my left side, her V-shaped chin resting lightly on a part of my arm that does not bend. She looks at me coolly on a clear day. I am not wasting time; I am relaxing. Her steady blue eyes are taking me in, reading me, and although I think of myself as always composed, I feel that some comment on my position would not be amiss. "Of all the exercises for a low-back condition, which afflicts more of us than I can possibly say, this is the one I prefer," I tell her. "Lying in bed. Off the feet, and not sitting up." She continues to stare, and I put everything on the nightstand and roll over for a nap.

As dusk settles over the land, we get dressed. The Whites, sensing our departure, float restlessly about the house like little low ghosts, doomed to wander forever through darkness, not even allowed to say "Boo." Gladstone is about to slip a navy-blue blazer over his white turtleneck, but he has to pause to whisk away white cat hairs. He says it has always puzzled him that the cats can rise up to where his dark blazers hang and rub against them. I tell him to cool it—that he's not Prince Hamlet, nor was he meant to be. I am busy getting into last year's bomber jacket and knickers. As we leave, I see Gladstone put his pocket flashlight into his blazer pocket and stride into the kitchen, where he picks up a square of something opaque that also goes into his pocket. We open, then close the door behind us, spin locks, turn keys, shuttle up the driveway and onto the road. It has become night, with intermittent pale moonlight, heavy clouds. In a chiaroscuro silence we wend our way to the Swifts'. Before going into the house, we synchronize our watches. "One hour," Gladstone says firmly. I salaam.

AFTER dumping our outer coats we join the melee in the party room. We greet Tom, whose outline is already beginning to sag, and he waves us on toward the center of activity. A willowy young woman, whom I have never seen before, all loose ends, swirls up to Gladstone and says huskily, "I can't wait to find out what those wicked blue eyes are thinking." Gladstone places his right hand in his blazer pocket, only the thumb remaining outside, in the manner of William Powell in "The Thin Man." I am happy that he is integrated with the group; the brisk walk in fresh air has been good for his color and restored him to his usual affable self. I shove along to an encapsulated gathering where I am sure the bar is, and I am right. Skipper, white-jacketed, who pours at all these occasions, is doing his prestidigitational thing behind the long table, with its rank on rank of bottles, mixers, ice tubs, and glasses, like Meredith's army of unalterable law. I give up trying to count the number of hands he has and say, "Hi, Skip, how's it going?"

He produces my usual, summer or winter—vodka with a splash. "Lots of good food in the kitchen," he whispers. "Makings for things in sauces." He beams at me. "Rows and rows of roux."

I clench my glass and back away, looking for someone to lean against. Instantly, I am in a clutch of strangers, who make for good support, although, having raised my glass to my lips, I am unable to lower my arm. They are speaking of tours, of travelling. Someone is going to Peru. Someone else says, "Don't cross any bridges;" they all nod soberly. This is obviously the literary crowd—tacky, but better than being trampled.

I case the other guests through a gap between two necks. Every woman over fifty has a Princess Di haircut; the younger ones are divided between Raggedy Ann and the familiar cascades. My hair always looks as if it had been slept in. There are many young women, I notice; some must be models, or perhaps they are only sleepwalking. I see television actresses, too, recognizable by the way they hook a strand of hair out of their eyes—their principal stress reaction. And then there is Flo, our neighborhood psychiatrist's wife; he has been ailing. I extricate myself from the group, duck under a raised arm, and get over to her.

"How's Chuck?" I ask.

"Better," Flo says. "In fact, he's here. He's got it all together now, he says—both oars in the water. No more pussyfooting for him; he's telling it like it is, letting it all hang out."

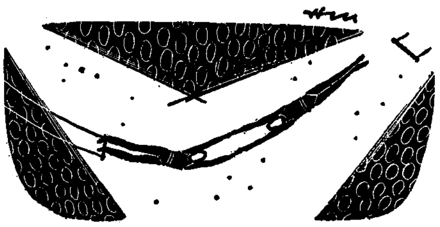
Gladstone passes us, towing the willowy young woman through the treacherous throng. He holds up an empty glass that is not a little cup with a handle. "One for the road," he mouths, and they disappear.

Flo and I are greeted by a couple of Method actors acting like guests. Just as I say how sorry I am not to have seen a play in New York that everyone else seems to know by heart, Chuck appears and flings an arm over my shoulders. I turn to him. "I was just saying I'm sorry I missed that play," I repeat.

Chuck wags a finger at me. "Tell you what *I* don't miss," he says. "Opera. Opera is something we go to before our characters are fully formed." He explodes with laughter.

I find myself tapped by one of three women whom I know from the slow lane in the shallow pool at a local spa where we do our exercises. They say they have been discussing me—they wondered if I had been ill, because they hadn't seen me lately. I tell them I am giving up the pool, as I am developing the soul of an oyster. Chuck wants to know why I ever started such a thing. I tell him that a doctor said it would be good for my lower back. Chuck says he has a new doctor story. You know, he says, how we've been going to doctors and having thermometers put in our mouths for years. And they take the thermometers out of a container of alcohol that was supposed to be sterilizing them? Chuck pulls out a handkerchief and wipes his eyes; he is approaching a paroxysm now. He says, "O.K. Somebody got the bright idea of testing the alcohol, and guess what." Before anyone can, Chuck begins to break up. Between gasps, he says that the alcohol was swimming with bacteria; in other words, doctors have been infecting God knows how many millions of us for years. He drapes himself around Flo and is totally out of it. For any number of reasons, I am grateful that Gladstone is elsewhere at the moment, and I am about to say that we always put our thermometer in bourbon, which we don't keep around all that long, when I begin to smell food.

The buffet has been brought out. Suddenly a hush falls over the room. Dodging through the traffic, I get to the food before the mob converges, but, having filled a plate, I cannot find a place to sit down. And I cannot eat standing up, with food in one hand and a glass of wine in the other—an ancient dilemma—although from time to time I have considered snapping at whatever comes loose on the plate. I think wistfully of little tables, but there is no room for them, and, sitting down without one, you never know whose knee your plate will end up on. I circle the table and join Skipper behind the bar. There, wineglass resting on the bar table, I manage to take in some nourishment before I note a hand waving above the crop of heads, and then another hand, both obviously attached to the same body. They belong to Gladstone, who turns his wrist toward me and taps his watch.



Joining Gladstone is another struggle. The party has become an assembly of individuals now, or so I gather from bits of conversation that drift by, or that I pass on my way. A woman in a knitted top shot through with Lurex turns to me as I struggle by, glances at my bomber jacket, and continues something she has been saying to her companions: "And I detest winter. Isn't it clever of nature to put the earth to sleep so that we don't have to work outside with decorative annuals or crops in this hideous weather!" Another voice: ". . . sell the house and buy a condo. No upkeep. And when you want to leave, you just close the front door and *go*." Then through a ripple of in-depth highlighted hair: "I said I couldn't boil water. Cooking is not what I *do*." And a little farther on: "It's so trendy! Imagine—being conceived in a saucer." On the verge of freedom, I inch past the literary group. Someone says, "I heard that Red Brown didn't get into Lucille's last night." "Why? Couldn't get past the front door?" "Mmm. His last book didn't get past the first printing—confidentially, six thousand." I am almost stopped by a friend whose story I have heard before. "Last year we worked for days winding those strips around the trees, and what happened? The damned caterpillars crawled *under* them." It is full steam ahead but with everyone marching to a different drummer, or not taking the road not taken, while I am only trying to do it my way. Slightly dizzy but still upright and scarcely bruised at all, I reach Gladstone. We dig around for

THE "MÉTRO"

One level below street, an airless tank—
We'd go there, evenings, watch through glass the world
Eddy by, winking, casting up
Such gorgeous flotsam that hearts leapt, or sank.

Over the bar, in polychrome relief,
A jungle idyll: tiger, water hole,
Mate lolling on her branch, apéritif-
Green eyes aglare. We also lolled and drank,

Joking with scarface Kosta, destitute
Sotiri, Plato in his new striped suit . . .
Those tigers are no more now. The bar's gone,
And in its place—O memory!—a bank.

—James Merrill

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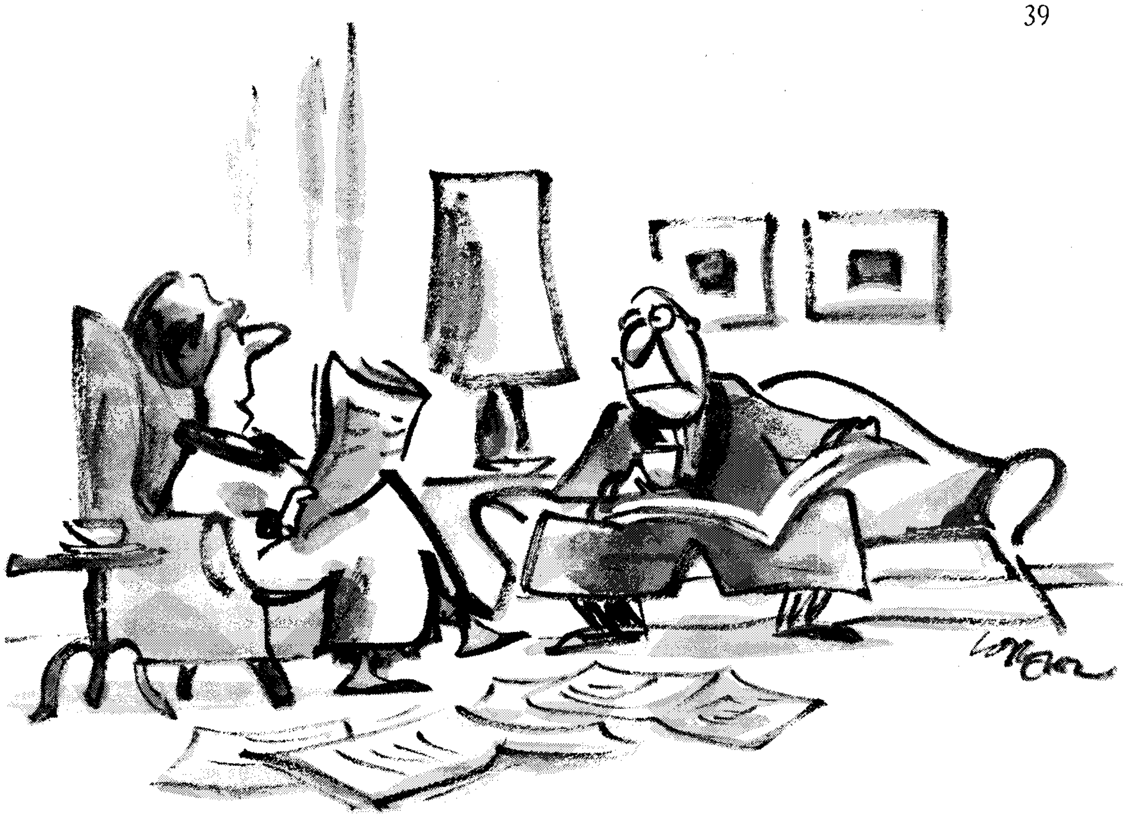
our coats, find them, and ease out the front door.

THERE is a crashing silence under the black sky. Our coats hang open. Finally, Gladstone says, "Not too bad out, is it? I think there's a warming trend."

"I already noticed," I tell him. "And a rapid recovery, too."

"Oh, *that*," Gladstone says. "Well, there was this chick, as you might have noticed, but you can take it from me, it never would have worked out. She thought I was a television producer."

A black cat streaks across the road; a car races by. Gladstone takes the flashlight from his pocket and hands it to me. Then he removes the folded opaque square and shakes it out; it becomes a plastic garbage bag. I turn the flashlight on the shoulder of the road, and Gladstone, stooping over, fishes up an old milk carton from a cone of frozen snow and drops it into the garbage bag.



"*James Reston's grandmother must have been a wonderful woman.*"

"You didn't tell me everyone in town would be there tonight," he says, kicking at something on the roadside, but it is a piece of wood. "Organic," he goes on. "And too rotted for the fireplace."

"I didn't know," I point out. "But I was glad to see Chuck. He was having a great time. Laughed a lot."

"People who laugh a lot have no sense of humor," Gladstone says.

"Listen," I say. "At least it wasn't dog night."

"What's dog night?" he wants to know. He leans over and scoops up a soggy, empty six-pack carton and puts it in his bag.

"Dog night is a kind of party," I explain. "Usually small. Composed of dogs."

"*Will* you keep that light turned over here," he says. "Just look at this road; What's-His-Name was right: we're all going to be buried in garbage up to our ears. Doesn't anybody keep anything anymore? What kind of dogs?"

"People," I tell him. "For instance, I had lunch with Cynthia this week; they're having a party next Saturday—a few people they owe, nobody anyone really wants to know, paybacks, factory seconds. Dogs, see? Then the following Saturday they're having the élite—you know. She mentioned a couple of famous TV personalities and their wives, two famous opinion-makers and their husbands, and an important voice-over from the Central Park West area."

Gladstone pauses to try to straighten out a battered mailbox. "Damned kids," he says. "No respect for property values." Now he has found some beer cans, which go into his bag. Then there is a plastic bottle he disposes of, and some crumpled papers. We are at the top of our driveway.

"How would we rate, would you say?" he asks thoughtfully, as we amble downhill to the front door.

"There's no way to find out when it's such a big party," I answer. "Everyone in town must have been invited."

Gladstone looks back at the road. "I'll tell you something," he says. "There's still a lot of litter out there left over for another day."

Standing by his side under a failing door light, I am suddenly sad: sorry for Gladstone, so hopelessly dedicated to the removal and eradication of garbage—the hopeless ideal of an impeccable earth.

He takes out his keys, turns off the first alarm, unlocks the iron gate, and fiddles with the combination on the door. We get inside, close the door, and reverse the entry procedure. The Whites are waiting, crouched on the red carpet, hunched with their backs to us.

"We're home," I say cheerfully. They do not move. Now they resemble broody hens, although they have no future in parenting.

Gladstone peers inside his garbage bag. "I guess there's nothing in here worth saving," he says. "I'll get rid of it in the trash can."

"Anyway, you're looking better than when we left," I tell him. "Getting out was good for you."

Gladstone nods. Even he has to admit that it's more fun to be taken for the kind of fellow who might be the producer of "60 Minutes" than to watch it with a wet head.

—KATINKA LOESER

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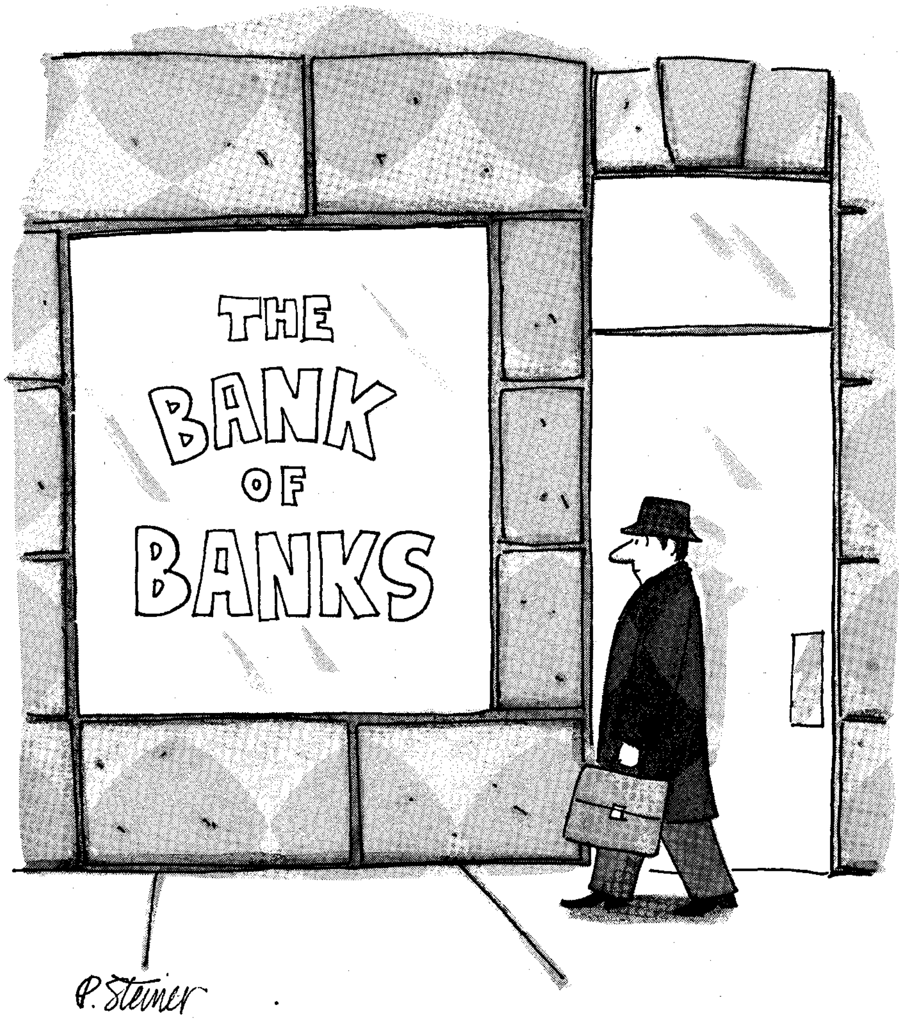
The artist walks among his sculptors, tapping one to check its soundness, caressing another, standing back to see a shape against the horizon.—*Facets, newsletter of the Alabama Public Television Network.*

Artists can get away with anything.

STARLIGHT

Elaine and her mother had spent the day shopping, going from one department store to the next—from Lord & Taylor to Saks to Jordan Marsh to Burdines. It was Elaine's third day in Florida, and they had been looking for gifts for her two boys: Jesse, who was nine, and Matthew, who was eleven. Elaine hadn't seen either of them in months, and she hoped the shirts and sweaters she had bought were the right sizes. The last time she saw them was in early December, when she left their house in New Jersey with three large suitcases crammed with her winter clothes. At first she had felt an overwhelming grief when the boys told her they preferred to live with their father; the humiliation had come later, along with a sudden, cold anger. She got over her anger soon enough—how could you be angry at children who were too young to know they had hurt you? The grief stayed with her much longer, but she was finally over that, too. It was the humiliation that lingered. As her mother and father had said more than once since Elaine's arrival, "Who ever heard of young children like that just coming right out and picking their father over their mother, no two ways about it?"

Even Peter, Elaine's husband, had been amazed at the boys' decision. He hadn't been all that pleased about it, either. Keeping Jesse and Matthew meant keeping the house and finding someone to take care of things until he got home from work. It wasn't anything like what he had envisioned for himself. He didn't go into details, but Elaine knew that whatever it was he wanted was going to be harder to get now that there were two children to be looked after. When he first told her why he wanted out, she stared at him in disbelief. She was boring, he said. Nothing she did or said or wanted was interesting anymore. They were on their way back from the city, where they had had dinner with a friend of Peter's from college—a criminal lawyer who specialized in defending celebrities who'd been arrested on drug charges. He had asked them to a big party he was giving, where there was sure to be plenty of really good dope, and Elaine wanted to know why Peter had said they'd love to come, why he'd said it sounded like a great way to spend an evening. We're not college kids anymore, she yelled at him in the car as they crossed the George Washington Bridge. You really are a drag, he said quietly, and he didn't let up until they pulled into the driveway of their house. They sat in the car for what seemed to be hours, Elaine shivering as they talked. What did he want her to do, she asked him. Take up skydiving? Get a job as a trapeze artist? Put a ring through her nose? That's when he told her he wanted out and gave his reasons. Her own reasons, at least, made sense; it was impossible to love someone who criticized her at every opportunity, who belittled her in front of her children, her friends, strangers, the whole world. After thirteen years, she had had enough. Even so, Peter had the last word. Whenever Elaine heard a book or a movie or a TV program described as boring, her skin prickled with goosebumps, as if she were in danger.



"You had a phone call," her father said. He had just unlocked the apartment's four locks to let Elaine and her mother inside.

"Who was it?" her mother said.

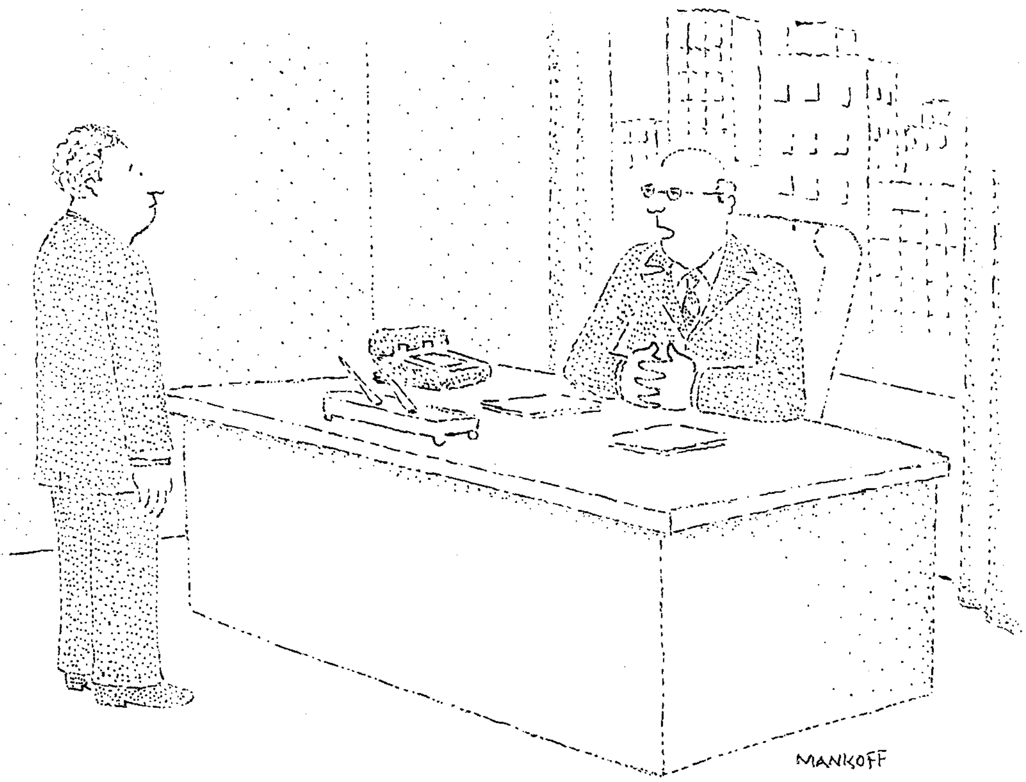
"Sweetie, did I say I was talking to you?" her father said.

"Who was it, Daddy?" Elaine said.

"It was Peter. He said the airport in Newark was snowed in, and the kids wouldn't be down until tomorrow. Or maybe the day after. It all depends on the weather."

"Was he civil to you, at least?" Elaine's mother said. She and Elaine put their shopping bags down in the foyer. The apartment was the perfect size for two people, with an L-shaped living room and a kitchen that could only take a small, round table. Elaine had been sleeping in the second bedroom her parents used as a den, but once the boys arrived she'd have to camp out in the living room. The three of them went out onto the screened-in terrace. The terrace overlooked the Intracoastal Waterway; just as they sat down, a motorboat went by, buzzing so loudly neither of them caught her father's answer. "Well, was he or wasn't he?" her mother said.

"Bastards," her father said. "I wish those creeps would stay out of my back yard."



"Gersten, how do you think you'd perform in a zero-gravity environment?"

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"What else did he say?" Elaine asked her father.

"Peter? He was very polite. He asked how all of us were. He said the boys were very disappointed about the trip's being postponed. They can't wait to see all of us. Especially you, Lainie Bug, needless to say."

"Needless to say." Elaine knew her father was lying—his voice sounded unnaturally hearty, as if he were speaking to someone too old or too young to be told anything close to the truth.

"Well," her mother said, "disappointed though we all may be, you can't do anything about the weather, and that's that."

"Thank you, Mother, for your wit and wisdom in these trying times," Elaine's father said.

"Please don't talk to her like that," Elaine said.

"Your mother knows I like to kid around. That's the way I am."

"I don't mind. Or most of the time I don't. After forty years—"

"Well, you should mind," Elaine said. She stood up and looked out over the water at the condominiums that seemed to take up every last square foot of land. Just across the way, a hundred yards in the distance, she could see men and women lounging around a long rectangular swimming pool, and a diver poised on the board, ready to take off. She watched as he flew into the water and disappeared. It was a mistake to have come to Florida, she realized. But the boys had never been here before, and she had wanted to meet them on neutral ground, to vacation with them far enough from home so that she wouldn't have to worry about their calling for their father to come and get them in the middle of the night. And she had wanted to be among allies, people she could count on for comfort if things went disastrously with her children. What she hadn't counted on was her parents' making her feel worse than she'd felt all winter long. Her father was especially hard to take. Since his retirement, he'd mellowed, but she never knew what to expect. It was easy enough to be fond of him from a distance; living with him in such close quarters these past few days, she'd begun to wonder if she'd last the week or end up running out to find herself a motel.

The telephone rang.

Her mother said, "Arthur?"

"Don't look at me," her father said. "I'm just sitting here enjoying the view from my terrace."

"If it's for you, I may just hang up."

"Suit yourself."

Her mother picked up a phone that was on the terrace floor, next to a seven-foot-tall cactus. "Brenda," she said after a moment. "It's not bad news, is it?" She carried the phone past the sliding glass door into the living room, rolling her eyes as she went.

"Who's Brenda?" Elaine said, running her hand along the spines of the cactus.

"One of your mother's friends from O.A."

"I give up," Elaine said. Her fingertips were bleeding; she put them in her mouth.

"Overeaters Anonymous. Your mother can be on the phone day and night with those people. If any of them feel like they're about to go stuff their faces with a nice Sara Lee cake, for example, they call someone in this network they've got set up and talk their heads off instead of finishing the cake. Mommy lost fifteen pounds, by the way. Looks great, doesn't she?"

"Terrific." Elaine turned around in her chair so she could see her mother. "Wonderful," she said.

"You, on the other hand—"

"I'm fine."

"Feel like talking your head off to your old father?"

"About what?"

"Whatever. How about what you're going to do to get the boys back."

"This is the last time I'm going to repeat this," Elaine said, "so pay attention: They're perfectly happy where they are. Perfectly."

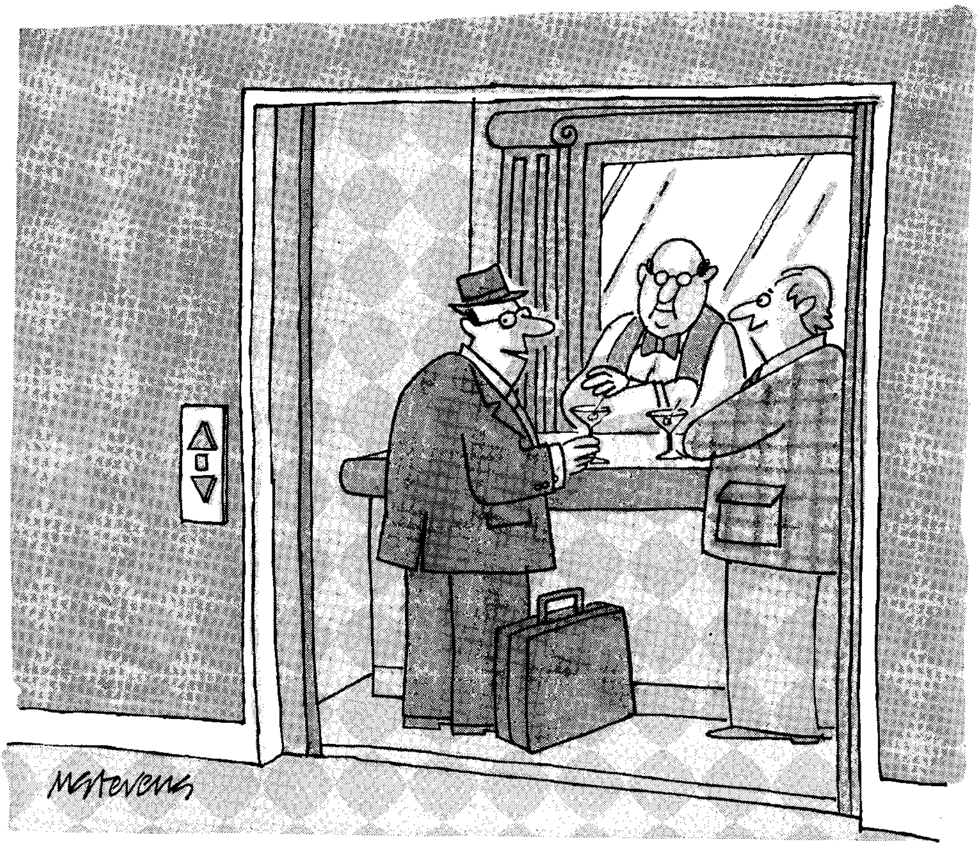
"They can't be. Children belong with their mother. That's the way it works in this world."

"It seems to me I've heard that before—twice yesterday and once the day before that."

"Does it sound any better today?"

"Worse," Elaine said.

Her mother came back out onto the terrace, eating the largest carrot Elaine had ever seen, and she was



"Oops! My floor, guys. I'll see you later."

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reminded of Jesse and Matthew, aged three and five, dressed in their Popeye pajamas, holding carrots in their hands as they sat on their knees in front of the television set watching some dopey program—"Gilligan's Island," she thought it was. They were young enough then that their heads smelled sweet when she bent to kiss them. She hadn't noticed when the sweetness disappeared; one day, it was simply gone.

She couldn't explain why her children had done what they had. The morning after she and Peter had driven home from the city, they had just finished breakfast and Jesse and Matthew were about to leave the table when Peter said, "Sit still a minute." They listened to him talk, staying silent until Peter said it was all up to them, whatever they wanted to do was fine. "Think carefully. Take your time," Elaine started to warn them, but already Matthew was saying he would stay with his father and Jesse was nodding his head up and down, saying that was what he wanted, too. They shrugged their shoulders when she questioned them, and she didn't have the heart to press the issue. If they had been daughters, it might have been different; she just didn't know. After she left, she settled herself into an apartment in Fort Lee and found a job as a secretary in a private school in Manhattan—the first job she'd ever had. She stayed away from the house in Fair Lawn and talked to Peter briefly now and then. She spoke to Matthew and Jesse only once; she was near tears throughout the conversation, and couldn't wait to hang up. They talked about school—book reports, and new gym uniforms, and the science teacher who made Matthew come in at the end of the day and stare at the clock on the wall for half an hour as punishment for talking in class. The boys talked easily, as if it had been hours rather than months that had passed since they heard her voice. At the end, she told them she missed them, then hung up before she could hear their response.

It was spring vacation and she was ready to see them, finally; to see what would happen. She wouldn't expect too much of them—if they were stiff as strangers at first, she was prepared to draw back and let them approach her at their own pace. Maybe, after their week together in Florida was up, they would decide to see each other every weekend, or every other weekend. Beyond that, she couldn't speculate. She certainly wasn't about to ask them to come and live with her, to set herself up for being kicked in the teeth again. That was what it had felt like this winter—a swift, hard blow that left her so weak she could hardly move.

Her parents kept wanting to know what she had done. It's easy enough to be a lousy mother, her mother told her. You think you're doing everything right and then one day it turns out you were all wrong.

Elaine knew what her mother had done wrong. She had been a mother who couldn't wait for her children to grow up. Elaine and Philip, her younger brother, were always treated like adults; whenever there was trouble, they were expected to act calmly and reason things out. Once, at the train station, when they were on their way to the city to see "My Fair Lady," Philip, who was terrified of escalators, couldn't bring himself to put one foot in front of the other and step onto the moving stair. "Just get a grip on yourself," their mother had shouted, while Elaine, who was twelve, ran down the other escalator to Philip and took his hand. It was the middle of the winter, but Philip's hand was moist and warm. Elaine promised him that it didn't matter whether they ever got to the city to see "My Fair Lady" that day, she only wanted him to stop crying. After the train left without them, their mother came down from the platform. "Get away from him," she said to Elaine. "I don't want you feeling sorry for him. The whole world knows how to deal with escalators. What's so special about him?" Elaine watched her brother lick tears from the corners of his mouth, and she wanted to lift him off the ground and fly him high above the escalator all the way to the city, leaving her mother behind with a look of absolute astonishment on her face. But Philip finally made it up the escalator and was forgiven. It was her mother who was never forgiven—not by Elaine, anyway.

"Do I care that Brenda has to put her mother into a nursing home?" her father was saying. "Does Elaine care?"

"What?" Elaine said.

"Tell your mother you couldn't care less."

"All right, I get the picture," her mother said.

"Can't we talk about something pleasant for a change?"

"What should we talk about? The weather? Even that kind of talk gets me in trouble."

"Talk to your daughter. Find out what's on her mind."

"I'm going to take a nap," Elaine said. "That's what's on my mind."

"Are you tired?" her mother said. "I'm not surprised. A long day of shopping can be very exhausting."

"I'M a people-watcher," Elaine's mother announced in the airport coffee shop the following afternoon. During breakfast, they'd got a call from Peter saying the boys would be arriving at three-fifty-five. After the call, Elaine had gone alone to the beach in Fort Lauderdale, taken a quick swim, then slept in the sun for an hour, and returned to the apartment feeling fairly self-possessed. (It was the one time she'd been away from both her parents—the one time she'd successfully avoided them.) Now it was almost three-thirty, and she was close to panic.

"People fascinate me. I could look at them for hours," her mother went on. "Look at the couple over there." She motioned toward a man wearing a cowboy hat and a big red mustache, and the black woman who sat opposite him. Their baby was asleep in a plastic infant seat they had placed on the table. "Now, what do you think motivates people like that?"

"What do you think motivates your mother?" Elaine's father asked. He smiled at her. "Plain old-fashioned nosiness?"

Elaine smiled back, but her hand shook as she reached for her water glass.

"Go ahead and laugh," her mother said. "I guarantee you ninety-nine per cent of the people in this world would understand my point."

"I think," her father said, "the time has come for me to make my speech."

"If it's the one about mothers and children and who belongs with whom, you can cancel it," Elaine said.

"Give me a chance," her father said. "I just want to give you a little piece of advice, that's all. You listen to what I'm going to say to you and you'll have those children eating out of the palm of your hand one-two-three."

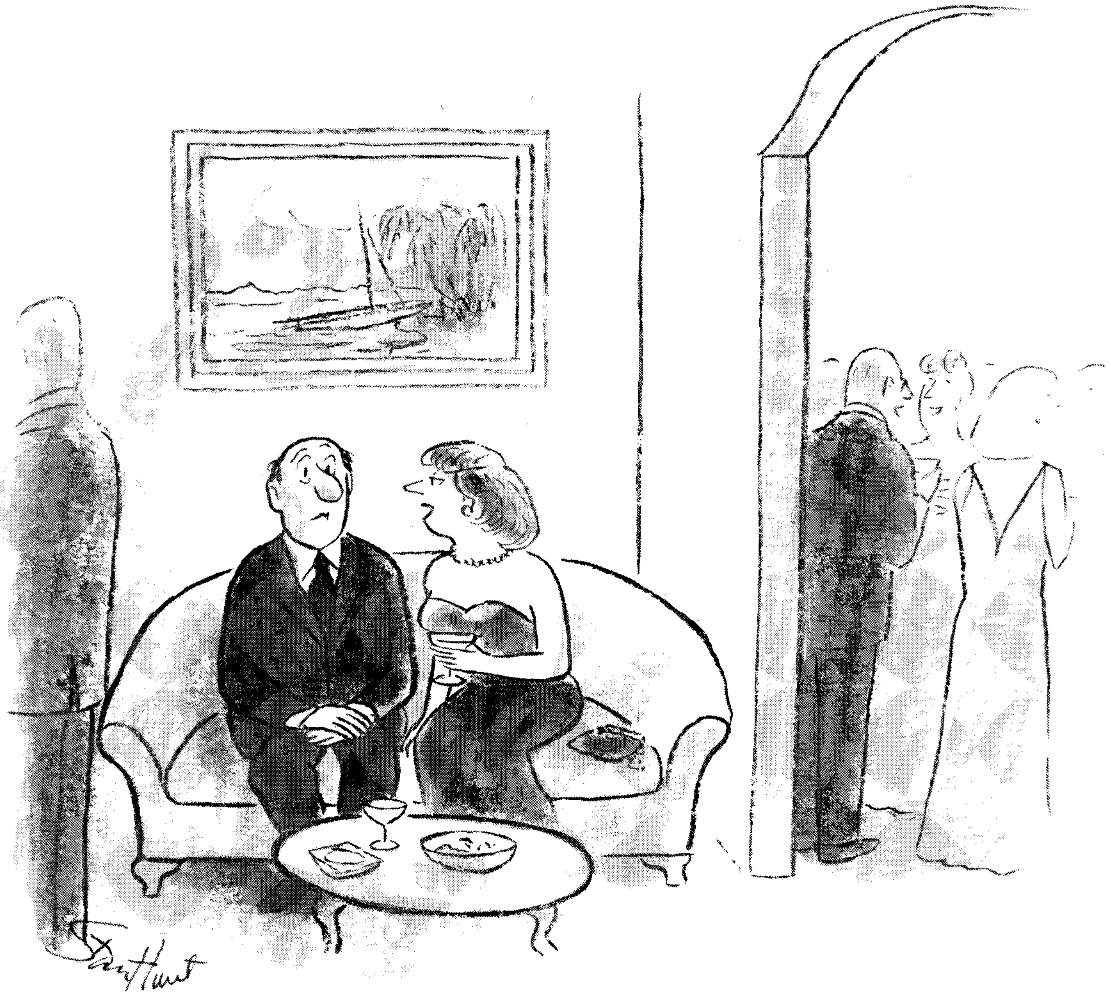
"Excuse me," Elaine said, and pushed back her chair.

"You can't afford to make any more mistakes, Lainie Bug," her father called after her as she headed for the rest rooms at the back of the coffee shop.

Inside, she rushed past a teen-age girl who was tweezing her eyebrows in front of a large mirror over a row of sinks. She locked herself into a stall, dropped the seat cover, and sat down at the very edge. She closed her eyes. The stall reeked of strawberry-scented deodorizer; still, it was easier to breathe now that she was alone.

In the dark, she told herself who she was: a grown woman scared to death of two little boys. Her own children. She had always wanted to be a mother, had always wanted babies. You couldn't go wrong with babies; there was no possibility of disappointment. You could hold them as close as you needed to, tell them all day long how much you loved them, and never feel foolish.

One night last summer, already suspecting her marriage was lost, Elaine had led the boys into her darkened bedroom, and in their pajamas Jesse and Matthew stretched themselves out on the floor and stared in amazement at the hundred glow-in-the-dark stars and planets she had stuck on her ceiling that afternoon—a whole galaxy that shimmered endlessly above them. Peter was away in Japan on a business trip, on the other side of the world; there was no one to question what she had done with her day. After the boys were settled, Elaine got down on the floor, concentrating on nothing except the perfect faces of her children. When she awoke two hours later, her neck was stiff and the boys were gone. There was a light summer blanket covering her; someone, Jesse or Matthew, or maybe both of



"I'm a very sensual person. How about you, Mr. Gellerman?"

them, had bent over her while she slept.

"We thought you fell in and drowned," her father said when Elaine made her way back to the table. "Like that time at the World's Fair when you and your friend What's-Her-Name disappeared into the bathroom for a nice relaxing smoke. I couldn't imagine what you two were doing in there for so long. Of course, as soon as I got a whiff of you I knew what it was all about."

"You all right?" her mother said. She touched her lips to Elaine's forehead. "Nice and cool."

"Do you want a Coke or something?" her father said.

"Not me," Elaine said. "We really should get a move on. I don't even know why I sat down again."

They got to the gate just as the first passengers from Newark appeared. Matthew and Jesse were right up front, dressed identically in tweed jackets, tan pants with cuffs, and Weejuns. Jesse was wearing glasses and had a flesh-colored patch over his right eye. Elaine ran to him. "What's the matter with your eye? When did you start wearing glasses?" she said. She kissed him and then she kissed Matthew. Neither of them kissed her back, though Jesse hugged her and Matthew shook her hand.

"Can't you give your mother a kiss?" her mother said.

"I'm in seventh grade," Matthew said. "I shake hands."

"And what about your brother?"

"Me?" Jesse said. "I hug, but I don't kiss."

Elaine said, "What's the patch for? Tell me what's wrong." She sat down in a padded chair opposite the check-in counter. Everyone else stood around her.

"It's just a lazy eye," Jesse said cheerfully. "It won't do any work unless I force it to. With a patch over the other eye, the lazy eye has to do all the work. You understand what I'm saying?"

"Why didn't your father tell me?" Elaine said. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"He says 'Hi,' " Matthew said. "I forgot all about it."

"You know what? His girlfriend bought us Star Wars costumes, even though it wasn't Halloween," Jesse said.

"God, what a jerk." Matthew put his hand over his brother's mouth.

"It's all right." Leaning forward, Elaine took Matthew's hand away from Jesse and held it. "Your father can have as many girlfriends as he wants. It makes no difference to me whatsoever."

"Well, he doesn't have one anymore. She dumped him."

Jesse said, "She used to make breakfast for us a lot on Saturdays and Sundays. She'd be there real early in the morning, like seven o'clock. She was a real early bird, Dad said."

"This kid is unbelievable," Matthew said.

Quickly Elaine's mother said, "Who would like to go for a midnight swim tonight? The water will be nice and warm, and we'll have the whole pool to ourselves."

"If it's really summertime here, can we have a barbecue?" Jesse asked.

"Sorry, guys," her father said. "No barbecuing allowed. Those are the rules of the condominium."

Jesse tried again. "Instead of a barbecue, can we go to Disney World?"

"You don't want to go to Disney World," her father said. "It's a four-hour drive each way. And you've already been to Disneyland, haven't you?"

"Are we going to have fun on this trip, or what?" Matthew said. "What did we come down here for?"

THE TUNE HE SAW

Woods. A stand, waiting for the bite, the teeth.
E. Walter Briggs picks logs from the stack he's cut,
Sticks them in the black belly, fixing dinner—
Pork, beans, and slaw—before the night's concert.
Tunes shimmy in pieces. He looks out at his lot, his stand of
Woods. Notes the green. That shine.
"Play a tune on a jug; the moon sometimes pops out like a cork.
But that's nothing to playing a saw."

He puts in his teeth for the slaw. Sweet sap, molasses,
Spreads around hillocks of salt pork into it.
The "Moonlight" Sonata hangs over his head.
And the light of the saw. "You can use it to cut, too.
That very same instrument." His parcel of
Woods. Pieces of green, the notation of trunks, and
The land, that ground bass over which his
Single strand of tune will soar like an angel.

"Lots of people my age like a tune.
Today it's all beat but I give them music."
He begins to practice. The saw bends.
Quavering moonlight fills the room. The saw
Arches and twists between hand and thigh.
He strokes it with his bow, "a cello bow made
From manes of white Argentine horses. That country's got
Silver in its name." The saw angles and dips
Like a waterfall between hand and thigh.

The hemi-, demi-, semiquavers, the crotchets of
Wood are joined as E. Walter Briggs
Bends what he saw. The tune rises like the Holy Ghost.
It will rise, that "Moonlight" Sonata,
Above the audience at the Grange
Like the host. He will greet them with music.
His white forelock falls over his eyes as he bows, twisting
Silver between hand and thigh.
He describes the tune in the air, sawing it into
Parcels of light. "Angels are women—I know that."
The room is full of what he can accept.

—Cynthia Macdonald

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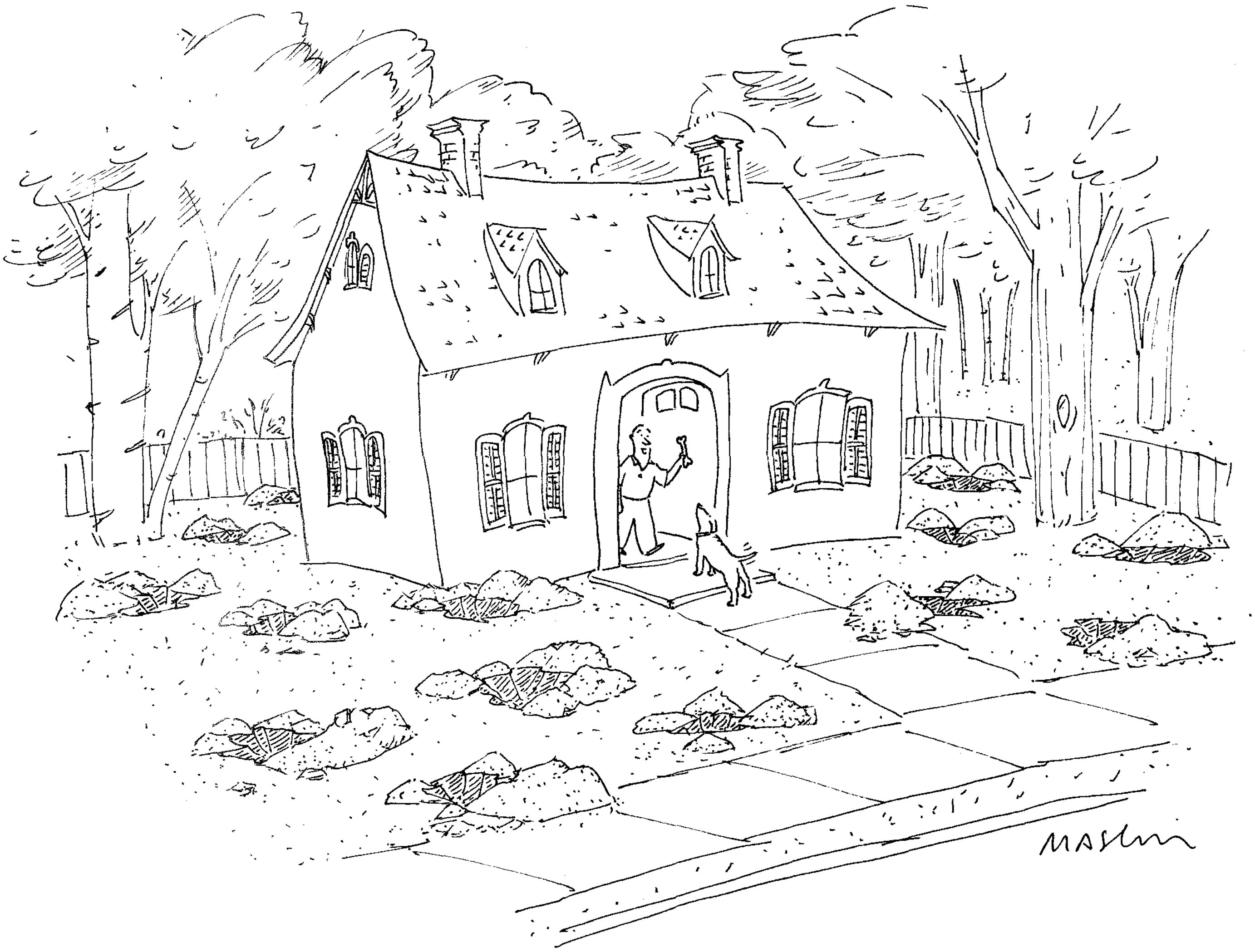

"It was right where you left it—under the table."

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"What do you mean? You came down here to be with your mother," Elaine's mother said. "That's the main thing."

Elaine studied her shoes, yellow espadrilles that she had bought just for the trip. The little toe on each foot had already worn holes through the canvas, she noticed. When she looked up, Jesse was dancing, shifting his weight back and forth from one foot to the other, his arms in the air, his elbows and wrists bent at right angles. Some sort of Egyptian dance, Elaine thought.

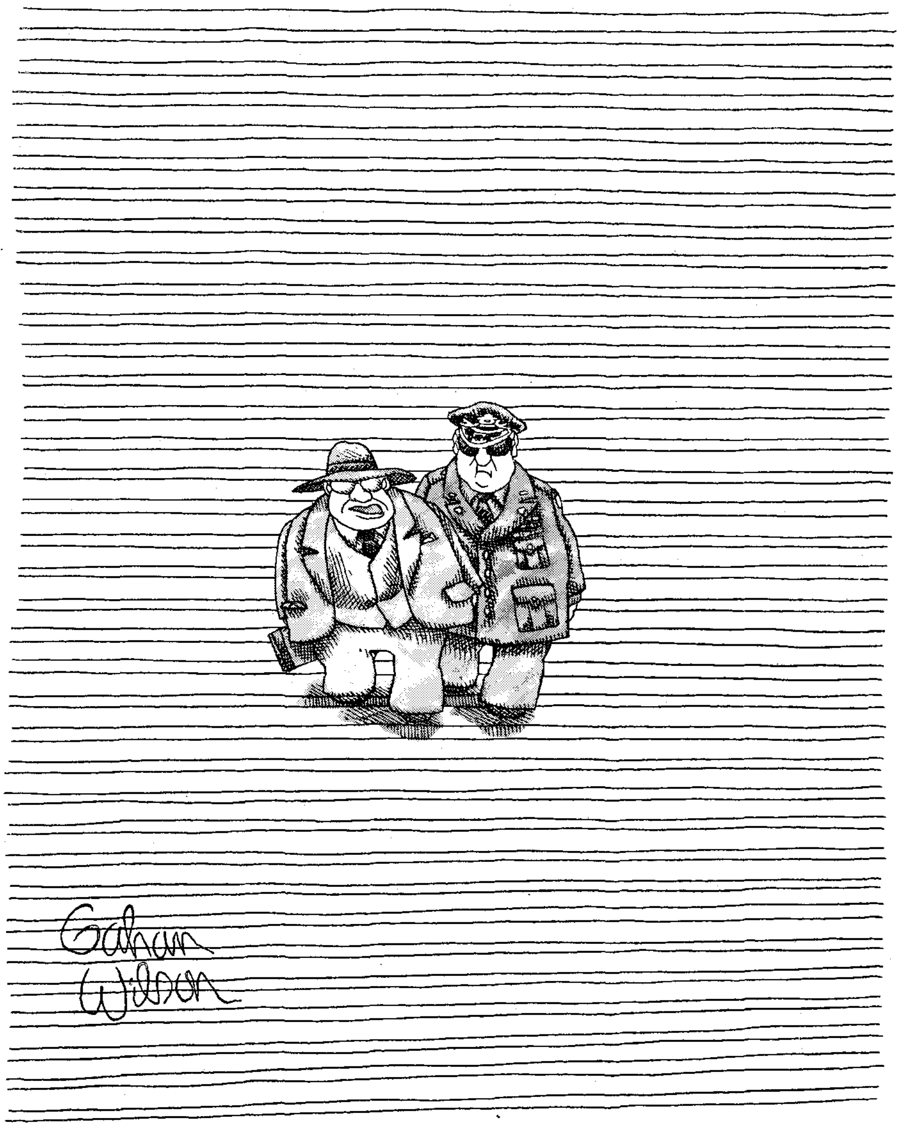
"Look at me. I'm Steve Martin," Jesse yelled. " 'Born in Arizona, moved to Babylonia. King Tut.' "

"Terrific," Elaine said, and clapped her hands.

"Oh Jesus," Matthew said.

IGNORING her mother's warning and her father's dire predictions, Elaine took the boys everywhere they wanted to go: Monkey Jungle, Parrot Jungle, and the Seaquarium. The boys seemed excited and happy, though often they would run ahead of her, too impatient to stay by her side. Once, from a distance, Elaine saw Jesse casually rest his arm on his brother's shoulder as the two of them stood watching a pair of orangutans groom each other; she kept waiting for Matthew to shake Jesse off, but it never happened. Two nights in a row, they went to see the movie "Airplane!" A couple of nights, they played miniature golf. At the end of each day, Jesse and Matthew told Elaine they had had "the best time." She supposed that this meant the trip was a success, that they would have nothing to complain about to their father when they went back home. She had kept them entertained, which was all they seemed to have wanted from her. She might have been anyone—a camp counsellor, a teacher leading them on class trips, a friend of the family put in charge while their parents were on vacation. There was plenty of time to talk, and they told her a lot—long, involved stories about the fight Jesse had recently had with his best friend, the rock concert Matthew had gone to with two thirteen-year-olds, the pair of Siamese fighting fish with beautiful flowing fins they'd bought for the new fish tank in their bedroom—all about the things that had happened to them in the four months they had been out of touch. But she still didn't know if they were really all right, if they loved their father, loved her. You couldn't ask questions like that. When, several years ago, her brother had started seeing a shrink, he'd complained that his parents were always asking him if he was happy. It's none of their business, the shrink told him—if you don't feel you want to give them an answer, don't. As simple as that.

It was nearly midnight; the boys



"What kills me about Washington is all these goddam stairs!"

• •

had just gone to bed. Elaine went into her parents' room, where her mother and father were sitting up in their king-size bed watching "Columbo" on a small color TV. Dick Van Dyke was tying his wife to a chair. He took two Polaroid pictures of her and then he picked up a gun. His wife insisted he was never going to get away with it; he aimed the gun at her and pulled the trigger.

"Wait a minute," Elaine's mother said. "Is this the one where Columbo tricks him into identifying his camera at the—"

"Thanks a lot," her father said. "You know how I love Peter Falk."

"Who knows, maybe I'm wrong."

"You're not," Elaine said. "I saw this one, too."

"Well, it's nice to be right about something."

Elaine lay down on her stomach at the foot of the bed, facing the TV set. She yawned and said, "Excuse me."

"All that running around," her mother said. "Who wouldn't be tired?"

"It's not necessary to run like that all day long," her father said. "Didn't those two kids ever hear of sleeping around the pool, or picking up a book or a newspaper? Maybe they're hyperactive or something."

"They're kids on vacation. What do they want to read the newspaper for?" her mother said.

Elaine sat up and swung her legs over the side of the bed. "It's my fault," she said. "I couldn't bring myself to say no to them about anything."

"Did you accomplish anything all those hours you were running?" her mother asked. "Do you feel like you made any headway?"

Elaine was watching an overweight woman on TV dance the cha-cha with her cat along a shining kitchen floor. "What?" she said.

"Of course, if they really are just fine there with Peter and his sleep-over girlfriends, that's another story," her father said.

"Quiet," her mother said. "Look who's here."

Jesse stood in the doorway, blinking his eyes. "There's a funny noise in my ears that keeps waking me up," he said. He sat down on the floor next to the bed and put his head in Elaine's lap. "You know," he said, "like someone's whistling in there."

Elaine hesitated, then kissed each ear. "Better?"

"A little."

"More kisses?"

Jesse shook his head.

"Let me take you back to bed." Elaine walked him to the little den at the other end of the apartment, where Matthew was asleep on his side of the convertible couch. Jesse got onto the bed. On his knees, he sat up and looked out the window. "I can't go to sleep right now," he said quietly. Beneath them, the water was black; above, the palest of moons appeared to drift by. There were clouds everywhere, and just a few dim stars.

"Did you want to tell me something?" Elaine waited; she focussed on the sign lit up on top of the Holiday Inn across the Waterway.

"We're getting a new car. A silver BMW," Jesse said dreamily. "We saw it in the showroom." He moved away from the window and slipped down on the bed. "We might drive it over to Fort Lee and come and see you. And when Matthew has his license, the two of us will pick you up every day and take you anywhere you want to go."

Elaine still faced the window; she did not turn around. "To the moon," she said. "Will you do that for me?"

Jesse didn't answer for a long time. "We can do that," he said finally, and when she turned to look at him he was asleep. —MARIAN THURM

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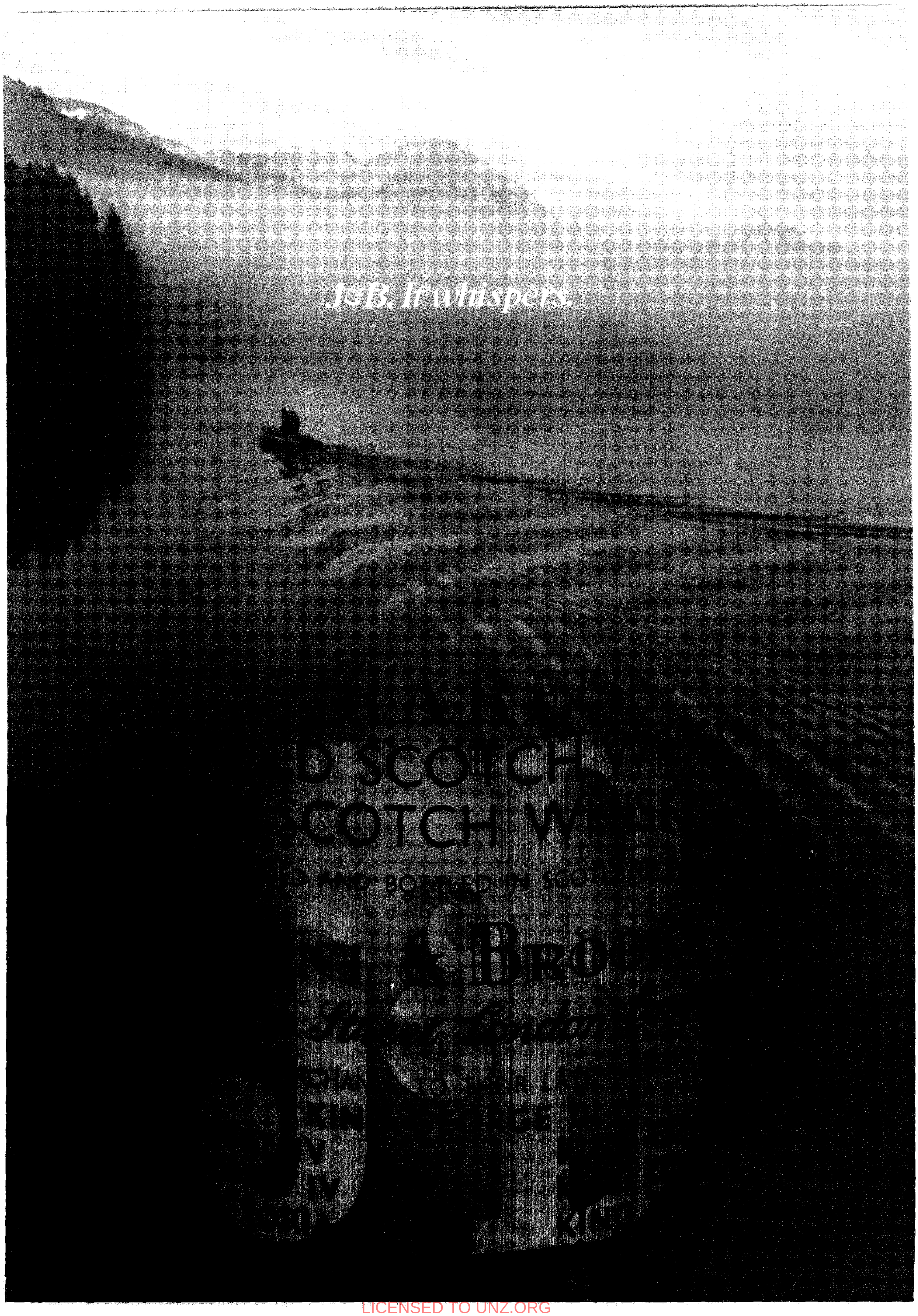
With his close-cropped hair and muted, conservative suits that camouflage his piercing blue eyes, Mr. Mudd looks more like an insurance salesman than a network anchor.—*Tony Schwartz in the Times.*

Collar riding too high?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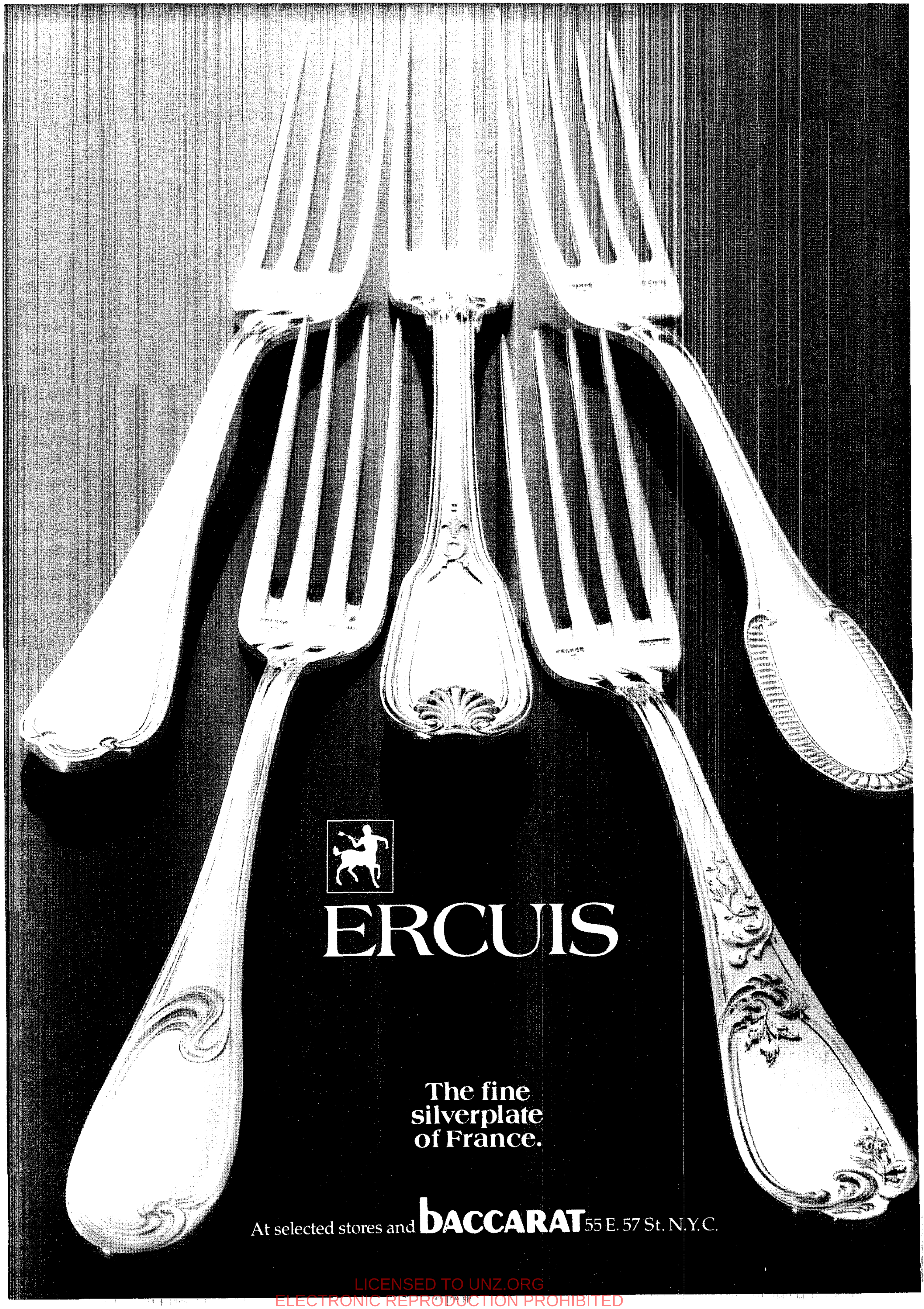
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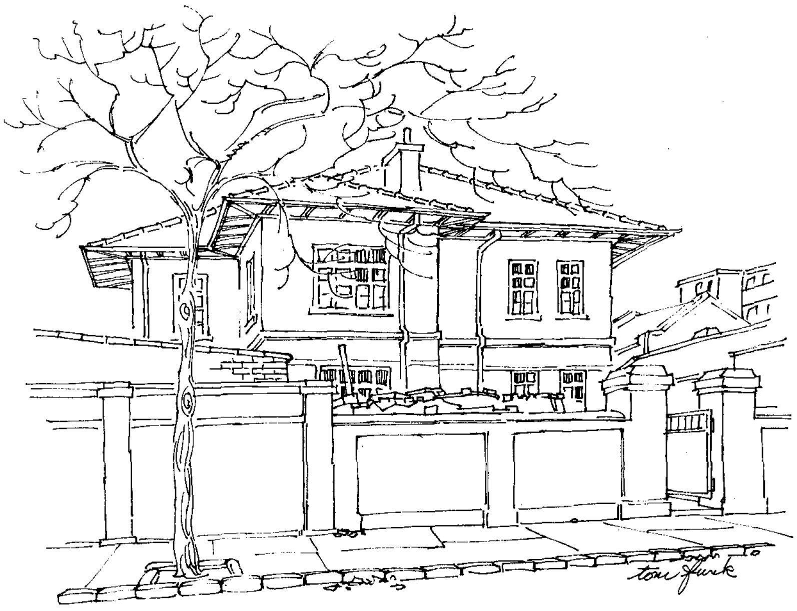
A REPORTER AT LARGE

HOMECOMING

I—THE HOUSE ON NEW CHINA ROAD



I WAS born in a room on the second floor of a house at 20 Recreation Road, in Tientsin, in North China, on June 17, 1914. That house was my home for eleven years, and many memories were generated under its roof.

In 1925 my father, a missionary, had fallen ill, and our family moved to the United States for good. I returned to China for brief tours as a journalist in 1939, when Tientsin was occupied by the Japanese, and in 1946, when American truce teams in North China were trying to mediate between Chiang Kai-shek and the Communists, and I saw the house both times, fleetingly, from the outside.

The Communists came to power in 1949, and for more than two decades America was cut off from China. By the early seventies, I had developed a powerful nostalgia for the Tientsin house of my boyhood, and for the yard beside it, and for the playing fields on the Recreation Ground, across the street, and for the little American school I attended, and for the sparkling place by the sea where we went in the summers; and I began what turned out to be a long series of applications for a Chinese visa, hoping to travel back, as I thought of it, through both space and time. But the Cultural Revolution was still going on in those years, and missionaries (and their offspring) were being reviled as running dogs of imperialism, and for a long time nothing happened. After the death of Mao Zedong and the downfall of his widow and her cohorts, the political climate moderated, and not long ago I received permission, at last, to return.

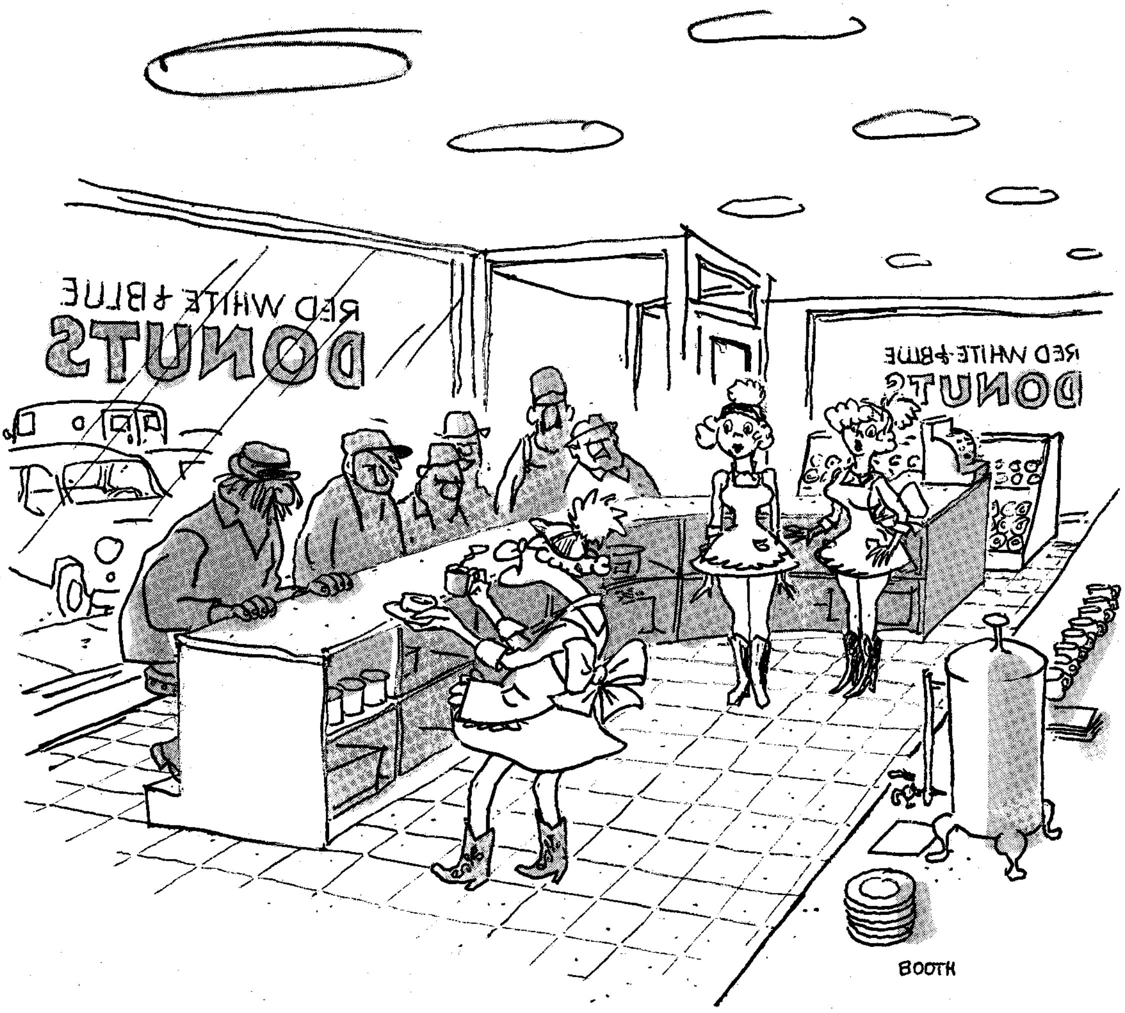
I flew to Peking. My hosts, officials of the Bureau of American and Oceanian Affairs of the Commission on Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries of the People's Republic of China, assigned me a companion and gave me a small party, to meet some Chinese authors. My companion was a conscientious and tactful young man named Zhang Beihua. He and I travelled to Tientsin by train, in the "soft seat" car—reserved for high-level Chinese and any-level foreigners. Two representatives of the Chinese Writers' Association, Tientsin branch, met me and drove me in a curtained auto to the No. 2 Guest House of the Tientsin Municipality.

Without waiting to unpack my bags, I set out on foot to try to find our house. The densely populated area from which I was starting out had been, during my childhood, a desolate and seemingly limitless zone of mud flats and flood dikes—no longer farmland and not yet city. All I had to guide me was a map drawn in 1925 by the Tientsin British Municipal Council. But I was fairly sure I was going in the right direction. I was very excited.

AT ten o'clock on the morning of June 25, 1859, a British Admiral named Hope launched at Dagu, at the mouth of the Hai He, an attack that was surely one of the most ill-thought-out undertakings in all military history. The river mouth was barred with chains, rafts, large booms, and long, heavy, iron-spiked logs anchored to the banks by huge iron stakes. Hope's mission was to force a passage through this blockage and capture the Dagu forts, so that British and French ambassadors could proceed sixty miles upriver to Tientsin, and thence overland to Peking, to bully the Chinese into ratification of the humiliating Treaties of Tientsin, negotiated after Britain and France had defeated China in a war the previous year. Those treaties had extended the extraterritorial rights of foreigners in China, insisted upon Chinese tolerance of Christianity, and opened ten ports to trade—but not Tientsin itself. Leaving Tientsin out had been a mistake from the allies' point of view; they wanted access to its port.

It took five hours for Hope's men to breach the booms with explosives. By then, the tide had disastrously ebbed from the wide shallows. The allied boats could not get anywhere near the forts, and six hundred marines, soldiers, and engineers were dumped into the putrid low-tide ooze to try to wallow ashore. Cannon and rifle fire from the forts destroyed six British gunboats, killed eighty-nine men, and wounded three hundred and forty-five—disabling half of the landing party.

Present at the scene, and watching all this, was one Commodore Josiah Tattnall, in command of the American frigate Powhatan. The United States was a neutral power, but when Tattnall saw several launches of English marines making a futile attempt under sail to breast the ebb tide and go to the relief of their compatriots, who were being shot to pieces, he ordered the American shallow-draught steamer Toeywan to tow the British launches in. As he gave the order, he exclaimed—neutrality be damned—"Blood is thicker than water!" This utterance was at once telegraphed overseas and, as a later historian of Tientsin put it, "caused a thrill to run down the spines of English-speaking peoples the world over." From the Chinese point of view, however, it expressed all too succinctly an ambiguity in American policy toward China which the Chi-



"Beulah has had four husbands, nine children, and twenty-three grandchildren, and God knows how many doughnuts she's served."

nese sense to this day. An American poetaster named Wallace Rice, who was born in the year of Tattnall's exclamation, afterward celebrated its ethnic theme in these lines:

> Ebbs and flows the muddy Pei-Ho by the Gulf of Pechili,
> Idly floats beside the stream the dragon-flag;
> Past the batteries of China, looking westward still you see
> Lazy junks along the lazy river lag.
> Let the long, long years drip slowly on that lost and ancient land,
> Ever dear one scene to hearts of gallant men;
> There's a hand-clasp and a heart-throb, there's a word we understand:
> Blood is thicker, sir, than water, now as then.

The allies gave up the attempt to go inland that year, but one bad thing led to another, and the next summer the British and French again declared war on China. They outflanked and captured the Dagu forts and moved upriver on Tientsin. The Chinese defenders were led by a Mongol prince named Sen-ko-lin-chin, who had in eighteen days constructed a high mud bulwark and moat thirteen miles long, all around the city. British troops had no difficulty swimming the moat and swarming the rampart. Unable to pronounce "Sen-ko-lin-chin," they called the rampart Sam Collinson's Folly. The allies fought on to Peking, where they imposed yet another "unequal treaty" on China. This one opened Tientsin to foreign trade.

I HAD a feeling I should edge more to the east, a little more toward the river. One block right, then left again—and suddenly I received my first great shock of nonrecognition. Here, running slantwise across town from northwest to southeast, where Sen-ko-lin-chin's bulwark and moat should have been, where they still were in 1939 and 1946, was a level and enormously wide thoroughfare, along which scores of buses and thousands of bicycles were hurtling in both directions.

On the way to the new Tientsin American School in the mornings, I often used to walk along the top of Sam Collinson's Folly. To my left, modest houses along Elgin Avenue, close together, English architecture, walled gardens; to my right, fairly open country, only a few houses out there along Racecourse Road, and mud flats. I remember the crisp air of autumn befouled by the horrendous stink of the water in the moat, which we called the Creek. I didn't mind; I was used to it—I was a boy on the way to school. It was China's smell, and China was my habitat. I was alone on the path on the long mound of mud, and often in the quiet mornings I would be the only figure on the landscape.

Now, in this same place, these thousands, all going somewhere.

I CROSSED over. Oriented on the map by this slash across the city, I soon believed— Yes! I was surely on our street. But what an eye-hurting mess! Crowding out from either side over the former sidewalks, along these blocks where there had once been stately compounds, were rows and rows of low brick hovels, no two alike, with tarpaper roofs held down by scattered bricks, and makeshift windows with paper lights, and old doors scavenged from God knows where, and odds and ends of reed matting and junk metal slapped in here and there, and the courses of brick all uneven, and in some cases the roofs built right around the trunks of quite large trees with collars of plastic to keep out the rain. Then, suddenly, these miserable huts would give way, and here would

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be a six-story apartment house going up, with rubble and dried mud piled out into the street. I had been warned —but not strongly enough—about the scars still remaining from the great earthquake that Tientsin had suffered in 1976.

Not recalling exactly how many blocks there had been from the Creek to our house, I kept looking on the left for the Victorian building of the Tientsin Grammar School, a British institution that had stood on the corner next to our house and yard. It had separate entrances for boys and girls. I had gone there for two years before the American School was founded. I remembered buying marbles, knives, and candy in the "tuck shop" by the boys' door, and shooting cat's-eyes and aggies for keeps in the playground, and having arguments with arrogant Brits about who had won the American Revolution, and admiring the name of my oldest brother impressively engraved on one of the large honors plaques lining the walls of the assembly hall, and keeping a wary eye, in passing, on the braided switch that the headmaster—who always signed himself Horatio J. Turner, B.Sc. Lond.—kept on a ledge in his office to whip bad boys with.

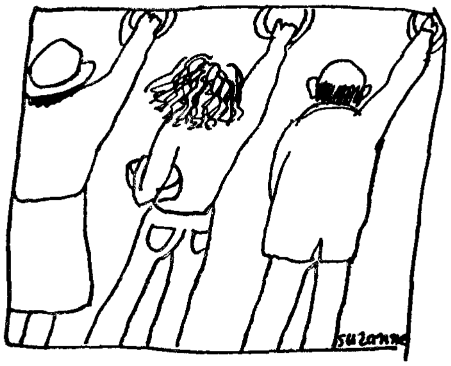
But no, on this next corner was a huge new building, which at street level seemed to be a modern firehouse, with offices and maybe apartments in upper stories; and next to it, another older, lower building with great doors that made it appear to be a former firehouse; and—my God!—not six feet beyond the roof of that second firehouse there was the roof of *our* house. Could it be?

It was. It was. The side yard, with its host of memories, was utterly gone. The trees all gone, the openness gone with all its meaning. Walking on, I saw that the house was the house, all right, but it looked dreadfully shabby, and something was queer about the windows. The front yard had at least three of those frightful brick hutches squatting inside it. The gate and the front door of the house were both open. It was dark inside, but I could make out a terrible clutter in the hallway.

I turned away to take solace in the fine open space of the paradise of my boyhood—the Recreation Ground, across the street. But when I entered its gate I thought my heart might break. The pavilion was still there, not with its original bulbed and spiked roof—of a style reminiscent of the great days of the Empire in India—but otherwise just the same as it had been on that sunny morning of bliss when my patient older brother Roscoe, for the umpteenth time in a row, pushed me into motion as I sat at the giddy summit of a bike on an empty playing field, and I pumped, and kept going, and had suddenly learned how to fly on thin air! When I climbed now up the steps to the porch of the pavilion and looked out, I saw that all the twelve acres of the entire Rec—where once there had been in their proper seasons a baseball diamond, cricket grounds, a soccer field, tennis courts, and, in winter, even a rink sheltered by a vast shed of reed matting, within which in the evenings military bands played Strauss waltzes for skaters circling arm in arm—all twelve acres were crammed now with row on row on row of those awful brick shacks.

I suppose we all lose our childhoods. Before leaving for China, I had told myself that while snapshots in old albums might have anchored a few moments of actuality in my mind, most of my memories had likely softened, I'd doubtless created comforting private myths about Tientsin, I had at times found myself yearning for faraway images that I could not really shape or name. I had thought that in going back to Tientsin I could brace myself for a reasonable loss of parts of my past. But now I suddenly felt, standing there on the porch of the pavilion in the Rec, surveying this ruinous scene, as if my whole childhood had been unfairly and violently snatched away from me.

BY the time I got back to the Municipal Guest House—a mansion built in the late twenties for the British manager of the Anglo-Chinese Kailan Mining Administration, with glorious high ceilings and a vaguely Pre-Raphaelite stained-glass window over the first flight of the main stairway—I had begun to realize that I would recover sooner or later from my self-centered disappointment and rage. I would simply have to. Tientsin had not chosen to have an earthquake. Its refugees in those huts must have suffered terribly. Anyway, this China was no longer my home; no foreigner could have a real claim on this changed China. I spent the evening alone, watching Peking opera on television.



AT the beginning of the Yuan, or Mongol, dynasty, in the thirteenth century, the great Kublai Khan completed one of the engineering wonders of the world, which had been under construction ever since the fifth century B.C.: the thousand-mile Grand Canal, joining the waters of the Yangtze River with those of the Bei and Hai Rivers, confluent at Tientsin, which from then on was the most important trading center in the north. In English, Tientsin means Heavenly Ford—Marco Polo called it the *Citta Celeste*—a place whose busy streams traders wanting to reach the court of the Son of Heaven at Peking would have to traverse.

Tientsin became a walled city in 1425. For four hundred years after that, North China was sealed against Western penetration. From ancient times, the Chinese had had a conviction that all foreigners were backward barbarians, and they treated them as such. The Dutch sent a commercial embassy to Peking in 1655; it got short shrift. In 1793, Lord Macartney led a British mission, which was sumptuously entertained at Tientsin. "Our yachts stopped almost in the middle of the town before the Viceroy's pavilion," Macartney wrote. "On the opposite quay, close to the water, was erected for this occasion a very spacious and magnificent theater embellished with the usual brilliancy of Chinese decorations and scenery, where a company of actors exhibited a variety of dramas and pantomimes during several hours almost without interruption. Both sides of the river for near a mile in length were lined by the troops of the garrison, all in uniform, accompanied by innumerable flags, standards, and pendants, and the clangour of various instruments of warlike music." The show, it turned out, had been a way of telling Macartney to go home. In 1816, Lord Amherst's party was "unceremoniously ejected" from Peking, one historian writes, because Amherst refused to obey a peremptory summons to appear before the Emperor on the very evening he arrived, tired and dirty.

Later, the Chinese began to get some jolts from the armed overbearance of these barbarians. After the allies captured Tientsin in the "Arrow War," in 1858, a British captain named Dew was strolling around the town one day with his pet dog, a retriever, when a crowd of Chinese attacked him and stole his hat and the animal. He ran back to headquarters, where a Major Boyle mustered a strong detachment of marines and set out with Dew for the place where the attack had taken place. They found the East Gate of the city locked and barred against them. A Chinese bystander was ordered to tell those inside to open up. The Chinese spoke in low tones through the gate: "Look out! Here are a lot of barbarians wanting to come in! They have pressed me; I have nothing to do with it." Then he stood back and shouted in a loud voice, "Open the gate! Open the gate! Open the gate!" Of course, nothing happened. H. N. Lay, the Commissioner of Customs at Shanghai, who understood Chinese, was with the force, and he told the others what the man had said. At that, Captain Dew, another officer, and a few bluejackets found a place nearby where they could scale the wall. They were soon over, to the astonishment of the Chinese within, and they opened the gate from inside. The storming party marched to the South Gate, then to the West Gate, followed by a huge crowd of Chinese spectators. At the West Gate, Captain Dew's hat was returned to him. As a warning, the marines arrested six shopkeepers and the captain of the Tartar guard at the gate and marched them off between two files of Britons, forcing them to shout in Chinese to the crowds as they marched along, "It is very wrong to insult an Englishman; I never will insult an Englishman." The prisoners were held till the next morning. Captain Dew's dog swam out to his ship during the night.

Under the Peking Convention, signed in 1860, the British and French exacted from the Chinese not only the right to trade in Tientsin but also a large strip of real estate along the Hai River. It centered on a village named Zi Zhu Lin, or Purple Bamboo Grove, about two miles from the south wall of the Chinese city, and it had a river frontage about two miles long and was a few hundred feet wide. This land the allies set up as French, British, and American Concessions, which were to be small islands of national territory of the countries involved. To the great annoyance of the British, the United States declined its concession (but not the right to have one). European traders flocked into this little France and little England, and soon, according to Alexander Michie, the founder of Tientsin's first English-language newspaper, "The city of Tientsin was one of the dirtiest, most repulsive, and busiest commercial cities of China, the mart of the North, and the people were reputed to be the most turbulent, predatory, and wicked race in the Empire, so much so, that for many centuries past and even to this day the inns of the province, the capital, and of the neighboring provinces also, often have a notice on their gates, 'No men of Tientsin admitted.' "

After the Japanese defeated the Chinese in 1895, first the Germans and then the Japanese claimed concessions, and in 1897 the British extended their territory back from the river to a point somewhat beyond where our house would later stand. Then, in 1900, when the Boxer uprising had been put down, the real grab game began. The Russians, the Belgians, the Italians, and the Austrians all carved out miniature countries, and the French, the Japanese, the Germans, and the British all enlarged theirs. Each concession had to a considerable extent the national characteristics of its home country—its national architecture, language, legal system, plumbing, ways of doing business, and costumes and customs.

What a weird city I grew up in! For three or four Chinese coppers, I could ride in a rickshaw from my home, in England, to Italy, Germany, Japan, or Belgium. I walked to France for violin lessons. I had to cross the river to get to Russia, and often did, because the Russians had a beautiful wooded park with a lake in it. I hold in my nostrils to this day the strange odor of tadpoles captured in Russian waters and taken back to England.

WHEN I got up the next morning, I was eager to walk to the house with Companion Zhang, with whom I might be able to get inside, but he had made some appointments for me. The first was with Zhou Jilang, the director general of the Tientsin Writers' Association—one of the people who had met me at the Tientsin station the day before. He came to call on me at the Guest House. My room was fitted out with a pair of huge, squarish, padded armchairs flanking a low table for teacups—furnishings absolutely required for anything like formal discourse in China. We seated ourselves, and Companion Zhang poured tea.

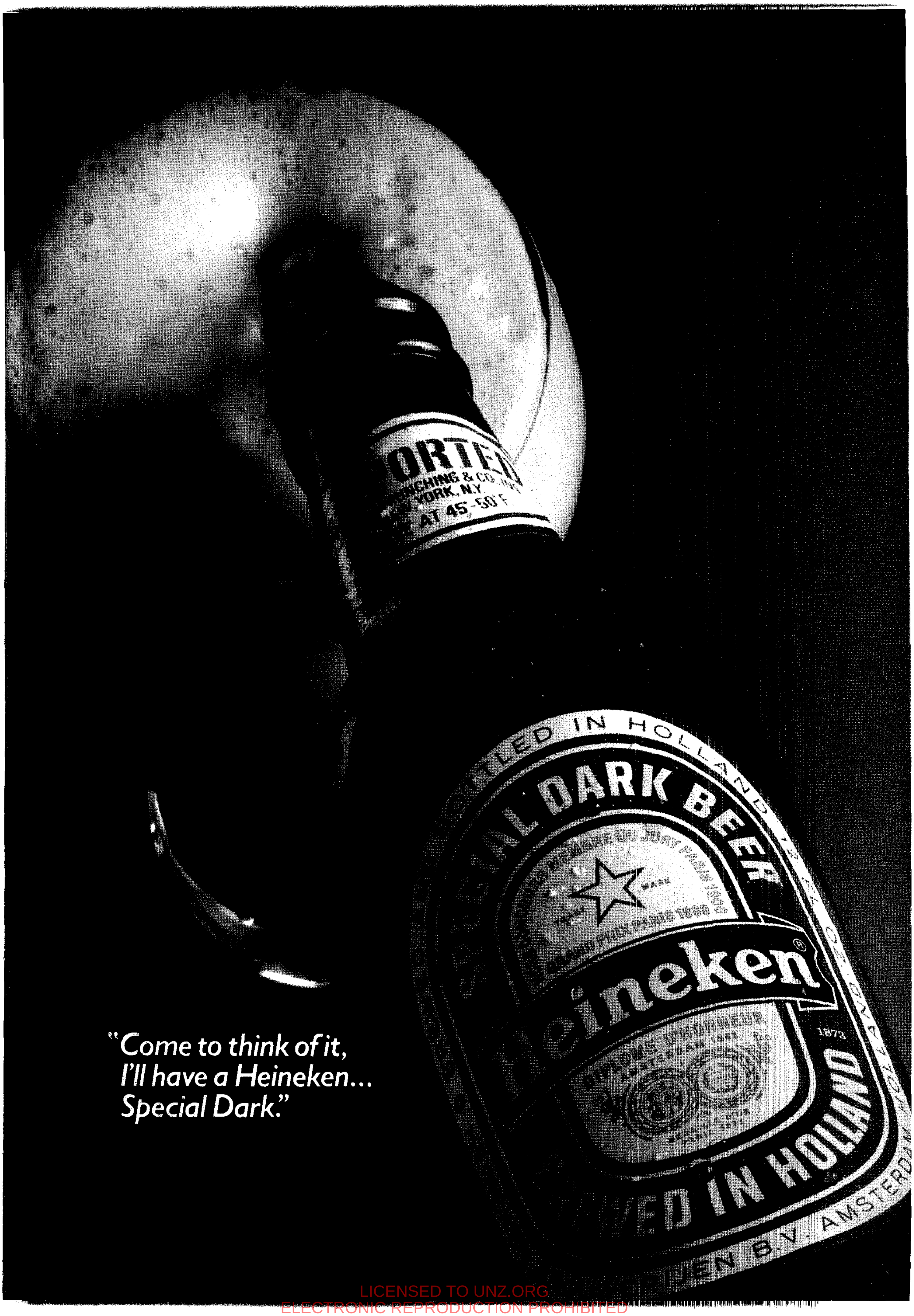
After we had talked awhile about the life of writers in China, I learned that Mr. Zhou had been through the great earthquake, and, because I felt haunted by all those brick hovels I had seen the day before, I asked him to tell me about the experience.

He tried, but he couldn't seem to make anything of it with words. Indeed, no one in Tientsin ever succeeded in describing the earthquake to me. Everyone just said, "It happened at three-thirty in the morning. I was asleep. The house began to shake." An author named William McLeish, in an account of a major earthquake that hit Tientsin in 1888, didn't do much better. He wrote that it was "touch and go with many houses, but happily they did not go," though they staggered "like drunken men." Perhaps mere words cannot produce strange enough rumblings and undulations in the mind of anyone who has not been through an earthquake.

But then Mr. Zhou spread out his hands, to make the crust of the earth. The knuckles began to move. Soon the hands had begun to register heavily on the Richter scale. This was all too convincing. The floor of the room began to rock, the big, square chairs started to jump around. I had heard that the only safe thing was to get outdoors and lie prone. Fortunately, Mr. Zhou began to speak again, and stabilized us at once with the flatness of his language.

Fewer than twenty thousand Tientsiners had died that night, he said. The great disaster was at the city of Tangshan, about sixty miles to the northeast of Tientsin; there, according to official figures, which may have been grossly understated, a quarter of a million people perished—at least twice as many as had died in the first hours at Hiroshima. Some coal miners survived in the labyrinth of tunnels that had been dug for a century right under the city. Tientsin's great loss had been in premises: nine million square metres of floor space—nearly three-quarters of the city's housing—destroyed or damaged.

Vice-Premier Wan Li had visited Tientsin last summer, Mr. Zhou said, and, shocked by the sight of the brick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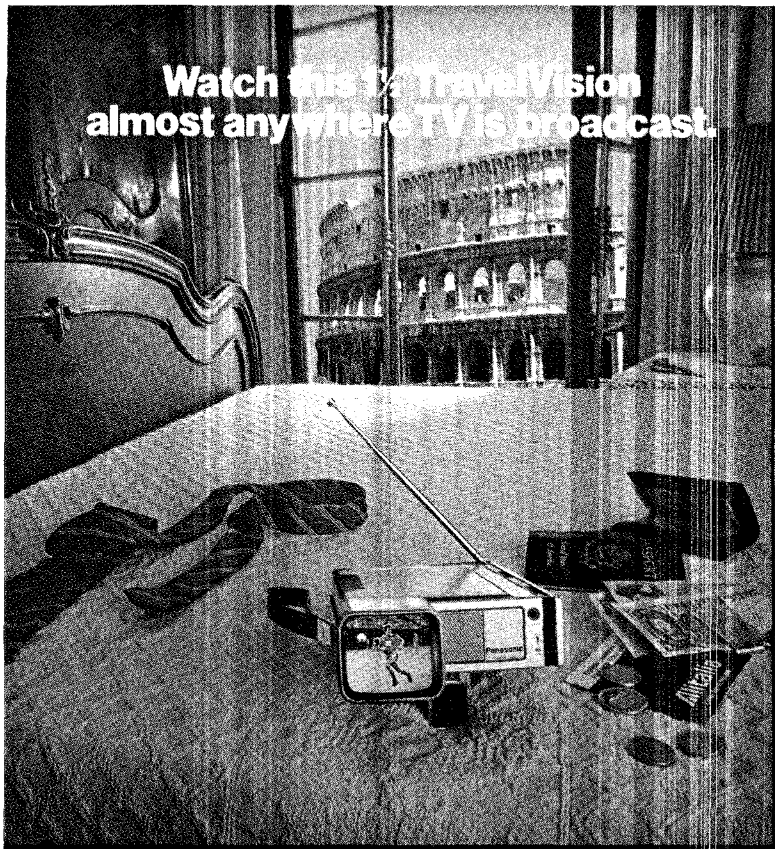
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huts all over town, had quite fiercely ordered Tientsin to get rid of them. It would not be easy. There had been some mistakes. The central government had given Tientsin huge sums of money—I later heard figures ranging from a hundred to two hundred and twenty-five million United States dollars—for repairs, but the city government, instead of giving sufficient priority to housing, had put up a lot of new factories. Much of the new housing was far out in the suburbs, and many who worked downtown preferred staying in the huts to having to ride bikes so far morning and evening. And when a family moved out of a hut the neighbors would claim it and, with a pair of huts, would then have a fair amount of room—perhaps more than they would be assigned if they moved into new housing.

Mr. Zhou was anxious to tell me about an acquaintance of his who had been sleeping soundly on the third floor of a house when the earthquake came. He was thrown out of bed, fell through two stories of emptiness, and found himself lying in the same position as before on someone else's bed on the ground floor.

IN the afternoon, a visit to a computer factory had been laid on. After it, I was free to walk around. Companion Zhang went out with me. When we reached "my" street, he told me, reading from a Chinese map he had, that it was now called New China Road.

As we passed the former firehouse, I could not help a new burst of resentment at its roof crowding up so close to our roof. The whole side yard gone! All our friends used to come there to play. We had games of kick the can and of something we called French cricket. There a crew of us built a wooden cabin called the Coop Club, so named partly for the coöperative idea behind it and partly because it came out looking rather like a chicken house. One year, my mother, perhaps homesick for *her* childhood, in upper New York state, planted a mass of morning glories on a trellis up the sunny side of the cabin. We fought really violent gang battles in that yard. In one war, we used mudballs for weapons. (As the youngest recruit on our side, I was assigned the duty, in the shelter of an improvised fortress, of mixing softish mud and making up the ammo—no pebbles allowed.) In another, we built brick forts and fired off dangerous double-ended firecracker bombs at each other; Roscoe almost lost an eye. Strange that the children of missionaries were so warlike? It was the era of the warlords. Sometimes we heard cannons rumbling in the distance: Wu Peifu, the man from our province, was our mythic good guy, and Zhang Zuolin, the Manchurian warlord with Japanese backing, was our bad guy. So many memories! The beautiful white mulberry tree my parents put in when I took up a hobby of raising silkworms. A big scorpion in the grass, looking up at me, tail raised, positively rattling with hostility. But love in the eye of my first pup wriggling in my embrace in that yard, a mutt named (out of the Encyclopædia Britannica in my father's study) Marcus Aurelius, for the Stoic emperor who was good to the poor and clement to political criminals but very rough on Christians. And this, too: Standing one day near the steps down to the yard from our side porch, I began telling a story of an experience of mine to a visiting missionary lady, and I was carried away by the charm of the soaring parabolas of my imagination until she said I had been telling terrible untruths and she was going to take me right in and wash my mouth out with soap and water.

Again, the gate and the front door were open. Zhang led the way. I followed. I was inside our house. I had last been in this house fifty-six years before. The central hall, the turn of the stairs—the spaces were right. But the junk piled in the hall! The grime and darkness! God, the hardwood floor of the hallway had been replaced by cement! A young man appeared. Zhang asked who lived in the house now. The young man said, "Six families." I found out later he was wrong. There were seven.

VERY low again, I left the house without having climbed the stairs. I thought I'd shake out my mind by trying to trace one of the several routes I used to take to the American School. This one started out along Parkes Road (now named Baoding Road, for a nearby city), along one side of the Recreation Ground. Awful huts leaned against the Rec wall all the way. I told Zhang that toward the end of the block on the right there had been a swimming club. We used to plunge there after school on hot days in May, before summer vacations, when we would go off to the shore. There were sometimes "galas"—afternoons of races—at the club. As we came up to the corner, Zhang said, "It's still there." And there indeed it still was. A sign said, he told me: "Tientsin No. 1 Swimming Pool." The gate was open, and we went in. The pool was drained; repairs of some kind were being made. Along the side wall was a series of clusters of red characters: "No Shoes—No Spitting." "Don't Shout—Don't Fight." "Be Hygienic—Be Polite." And, finally (for the Chinese like their slogans in numerical bundles), the "Four Points of Beauty," which we would often see posted wherever young people might congregate: Beauty of Mind, Beauty of Language, Beauty of Behavior, Beauty of Environment.

Beyond the next corner, the Union Church, which my family used to attend, had vanished. In its place stood a large office building.

One block farther along, this way to school took a right turn, on Davenport Road, pronounced "*Day*venport," named for a testy British Consul of the eighteen-eighties who, though a devout member of Union Church, was famous for hating sermons that lasted more than thirty minutes. If a preacher ran the least bit long, the Consul would whip out his watch and swing it back and forth on its chain under the eyes of the offender. One long-winded dominie, seeing the ominous glitter of the watch, is reported to have said, "Just one minute, Mr. Davenport, I'll keep you only a few moments."

Two blocks on Davenport (now called Construction Road), then left on Meadows (now called Tai An, after another city)—and here, on the right, after a block, was the outwardly unaltered building of the Anglican All Saints' Church. I saw in memory a radiant bride and groom emerging from the church, their heads ducked, for they were running under an archway of crossed swords held by British officers in fur busbies, red jackets, and blue trousers with white stripes down the sides. In actuality, I now saw a big red sign at the gate of the church compound. I asked Companion Zhang to translate it for me. It read, he said, "No. 1 Tientsin Sewer Management Team."

MUCH of this part of town was torn up for new buildings, and I began to feel lost. I thought I should drift over toward where the Creek had been, but when we got there—Companion Zhang said the broad new highway was called Victory Road—things were so changed that I had no idea where to look for the school. Pushing on, I recognized one big building as the former Empire Theatre, where my father had taken his son the violinist to hear a touring Heifetz, and where I had also heard "Aida," with its duplex set in the last scene: the resplendent temple of Vulcan above and the sealed vault below in which Radames and Aida seemed to a small boy to be interminably wrestling each other to death. The Empire was now called simply the Music Hall.

Across from the theatre, there was an open space in which there must have been a thousand bicycles parked and locked, under the surveillance of licensed ticket sellers. Here Companion Zhang became excited, because, he said, this was the famous Small White House district. It was an area that had been badly wrecked in the earthquake, and now had street bazaars where you could buy all sorts of things at bargain prices. He thought he would like to browse. As we turned onto one of the streets, I realized we were on the edge of the former German Concession, and I thought of Eppy, who had lived right near here.

ISRAEL EPSTEIN was a brilliant schoolmate of mine. He was a tiny boy, but he had a very high forehead that was, to my mind, a wonderful castle of thought. On a seesaw in our yard one day, Eppy told me about the Jews. I had had plenty of Old Testament pushed at me in Sunday school, but it was Eppy who for the first time made vivid in my mind the story of that dispossessed and wandering race. His father had been a radical in the zone of pogroms—not quite the right stripe of Socialist when the Bolsheviks won out. The Epsteins' wanderings began. They had reached China roundabout, by Europe, then, eventually, Japan. When we were nine, Eppy was hit by a car, and his left leg was badly broken. He was put in traction in his bed at home. I visited him and was overcome with envy. He had become, it seemed, part of a magnificent machine. A metal frame towered over him. His leg, encased in plaster of Paris, was elevated and attached to marvellous ropes, pulleys, weights. He was so small that to keep all of him from being drawn right up to the pulleys he had to be strapped to the construction with a harness under his shoulders. I went home burning with a wish to be Eppy. Within a very few days, my envy was almost unbearably compounded, for one of the Tientsin newspapers, the *North China Star*, carried headlines:

ISRAEL EPSTEIN WRITING
HISTORY OF THE WORLD

In Two Volumes

I determined to break my leg and become a writer.

We remained friends. We went together to the funeral of a very rich Chinese who lived in a mansion in the British Concession, not far from my house. The Chinese had long had a custom of burning on the grave of a newly buried person paper images or models of things that the deceased might like to have in the next world, and in this case the house was opened to the public with a display of a dazzling profusion of carefully built models of the dead man's future needs, including a full-sized and perfect Ford Model T sedan. A memorial tablet stood among these riches, and if a visitor kowtowed before it he was entitled to carry away and wear a badge. Eppy later recalled that I, with my rigid Sunday-school indoctrination against bowing down to graven images, refused to kowtow, but that he, besides badly wanting a badge, was a Socialist and so had no compunction about breaking what was merely a superstitious prohibition from the Book of Exodus.

Eppy never got around to finishing his history of the world, but he became one of a staunch band of foreigners who have given their life's work to the Chinese Revolution. He eventually took on the editorship in Peking of the English-language magazine *China Reconstructs*, which was founded by Soong Ching-ling, the widow of Sun Yat-sen and a sister of Mme. Chiang Kai-shek, but one who chose the other side. Eppy married a British woman named Elsie Fairfax-Cholmeley, who, as it happened, had been a shipmate of mine on my 1939 trip to China. She had stayed to join that band. At the wedding, Eppy stood on a box, so as to be eye to eye with his tall bride. He was imprisoned during the Cultural Revolution and, like so many others, "ate bitterness," as the Chinese expression goes; but he remained a true believer and came away from those years, it appears, deeply sad rather than angry—sad that what had seemed so wonderfully close at hand in China had been, one might think delayed.

DURING the next two days, I wa busy with appointments set u for me by Companion Zhang and th Writers' Association. I had long talk with some Tientsin writers. The onl luxurious Chinese artifact my parent had taken home to the States wit them was one of Tientsin's famou brightly figured "classical" carpets and I visited a carpet factory, to se what advances in the old craft, if any there had been, under the Communists. And I was feeling more cheerfu now, because I had learned that Chinese friend of mine from Peking named Ye Dezhuang, with whom became acquainted during my 194 visit, had got permission from the authorities to come and join me. A distinguished research professor at th Chinese Academy of Agricultural Sciences, he was an erudite, witty man whose lifework had been the translation of Charles Darwin's writings int Chinese. I called him Lao Ye—Ol Ye. He was a native Tientsiner, member of a prominent family in th city, and, besides looking forward t his company, I was hoping he migh be able to trace some of my parents friends, whom I had no way of finding. Ye had arranged to bring wit him the advantages of the bright min and good English of a niece-in-law o his, Li Lailai, who was on the staff o Eppy's magazine, *China Reconstructs*

It was in an improving mood, therefore, that I took a walk—this tim alone—along what had been the smar main street of the British Concession Victoria (now Liberation) Road. wanted to see what the old familia buildings were being used for now.

The stately former Tientsin Club the poshest place in town in my boyhood, very British, to which only handful of rich Chinese were admitted, was now the headquarters of th Standing Committee of the Tientsi People's Political Consultative Conference—an advisory body, whic serves as a conduit to the municipa government and the Party for complaints, suggestions, pleas, and political pressures from various interests i the city. Next, on the right, opposit what had been Victoria Park, stood th Tientsin Hotel, once the Astor Hous Hotel. The half-timbered old building of the Tientsin Press, which published and sold books, had become a wholesale storage warehouse for foodstuffs What had been the smartest depart-

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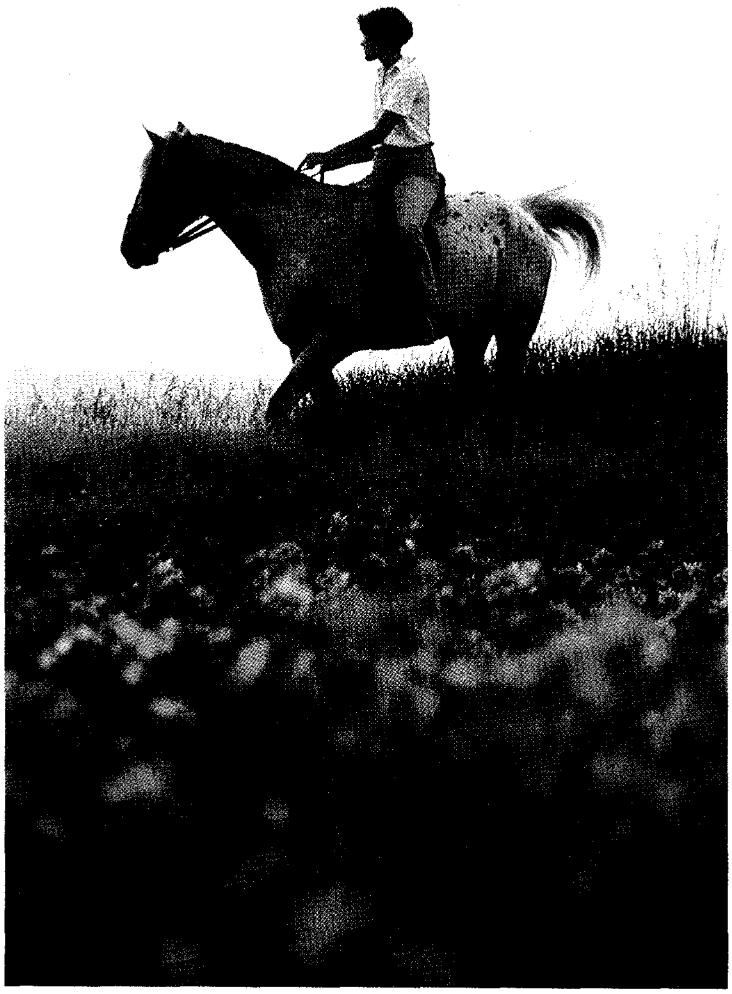

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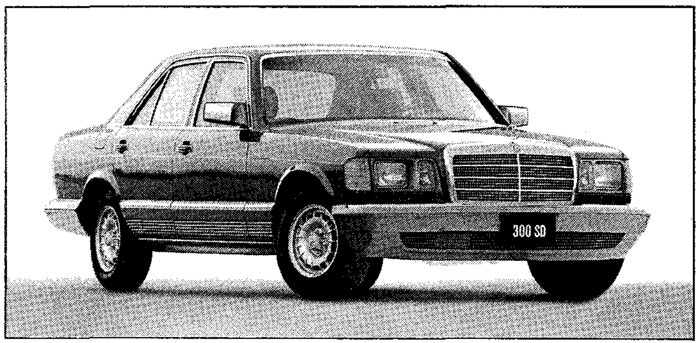

1982 300 SD Turbodiesel Sedan. Will resale history repeat itself?

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Some plummet in value after only two or three years. Some experience a more gradual slide. Others, a tiny few, so grudgingly yield their value that they are still worth a large portion of their original price several years down the road. And an even more select few have been shown to actually *appreciate* in value over time.

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One tactic is to cite the resale performance of the maker's most popular models from their best years–selecting, in a statistical process as delicate as picking a dozen perfect eggs, only the exceptional resale stories. And discarding the rest.

Mercedes-Benz could exploit this tactic to tell an astonishing story of resale performance. The 1955 300 SL "Gullwing" Coupe, for example–worth $6,820 new and today worth up to $106,000. The 1967 250 SL Roadster, priced when new at $6,485 and today at $16,000. Or the 280 SE 3.5 Convertible of 1971, which in ten years climbed from an original value of $14,000 to around $50,000–if one can be found for sale.

But the Mercedes-Benz resale achievement goes beyond a few such hand-picked rarities. It is more than this particular model or that specific series that has been shown to age so slowly, to almost defy the law of economics. Consider that Mercedes-Benz offers the American buyer a dazzling spectrum of automobiles to choose from–gasoline and diesel and turbodiesel models, sedan and coupe and station wagon and roadster body types; eight models all told. And consider that, as a whole, this current range of Mercedes-Benz models has been shown to retain *at least 80 percent of original value* after the first three years.

Remarkably uniform resale performance: that is the recent history of Mercedes-Benz automobiles. If you are contemplating the purchase of a new car, it is worthwhile to bear this history in mind.

Because history, after all, does have a way of repeating itself.

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Top to bottom: *Grand Mercedes 600 five-passenger limousine, 1972; 300SL Coupe, 1956; 280SL Roadster, 1969; 280SE 3.5 Convertible, 1971; SS Roadster, 1929.*

ment store in town—Whiteaway, Laidlaw—was now a store selling both Western and traditional Chinese medicines.

In what must have been a scramble for space after the earthquake, mismatched enterprises had lodged themselves along this street wherever they could, any old way. Here were what had been called, in 1925, "the new stores"—I remembered J. Sligh & Company and Yamamoto's Photographic Studio. Along this stretch now, in succession, were a shabby shop for electrical equipment, with some dusty generators and transformers in the window; a handsome photographic store, right where Yamamoto's had been but with Chinese cameras (featuring the Seagull, a crude copy of the old box-shaped Rolleiflex); and a huge, dark room with many ranks of many women working in silence at softly ticking sewing machines.

Farther along, toward the old French Concession, stood the immense neoclassic buildings of the old "hongs." The understating British favored Ionic columns; the more exuberant French dabbled in Corinthian. The old International Banking Corporation was now the Motor Vehicle Control Office. The Hongkong & Shanghai Bank was now the state-owned Tientsin Bank and Insurance Company. The most imposing of these buildings, formerly Kailan Mining, back on Meadows Road just off Victoria, with no less than sixteen huge columns along the front and six more on each end, had been copped by the Municipal Party Committee for its headquarters. All these great buildings were badly run down; acres of priceless parquet flooring had gone to ruin in them. Someday, Tientsin would be faced with terrible costs of refurbishment.

THE next day, Companion Zhang told me that I was going to have to move to the Tientsin Hotel, because the Municipality was receiving a party of guests that would completely fill the No. 2 Guest House. We packed and moved in midmorning.

In both 1939 and 1946, I had stayed at the Astor House Hotel. Its successor, the Tientsin Hotel, now had two wings. A motelish new wing had been built over the shell of the splendid old public rooms. I was to be one of the first guests admitted to a room in the old wing, which was in the process of being renovated. Parts of the old building were not ready; on the way to my room, a screen blocked off the old-wing stairway, winding around the shaft for an ancient birdcage elevator. My high-ceilinged room was exactly as such a room had been in 1946. The oaken wardrobe had been superbly built by marvellous Chinese cabinetmakers, with perfect fitted drawers. In the bathroom, something had gone wrong with the old brass shut-off valve of the tub drain, so a rubber stopper, wrapped in cloth tied with a crude knot, to make it fit the drain hole snugly, had been supplied. Never mind; one could lie out full length in heated water from the Hai River in one of those ancient Twyfords tubs.

When we had checked in, Companion Zhang and I took a taxi to the railroad station to meet Ye and Lailai. How it raised my Tientsin spirits to see my old friend!

AFTER lunch, I took a walk in the park across the street from the hotel. In my childhood, this had been known as Victoria Park. It had been inaugurated on June 21, 1887, to mark the jubilee of Queen Victoria's accession to the throne, with athletic contests, fireworks, and long speeches. In the center of the park, from the very first, stood a large gazebo in Oriental style, where a public band gave weekly concerts. In the early days, the musicians were Chinese, drawn from the coolie class, who were trained on their instruments by foreign amateur musicians and conducted by a M. Bigel. The ensemble was said to have a repertoire of one hundred pieces, many of them quite ambitious, such as some numbers from Verdi operas. A missionary couple, Dr. and Mrs. Nevius, visiting from Zhifu, were once quoted as having declared that "this was the most astounding sight and sound they had known during a thirty years' residence in China."

A huge bell, six feet tall, used to stand in the park; it had been taken from a Chinese temple during the Boxer fighting in 1900. In the eighteen-eighties, the provincial Viceroy, Li Hongzhang, had caused seven mechanics from the imperial arsenal to carve on the bell a whole volume of Buddhist scriptures, and I remembered being haunted by the fact, which had been inscribed in English on the bell after its capture, that all these seven workmen had died within a hundred days of finishing the engraving.

A cenotaph had stood near one corner of the park, engraved "TO OUR GLORIOUS DEAD," in honor of British Tientsiners who had been killed in the First World War. A member of a troop of junior Boy Scouts called Wolf Cubs, I was an assiduous collector of merit badges, and for my art badge I attempted a pencil sketch of this cenotaph. The cubmaster directed me to take the picture for a critique to the terrifyingly irascible Reverend Mr. Darwent, who, as minister of the Union Church, preached sermons that early fixed in my mind a workable definition of the word "boring," but who was also famous in Tientsin as an amateur painter. He painted fifty-two paintings a year—one each week, and all outdoors. When it got too cold to paint with plain watercolors, he used hot tea. He took one look at my cenotaph and said, "That is the worst excuse for a drawing I have ever seen. No badge!" A few evenings later, he lay down for a short nap after dinner and died of apoplexy. Not yet an agnostic, I took the close subsequence of his death to his judgment of my gifts as part of God's wonderful design. I won the badge soon afterward with a sketch of a banana, judged by a slacker art critic for whom the Almighty had no immediate plans.

Where the cenotaph had been, there was now an ugly diorama made from mostly bright-blue bits of mosaic tile, representing for some reason the weird humpy mountains at Guilin, which were a thousand miles away and had no apparent meaning for Tientsin. There were crowds of Chinese in the park, and I suddenly realized one of the many reasons that this area of the former concessions had looked so strange to me in the past few days. There were no foreigners to be seen: Tientsin had turned itself into a Chinese city.

The park now seemed much nicer than it had been as Victoria Park, which had usually been quite drearily empty. There were more trees than there used to be, mostly locusts and plane trees, but also a row of umbrella

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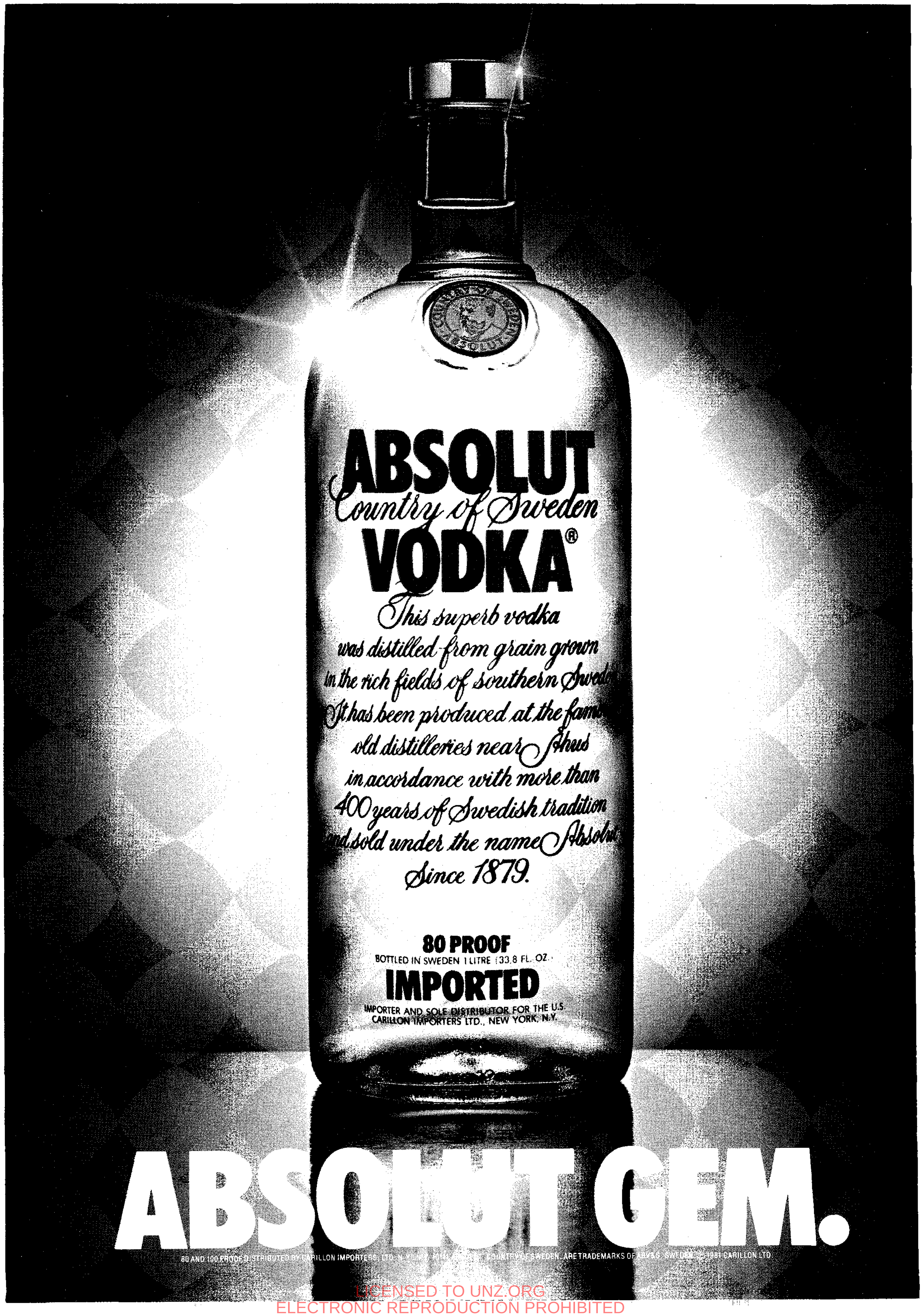
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trees—a specimen of which we had had in the front yard at our house. Alongside the park paths were bright beds of flowers: roses, chrysanthemums, scarlet sage, poinsettia, broom, cockscomb. At a concrete Ping-Pong table with a metal net, young men, standing miles back and whacking terrific drives, were practicing to reach world class. At a slide, its upper end supported by a concrete elephant, some brightly dressed kindergartners were squealing as they waited in line for turns. The gazebo was still there, much restored, its pillars and beams gleaming with black and red enamel, and the minute I sat down on its outer bench a young teacher of English and his students came up to me for some practice. They soon made me feel at home in the crowded park.

LATER, after the first of a series of happy meetings with old-timers which Ye had begun to set up, I took him and Lailai to see my old house. As we entered the gate, we saw that the door of one of the huts in the front yard had a large official paper seal pasted across the door and its jamb. Its occupants must have moved out. In the hallway of the house, we encountered a pretty young woman in a brilliant-red sweater suit, and Ye told her that I had lived there many years before. She was warmly cordial, and said that I probably wanted to see all the rooms. If I did, I should come back on Sunday, because people would be home from work then.

THAT was Wednesday, and Sunday seemed a long way off. I kept busy, but I was restless, and whenever I could I walked around. I tried twice more, unsuccessfully, to find my old school; I supposed it had been torn down. Late Thursday evening, after a full day of appointments arranged by Ye and Zhang, I went across the street from the hotel for a night stroll in the park. It had suddenly turned chilly, but there was life in the park. Besides the bandstand, there was a second, smaller gazebo, at ground level—a tiny, open, temple-like structure, its space lit up by an electric bulb in the peak of the curved roof. Within the little cylinder of light, on a circular bench, seven old men sat conversing, their hands moving now and then in large, slow gestures. Away from the light, on every one of the fifty or so benches strewn alongside the paths of the park a couple sat. Two bicycles stood on their kickstands, wheel to wheel, in front of each bench, as if metal tubes and spokes and tires could impenetrably screen a tryst. Very few of the couples were touching. One or two women had their head on the shoulder beside them.

ON Saturday morning, I decided to take some pictures of the house to carry back to my brothers. It had been overcast for several days; this morning the sky was clear—not the immaculate deep-porcelain-blue heaven of my childhood days, for Tientsin's air was now vilely polluted, but a cloudless thin gauze of a sky, at least. I walked to New China Road. I took some shots from the opposite side of the street. I did not try to go in. The sun was warm on my shoulders. I realized I was at ease—I had come to feel comfortable in my natal city. There must have been a pleasurable carry-over from the feelings stirred up by the old family friends Ye had been finding for me; but there was more to it than that. I moved about here in an ambience of constants. Things had changed, but they had also not changed. China's socialism was beginning to seem to me extremely Chinese. There was something familiar embedded in every surprise. I suppose much of the feeling of being where I belonged within a continuity came from sensory memories. Sounds—exactly the same as they had been a half century earlier. A servant in the hotel, early in the morning, singing a passage from a Chinese opera in a high falsetto; waitresses shouting and laughing in the hotel kitchen; the sounds of men in this dusty city clearing their throats, like lions roaring; the thrifty clicks of an abacus in an open fruit stall; a hawker in an alleyway chanting of bargains in sweet potatoes.

THESE thoughts put me in mind of another sort of sound. I walked northward, crossing, after two blocks, the street that had demarked the British and French Concessions and had therefore, naturally, had two names at once: Bristow Road and Rue St. Louis. Beyond it, I soon came to the circular French Park, girdled by the Cours Joffre. And on the other side of the circle, there, yes, was the former boarding house where my violin teacher had lived. He was an émigré Russian named Paul Federovsky, terribly poor and starkly thin, with anguished eyes that peered at one through steel-rimmed spectacles. Up on the second floor—there—with the light from the tall window on the music stand, I tortured that sensitive man with my first tentative strokes of the bow. Once, he actually screamed and threw his hands over his ears. Sometimes he would tell me to put my fiddle down, and then for a magical half hour he would play for me—so exquisitely that for more than a decade my goal in life was to become a concert violinist, and I worked hard to achieve it. The Tientsin of my boyhood was a polyglot town; Paul Federovsky was one of a large community of Russians who, like Eppy's parents, had for various reasons fled from their motherland after its revolution and now lived precariously in Chinese cities, mainly Harbin, Tientsin, Shanghai. There was no longer a Russian Concession, for the Soviet Union had given its territory back to China, and Tientsin's Russians lived all over town. Federovsky was immensely gifted, and in the mid-twenties he made his way to America and landed a job with the Boston Symphony, with which he played for the rest of his life; I talked with him often backstage after concerts, and he never forgave me for abandoning the violin in favor of a career that, he contemptuously said, anyone could follow.

I WALKED back toward the hotel on Victoria (Liberation) Road. Dusty as Tientsin might be, the city was clearly trying hard to keep at least certain of its streets clean. On Liberation Road, there was a constant service of sweepers with twig brooms, pushing old-fashioned London-style wheeled dustbins for trash, and there was never a trace of litter. And now, for the first time in my life, I saw a street vacuum cleaner moving along. Just that: a truck with a retractable vacuum-cleaner mouth, as wide as the whole vehicle, which reached down while operating to within an inch of the ground. A large fan within drew dust up into the body of the truck. This one street was immaculate. Its cleanliness, like so much else that I saw in China, suggested much wider possibilities for the future.

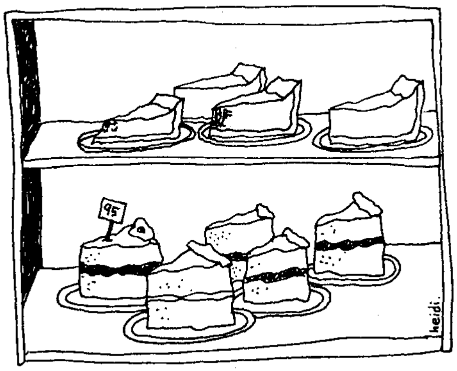
WALKING back, as I approached the park I sadly missed what must surely have been one of the strangest buildings east of Suez, a landmark of my childhood; I was told it had just been torn down a few weeks before. It was called Gordon Hall. Dedicated in 1890, it had been named for Charles (Chinese) Gordon, the martyr of Khartoum, who during a stay in Tientsin after the expedition of 1860 had mapped out the original British Concession. Gordon had the inexhaustible energy and dash that seemed to be so common among nineteenth-century imperialists. A Tientsin missionary named John Innocent had it from Gordon's brother that "he always rode to Dagu, a distance [by road] of forty miles, and back, in the same day; and that he had so ridden some twenty times." In 1863, Gordon led the "Ever Victorious Army" of the Emperor to defeat the Chinese Christian rebels, the Taipings, whose leader claimed to be the brother of Jesus Christ.

The building was my vision of King Arthur's castle. "Ruskin never saw our Town Hall, thank Heaven," William McLeish wrote, "but notwithstanding its artistic enormities, such as wooden mullions and frames in Gothic windows, crenelated battlements, and crocketed finials, it has served its purpose right well." On its stage, I saw my brother Roscoe maltreat oysters as the Walrus in "Through the Looking Glass;" there I saw my brother Arthur take most of the awards for his form at the Grammar School prize day; and there I myself, as the Prince in "Sleeping Beauty," was at age nine so embarrassed at having to kiss a girl in public, even if it was the only way she could be brought back to life, that I kissed the back of my own hand instead of hers, my heart pounding for fear that the illusions of the theatre might spill over into reality, and on my account she might not revive. Local expositions were held there, with competitions for children's handiwork and hobbies. One year, while my brothers submitted crystal sets that actually worked, I entered, in the competition for collections, a box full of hundreds of whiskey, gin, brandy, and rum corks and bottle caps, and various mixer bottle tops, which I had scavenged, skulking around the bars set up by the various sports clubs in the Recreation Ground. I won first prize, and Brigadier General William D. Connor, commander of the United States Army Forces in China, pinning the blue ribbon on me, said, "I must say, young man, I think envious congratulations are due to your father, for making this remarkable accumulation possible."

Now Gordon Hall was gone, alas. There was nothing in its place but a rectangle of earth—on which, as I passed, a squad of Chinese soldiers were involved in ferocious contests of hand-to-hand martial arts—being hurled, turn by turn, six feet into the sky and crashing to the hard ground with no apparent hurt. I was moved to snap a couple of photographs of these willing uniformed boys flying through the air. One of them spotted me. A foreign spy! All froze. Not until I was consumed by the revolving door of the Tientsin Hotel down the street did any of them again move a hair.

LATER, as I was walking over toward the Small White House district, through an area where a great deal of construction was going on, a small, drab two-and-a-half-story building I hadn't noticed before, though I had passed this way several times, seemed to jump right at me. I looked more closely. It was the building where the fledgling Tientsin American School had been! There was no doubt about it—those tall windows on the second floor, the curve of the building at the corner. This would have been the corner of Racecourse and Council Roads.

Inside the entrance, on the ground floor, was a small cigarette stand and provision shop. The attendant said there were seven families living in the building now—a familiar story. I could see that the building was half a ruin. I had been in it in both 1939 and 1946, and it had still been well kept up. In 1939, our former classrooms were occupied by the Universal Language School and Voitenko's Dancing School; in 1946, a missionary doctor had his offices in one of the rooms. I climbed the stairs. There, on the right, had been the school library; I had been assigned to give the books their first cataloguing. Then up a half flight to the main rooms. The corridor ceiling was blackened with cooking smoke; junk was piled in the hall. There were still glass lights in the doors, and I could look into the rooms. Here was the home room. The Misses Smith were our sister teachers. One of them was an artist; there were always garish colored drawings, like London sidewalk chalkings, on the blackboard. Mlle. de Laverbis, French. Mr. Chen, Chinese. I could see through the glass that the room had been divided into three, but the familiar brilliant light of afternoon came through the tall windows, flooding the place. There my friends sat at the rows of desks: Randolph Lee, Peter Quinn, Hazel Katz, Israel Epstein, Howard Attwood, Agnes Pappas, Joyce Bryson, Mia Inago, Donald Rasmussen, Laura Jee, Blanche Mary Grambs, Lesbia Lowry, Blanche Thompson, Bobby Long, Bill Baltou.



I WAS up early on Sunday morning. Seated by a window in the foreigners' dining room, I looked across at the park, and there I saw numerous middle-aged and elderly men, and a few women, going through the graceful, poised adagio motions of mimicked combat of *taichi.* Some were gathered in clumps, chatting as they exercised in a desultory way; others, working out alone with great intensity, had a faraway look on their faces, as if imagining themselves fighting in legends. But also there, at seven in the morning, were several young men gathered around the Ping-Pong table, and two would-be champions smashed a tiny ball (invisible to me) back and forth, seeming, against a backdrop of their slow-moving elders, to be wildly agitated actors in a speeded-up movie.

AT last, hours later, the time had come when I could go to see the rooms in our house. Ye and Lailai walked to New China Road with me. As we entered the front yard, we saw that the brick hovel to the left, whose door had been sealed the other day, had already been torn down; most of its bricks had been neatly stacked against the house, but some rubble remained to be cleaned up.

A woman came out of the house and down the front steps with a basin of water in her hand to throw out in the street. As she turned back in, I approached her and told her in my halting Chinese that I was born in this house, and I—

She burst into exclamations of great surprise and pleasure, and before I could say another word she pressed me

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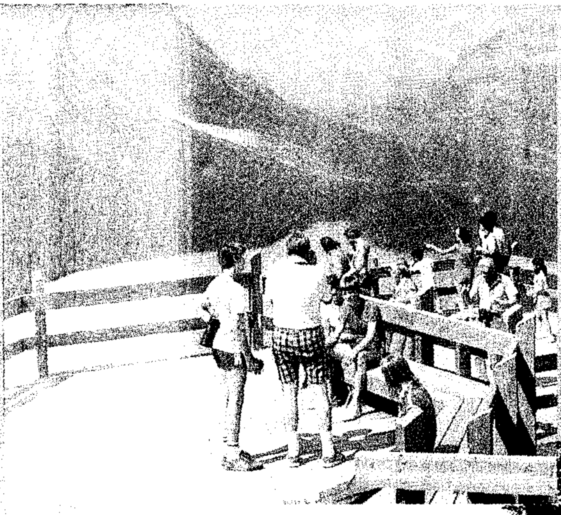
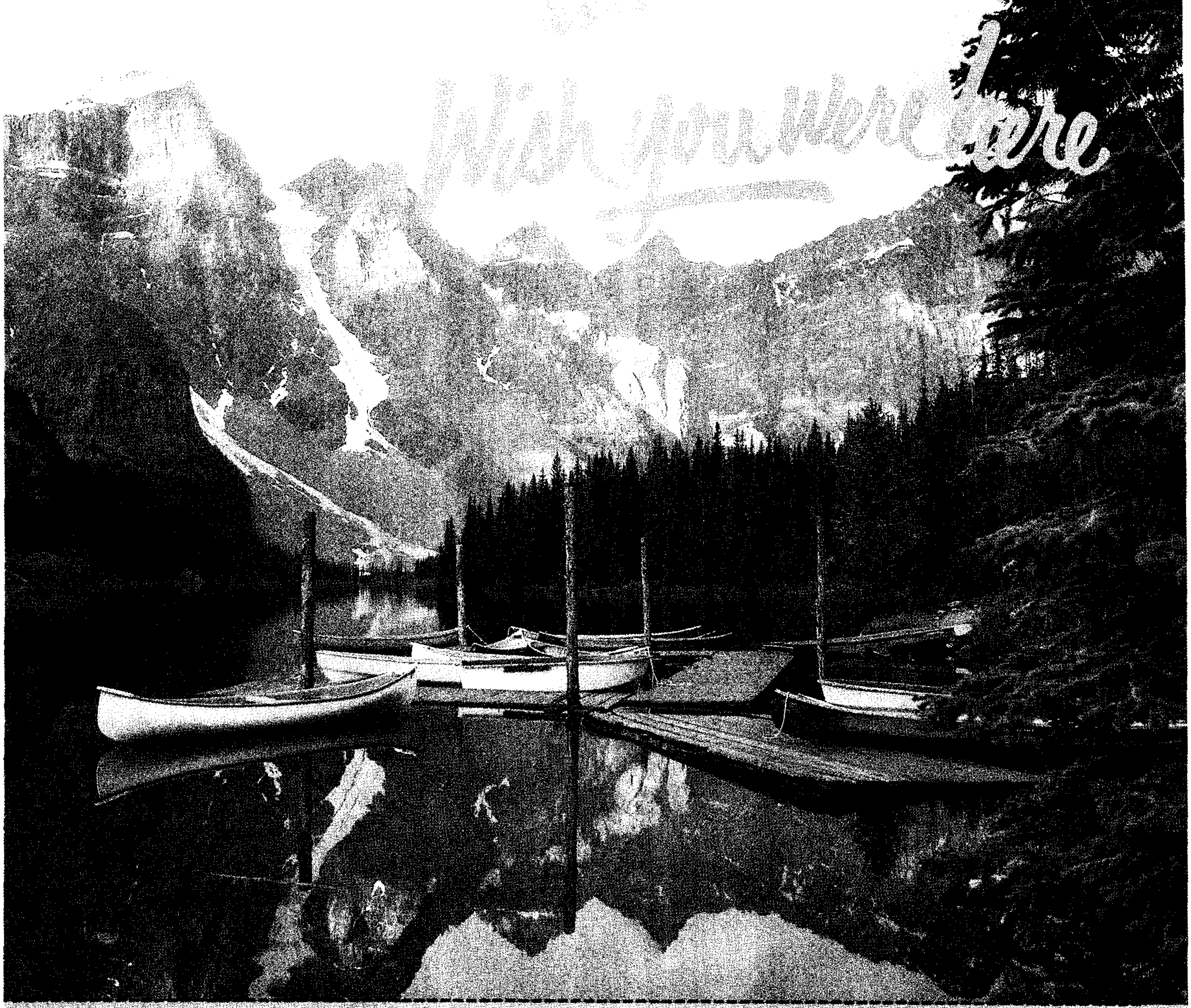
to canoeing on a Rocky Mountain lake.
There are as many ways to discover
Alberta as there are sights to see."





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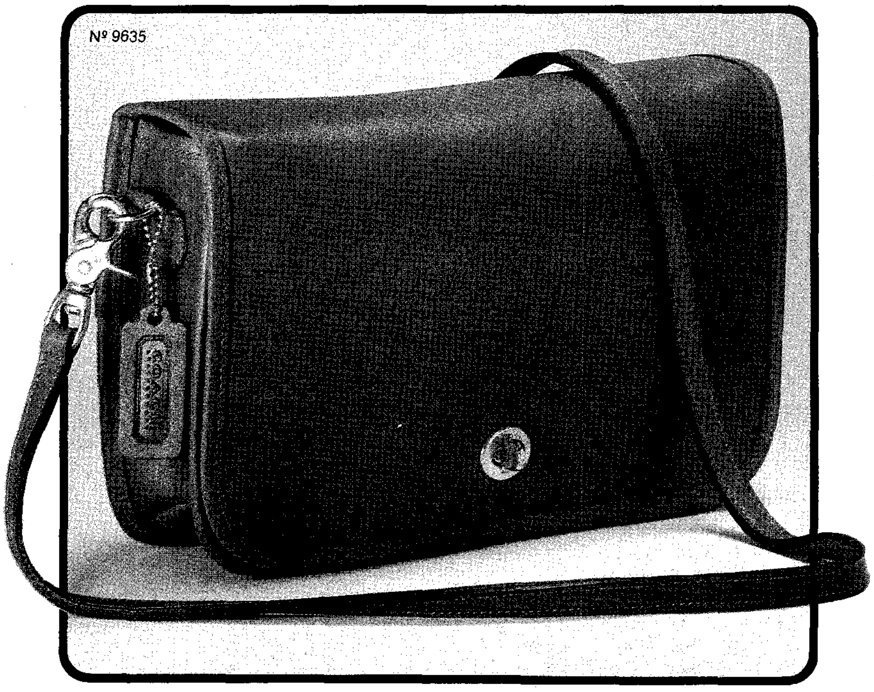
A few of the things you should know about Coach® Bags



Coach® Bags are basic, unlined leather bags that are very well made out of very good leather. They never go out of style, and, under normal conditions, can be worn and enjoyed for many years.

Coach® Bags are made by a small, privately held company that has been making leather bags, belts and billfolds since 1941. It is a family-owned business deeply committed to the excellence of its products and the quality of its service.

Coach® Bags are made in a wide range of classic, instantly recognizable models. Many of them were first introduced almost fifteen years ago and are still in production today. There are small, medium and large sizes, and most of them are available in ten colors.

Coach® Bags are made out of a completely natural, uncorrected, full grain leather that has been cured in a special formulation of tanning extracts to render it soft and supple to the touch. Great care is taken not to cover over the natural markings of this leather with paints, sealers, or artificial finishes, and to use only clear aniline colors that enhance rather than conceal these beautiful markings.

Coach® Bags are virtually indestructible. There are no synthetic lining materials to tear, pull out or come apart. The buckles are cast in solid brass. The seams are sewn with 3-ply high tenacity nylon—double stitched where necessary—and can withstand over 100 lbs. of stress.

Coach® Bags are "one-of-a-kind" bags, each one identified at the factory with its own registration number stamped right into the leather. Because it is made out of a completely "naked" leather, each Coach® Bag will develop its own distinctive patina, changing gradually in appearance and growing darker in coloration as it is worn.

Coach® Bags are soft, supple, unconstructed bags designed to be worn casually and often—at work and at play. True American Classics, they look good with everything and can be worn and enjoyed any time, anywhere. Like a favorite pair of blue jeans, they seem to improve with wear, taking on additional character as they are broken in.

Coach® Bags and Belts are made in New York City and sold in selected stores throughout the country. For Catalogue and store list write or call: Coach Leatherware, 516 West 34th Street, New York 10001. Tel: (212) 594-3914 to come in. We climbed the stairs to the second floor, and she led me around to the right, into the small back corner room that we had called the spare room.

I tried to take in, all at once, both the present and the past in this space. The first things that hit me, after the depressing drabness and disorder of the dark halls and worn stairs, were the cheerfulness, the cleanliness, the bright colors here beyond the first of the many closed doors in the house. There was a young man in the room, in a neatly pressed blue-cotton Mao jacket, with a large square of white gauze fastened over his Adam's apple by adhesive tape. A young woman stood beside him. Against the far wall was a bed, with folded bedding on it. Near the center of the room stood an iron stove, with a tin stovepipe reaching up to a wall. Tropical fish swam in a tank. Bright calendars hung on the walls. Strewn around, or piled in corners, or tucked on shelves, were books and magazines, cooking utensils, crockery and china, folded clothing.

The room had been plain in our time—a bed, a table, some pictures on the wall; there was a vague imprint on my memory of a yellowish-brown color. It was a room we rarely used. Sometimes a sewing woman worked there, with such a powerful garlic breath that I used to think her exhalations might set fire to the clothes she mended. Dr. Siler gave us boys typhoid shots there. As I stood in the doorway taking in the changes, a memory flashed in my mind of the only spanking I ever received; I had got it in this room. I couldn't for the life of me recall what bad act of mine had moved my father to the almost unthinkable extremity of corporal punishment, but I did remember my rejoicing that his kind heart had made him spank me with gentle taps of a very soft felt slipper.

My hostess said her name was Fu Zhuangyi. She was a woman probably in her late fifties, who must have been beautiful once; her face was crisscrossed now with deep wrinkles, which are unusual in the remarkable satin of Chinese skin. She said the bandaged man was the youngest of her four sons, Guo Jihua; he was just home from a minor operation at the hospital. The young woman was his fiancée. Mrs. Fu's husband, who had been chief of the safety-protection office in a sewing-machine plant, had died a year before.

Mrs. Fu said that, of all the families now in the house, hers had been the first to live in it. They had been there for more than thirty years. She could date their occupancy by the fact that Jihua had been born in August, 1949, and they had moved in when he was five months old, in January, 1950. That had been just after Liberation. They had been given the servants' quarters, in the back of the house. There had been seven families from the very start. The house had then been in fine condition, and the side yard had been open and clean. The encroaching firehouse had been built in the fifties. Soon after they moved in, their landlord, the Y.M.C.A., had tried to raise the rent, she indignantly said. The whole building organized a protest, and the Y.M.C.A. took the matter to court. The upshot was that the state had nationalized the house.

I asked what the rent was now.

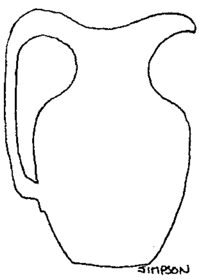
She said it was ten yuan eighty fen a month—about six dollars—for the two rooms; but Jihua's organization paid half of that, as a subsidy.

Two rooms?

Mrs. Fu pointed to a door I hadn't noticed, or remembered, which opened on attic stairs.

All four of her sons, Mrs. Fu said, were university graduates. Jihua told me that he worked in the personnel office of what he called a building-materials school. But his ambition was to be a writer, and he was going to night school to study Chinese literature.

Mrs. Fu then asked me to tell her about my childhood in the house. She must have heard a turmoil of feelings in what I said; her voice as she asked further questions became more and more hesitant and cautious. Then suddenly she said, "Why don't you move in? You were born in this house, you belong here."



I laughed.

But she was not joking. In the most unaffectedly cordial way, she said there was plenty of room for a cot in the attic, where Jihua slept. They would be glad to have my company. Jihua immediately agreed.

Considering the risks and complications of their inviting not only a total stranger but especially a foreigner into their home, the friendliness of this gesture by these two touched me beyond words. I had imagined many strange possibilities, looking ahead to my return to my childhood home, but nothing like this one. Mrs. Fu's invitation had obviously come on an impulse, and she and her son both clearly meant what they were saying. Over and over, as we talked on, Mrs. Fu urged me to come and stay. My thanks, as I declined, were awkward and inadequate.

FROM then on, Ye did me the kindness of knocking on doors and explaining my visit. From Mrs. Fu's we went diagonally across the upstairs hall, to the door of the large room at the front of the house—the room in which I was born. When I was six or seven, my parents moved to the back bedroom, and we three boys shared this one. Most of the time, we slept out on a sleeping porch; the room beyond this door became our dayroom. A small, wiry man answered the knock. After a slight hesitation, he invited us in. I felt disoriented, because the old room was now partitioned into two halves. One could guess that our host, who told us his name was Tang Yanjing, was a person with some clout, because he and his wife and one grown son had the luxury of three rooms—the two rooms made from the big room, and the now winterized sleeping porch. Mr. Tang's modest importance, it turned out, was that he belonged to the secret police. He answered questions in the manner of one who knew what questioning was all about—precisely, with no extra words.

He had lived here for twenty-eight years. He worked now in the public-security office of the Food Bureau. Previously, he had worked in the Public-Security Bureau itself. His son had been an infant when he and his wife moved in. The boy, now twenty-eight years old, worked at a plant making electric meters.

The house had stood up in the earthquake, but the walls had been cracked. Everyone moved out. The Tangs lived for two years in a temporary hut. Then they borrowed an apartment in another building. Our house was in the jurisdiction of the Heping District. Its House-Managing Station propped up the roof with heavy beams as pillars, stripped away the walls, and put in new walls, just like the former ones: stucco on the first floor, bricks above. But they changed the windows. There used to be two small windows there, facing the street. Now, as could be seen, there was one large window. It took two years to get around to making the repairs. It took one year to complete them.

They paid eleven yuan a month for the three rooms. On top of that, his organization contributed a subsidy. Total rent was seventeen yuan thirty fen—about nine dollars and forty cents a month.

What with the large window, the light in the half room was bright. There were pictures of Mao Zedong and Zhou Enlai on the wall. It was not easy, while carrying on a rapid direct examination and getting short answers, to conjure up the past. Some subliminal glimpses moved through my mind. A siskin in a cage, singing brilliantly. Charles Kingsley's "The Heroes" open on the foot of the bed. There! I am watching a silkworm deposit its pearly filament as it crisscrosses back and forth on waxed paper stretched over the mouth of a glass. My brother Arthur has a score of "The Mikado;" he is singing, for fun, the part of Pooh-Bah. Roscoe is sorting stamps. Stimulated by my envy of Eppy the historian, I turn my attention to a draft of the opening sentences—all that will ever get written—of a biography of Woodrow Wilson.

NEXT, I called on the family that lived in the other upstairs room at the front of the house—our guest room. As I entered the room, I remembered my father calling me into it one afternoon when I was seven, going to a bureau, and taking out from a drawer and putting into my hands a three-quarter-size violin he had bought, he said, for me, three years before in France. (He had gone there toward the end of the First World War to take charge of the Y.M.C.A. services for two hundred thousand Chinese coolies who had been shipped to France to dig trenches, unload ships, and repair roads for the Allies.) And I remembered my brother Arthur, who at age sixteen was teaching English part time at a Chinese middle school, and was using this room for his preparations—remembered his silhouette in the doorway, consoling me as I climbed the stairs, wretched because I had just found my dog Marcus run over by a car in the street. "Tough luck, kiddo," he said.

The head of the family living in it now was Tu Guanxiong, a fifty-six-year-old cadre in the Industrial and Commercial Bureau of the Heping District of the Tientsin Municipal Government. The family, which had lived in the house for twenty-six years, had two rooms; Mr. Tu and his wife lived in this one, and their two daughters lived downstairs in what had been our kitchen. One of the daughters was the pretty girl we had met the other day in the red sweater suit, which she was now wearing again; she told us that she was a teacher in No. 11 Tientsin Kindergarten. Her younger sister worked in a clothing factory and was an amateur painter; several of her paintings were hanging on the walls, along with some posters for Peking operas picturing the great female-role actor Mei Lanfang. The kindergarten teacher said she also had two older brothers, who lived elsewhere—one worked in a furniture factory, the other in a steel mill. There was a television set against one wall, and standing in the room were three glistening bicycles of the best Chinese makes—two Phoenixes and a Flying Pigeon. The teacher told us there was another bike in the room downstairs.

IN my parents' bedroom—the back room—lived Yang Congyun, a cadre in the Tientsin Cultural Bureau (Italian Section), in charge of a library of Italian operas and films. He and his wife had also been in the house for twenty-six years. Two daughters lived with them, one a student in the Mechanical Engineering Department of Tientsin University, the other in nursing school. Two sons lived elsewhere; one worked in the administrative office of the Tientsin Taxi Company, and the other was a repairer of electrical equipment on buses.

Mr. Yang was preparing to dismantle the iron stove in the middle of the room. He explained that most people took their stoves down in the temperate months and stored them away. His wife said there had been central heating before the earthquake; she pointed to a corner and said the radiator had been there. I well remembered that radiator. There had been a door next to it, leading through a walk-in closet to the other room and to the sleeping porch, and I remembered one particularly cold winter morning when I came in half frozen from my porch bed and put my clothes on the radiator and leaned against it, reading "The Wonderful Wizard of Oz," until my clothes and I were warm.

MY father's study, downstairs facing the street to the left of the front door, had been, I think, the happiest room in the house for me. My father was seldom there, because he worked long hours at the Y. Three walls were lined with bookcases full of riches, including—most precious of all, to me—"The Book of Knowledge." Also in that room was Father's L. C. Smith typewriter, on which we children were allowed to hunt and peck. Zhang Lingxiang, a pharmaceutical technician, and his wife had lived in the room for a decade. When we came in, Mrs. Zhang was preparing a meal, in the way each family in the house must also have done it, since none had kitchens—over a charcoal brazier on the floor. The family was waiting now to move to Mr. Zhang's mother's house, which was being repaired. A daughter worked in a department store; a son, who lived with his grandmother, was a "job-waiting youth"—the euphemism used in China for unemployed graduates of middle schools.

NEXT, we went out to the servants' quarters, in the back courtyard, down some steps from a platform beside the kitchen. Although my father's salary was only about two hundred American dollars a month, our family had three servants. I think it must speak well for my mother's management of the house that through all the years I can remember, at least, we had the same three: Yong Heng (which means "Eternal Fountain"), our cook; Li, the No. 1 Boy; and Lao San, the coolie. Li wore a white gown, served table, and made our beds. Lao San tended the furnace, swept, and was cruel to my dogs. (Marcus was succeeded by Patsy.) We boys had been taught to respect the servants' privacy, and I do not remember ever having been in their rooms. There was, however, provision for one more servant than we had, and one servant's room, left empty, became a special playroom for us boys. The rooms were tall, and Roscoe built in that extra room a second floor, reachable only through a trapdoor—a most secret place. Up there were performed the rituals of Roscoe's Star Gang. A rival Eagle Gang of slightly older boys had headquarters, I think, in the Coop Club. There was a thrillingly duplicitous period of my life when I was a double agent, spying back and forth between the two gangs.

Yong Heng, a short, chubby man who used to shout vile swearwords at the other servants, was a special friend of mine. He did most of the family

A TRUE STORY. WELL, ALMOST.

We honestly don't know anyone who has 52 phones. But recently we met a man who has 18. (He collects phones the way some people collect clocks.)

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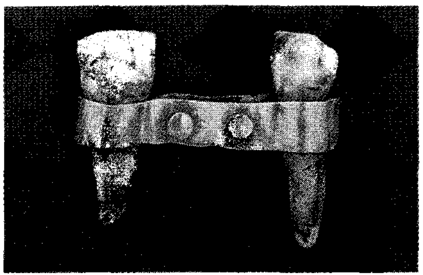
MAN AND HIS GOLD, A SERIES

When you realize what gold can do, you'll know why dentists use so much of it.

It is almost beyond belief, this scene from the Middle Ages. A fire burns in a dark corner of a room. At the other end sits a toothache victim with an open mouth. Bending over him, a man pours into the cavity in his tooth a molten lead alloy. You can imagine the ensuing sound effects.

Things were better farther back, in the 6th century B.C., when in Italy the Etruscans practiced the art of wiring loose teeth together with strips of gold. The ancient Greeks and Romans also used gold in their crude prostheses.



Ancient Etruscan gold bridgework still gleams like new.

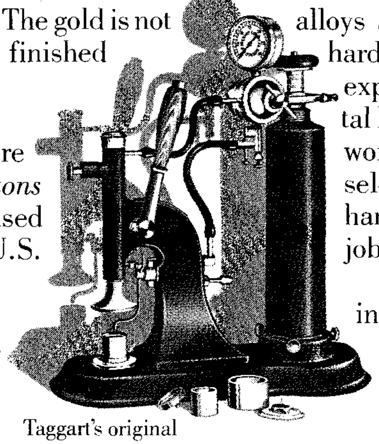
But only recently, in this century, has the use of gold been perfected with the high-quality restoration of teeth.

The breakthrough came in 1907 with the development—or rather rediscovery—of the "lost wax" casting process by the American dentist, W.H. Taggart. For example, a crown or inlay is first carefully shaped out of wax. It is then surrounded by a heat-resistant plaster. After the plaster hardens, it is heated and the wax melts out of it. Into the resulting hollow is poured molten gold alloy. Upon cooling, the plaster is broken open, leaving an exact duplicate of the restoration in gold. This, very much simplified, is the way gold crowns, inlays and other dental restorations are molded.

Another breakthrough occurred in the 1950's when porcelain was developed that could be fused to gold alloys, making it possible for artificial teeth to look absolutely natural. The gold is not visible in the finished restoration.

In this and other ways, more than twelve *tons* of gold were used in 1981 by U.S. dentists.

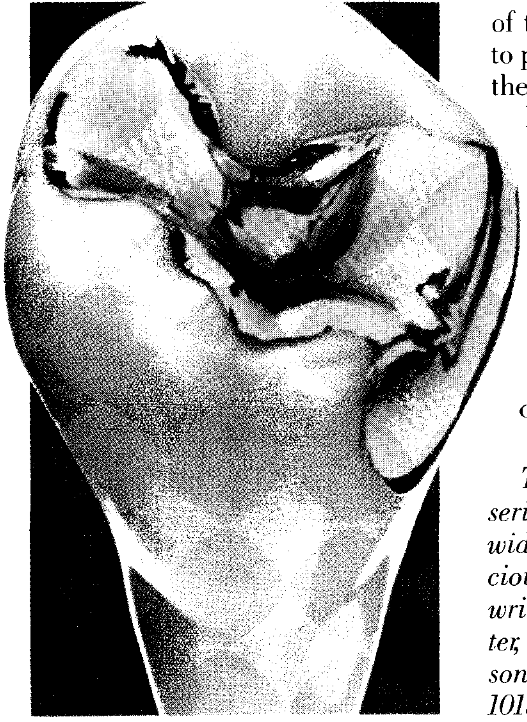
What is it that makes gold so useful?



Taggart's original machine for high-precision casting of dental gold.

It will not corrode or tarnish in the mouth. It has no injurious effect on gums and other tissues. It takes a high polish. It is malleable and can be shaped easily without breaking. Being malleable, it can be made to fit tightly around the edges of a cavity, sealing it perfectly. It won't fracture under the powerful pressures of biting. And gold is everlasting.

The most durable restorations are made of gold.



Today, standardized gold casting alloys are available with different hardnesses, melting points and expansions. They give the dental laboratory technician a lot to work with. For instance, he can select gold alloys in various hardnesses depending on the job they have to do.

Though the price of gold has increased over the years, the main cost in dentistry is labor and services, not metal. Only small amounts of gold alloy are used in restorations, typically one-twentieth of an ounce or less in the average crown.

Cheaper, base-metal alloys have been developed to replace gold, but none of them have worked as well. Some are even suspect: there is particular concern about the toxicity of nickel, which is used in certain of these alloys. Other problems such as miscastings, discoloration of teeth, and inadequate adhesion to porcelain are more frequent with these substitutes.

No metal is more trustworthy or has a longer history of use in dentistry than gold. Instinctively we know how precious gold is; it has been prized as jewelry since ancient times. But gold is even more precious when it is the jewelry of the mouth, for nothing is more precious than one's health.

This advertisement is part of a series produced in the interest of a wider knowledge of man's most precious metal. For more information, write to The Gold Information Center, Dept. N12, P.O. Box 934, Madison Square Station, New York, NY 10159.

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The Gold Information Center

shopping. My mother gave him a monthly allowance, and whatever he could save, after providing for us in tip-top fashion, was his to keep. He stashed his cash in a large cloth bag in a hiding place in the kitchen. One day, he showed me where it was and gave me to understand that I could draw on it, in modest amounts, whenever I felt an urgent need to buy malt candy or peanuts from a street vender, or when I was badly tired and craved a rickshaw ride home from school. As one who was trying to learn to play a Western violin, I was entranced by the sweet but melancholy sounds, which often came from these back rooms, of an *erhu*—a two-stringed Chinese fiddle.

These quarters were still the least desirable in the house, and in them lived the youngest family of all, and the most recent arrivals. Zhang Guoliang, an engineer in a paper-pulp research institute, was in his early forties, and he had had these rooms for a little more than two years. The family had lived before in the Small White House district, and they had been given the rooms after the previous occupant died. Here the rent was only six yuan thirty a month, of which Mr. Zhang had to pay only two (about a dollar-ten). The Zhangs had two young sons, one in primary and one in middle school.

UPSTAIRS, I had noticed that our old bathroom was disused. The ancient, claw-footed tub was still sitting there, in which once a week I had been obliged to scrub away a ring of dirt around my ankles, from running in mud trenches and scuffling on the playing fields in the Rec. The old toilet was there, too. But neither fixture was connected to any plumbing. There were no bathrooms in any of the rooms, and I had begun to wonder what sanitary arrangements there were in the house. Now, going back inside, I saw that there was a room to the left, under the rise of the stairs, with a toilet and a faucet. Everyone, obviously, had to fetch water there for washing and cooking in the various rooms. Twenty-four residents had to take turns in the bathroom.

LAST, we visited the family living in the two large rooms that my family had used as living room and dining room. We were welcomed with particular cordiality by a young woman named Wang Jiye, who exclaimed, "Oh! Oh! Please come in! I will have a chance to practice my English!" She said her father, Wang Jiugong, whom she described as "an office worker for the Sports Commission," was working overtime that afternoon. He was an engineer who specialized in the design and building of athletic stadia, and his present assignment was as an adviser to the government of Pakistan, which was putting up a huge stadium in Islamabad with Chinese help. He was due to go to Pakistan in a few months to supervise the last stages of construction.

Jiye and her mother led us into the former living room. Its walls had been painted a pleasing blue. There was a television set in one corner, and against a wall stood—I couldn't believe my eyes, and had to be assured by Jiye that what I thought I saw was really there—a clothes-washing machine of a Chinese make.

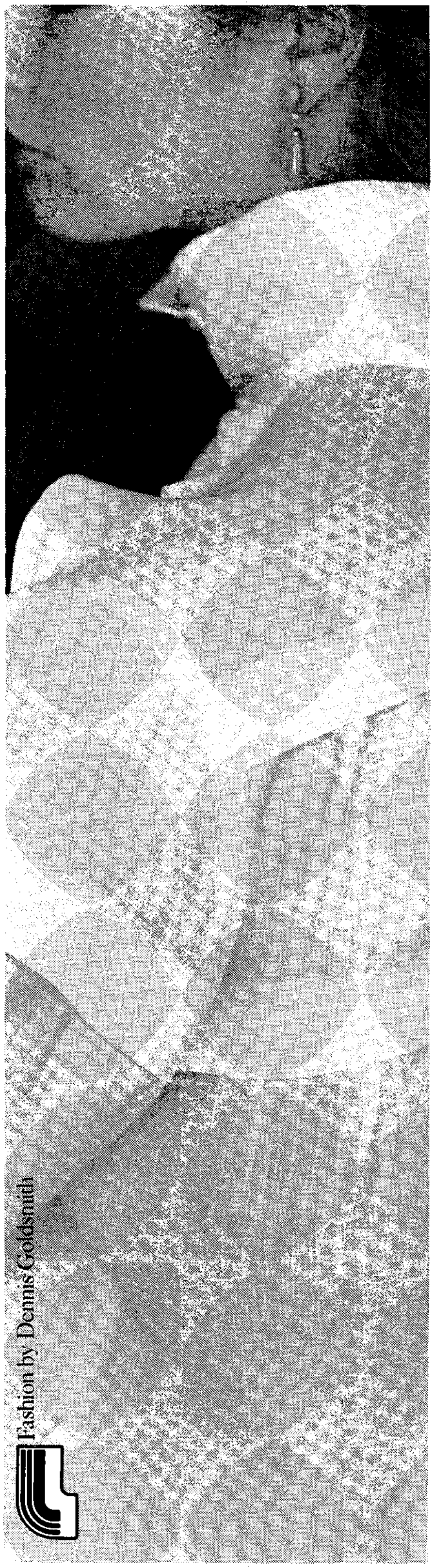
Jiye said her family had been living in the house for twenty years, though they had been kicked out for a while during the Cultural Revolution. Of the four children in the family, only Jiye and a younger sister, who was still in middle school, lived here now. The oldest brother, who was twenty-seven, worked as an electrician at Tientsin University. A younger brother had been sent to the countryside "during the Gang of Four time" and had come back as a job-waiting youth. "Therefore, my mother retired from being a teacher, so he could have her position. Yes, he teaches in her place. He teaches engineering—he uses electrical equipment to teach."

Where had the family lived when they were kicked out of this house?

"In a narrow, dark room near here, behind this building. But my father's case was clarified. My older brother suffered more than the others. We were too young. He was in time to suffer."

I said Jiye spoke excellent English. Where had she learned?

"Thank you for making me compliments, but I am full of error. I study at Spare-Time School. It was restored two years ago. I entered this school two years ago. I took the exam to enter university, because I am eager to learn knowledge. But I failed. I had a hard time at middle school because the school nearly stopped anything at all during the Cultural Revolution. I couldn't learn. But after I failed last year I didn't lose heart. I determined to take the exam again. This year, I did a lot of preparation. But to study hard is one thing, to master in a short time is another. I took the exam and



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missed the standard by three points on my score. This kept me away from the university. It was my last chance—I am twenty-five years old. So anyway I value the chance of Spare-Time School. It costs. It used to be six yuan a half year, now it is twenty yuan"—about eleven dollars—"a half year. I will pay anything to learn. I go three times a week at night. My teacher is a translator for the People's Republic Travel Service. She kindly gives her time at night so others can learn English."

As we talked on about the family, and about their life in the house, I tried to place myself in the old room. There had been a great deal of music here. A piano stood against the wall on the yard side, where a bed now was. My mother played "Gaudeamus Igitur" and "Nut Brown Maiden," Roscoe played "The Happy Farmer," and Arthur practiced Heller's "Twenty-five Studies for Developing a Sense for Musical Rhythm and Expression." My father played the cornet. There was a crank-up Victrola in the outer corner of the room, on which I listened by the hour to Kreisler's "Humoresque," Caruso's "Ridi, Pagliaccio," and Galli-Curci's mad scene from "Lucia di Lammermoor." We had Sunday-school classes in this room. And games at night, after parties. And each winter a breathtakingly dangerous Christmas tree stood by that wall, lit up by scores of real candles burning on it, fastened to the branches with little tin clips.

Jiye urgently wanted me to stay to dinner, and when I declined she begged me to come back again. She argued as a reason that I must meet her father. I promised.

AND so, after more than half a century, I had seen the rooms of the house again. When I left, I was walking on air. I could not have imagined, on that first afternoon when the sight of the house had depressed me so, that I would come away from this visit elated and stirred. No one could have helped being touched by the openness and warmth of these people, letting a stranger, a foreigner, burst in on them unannounced, as I had done. And to think of Mrs. Fu inviting me to come and live in my old home! But even more moving, to me, than this cordiality were the patience, the endurance, of these Chinese, their calmness as they talked, their acceptance of their hard circumstances, the many signs of their industry, frugality,

Elizabeth Ashley talks about her 'first time.'

ASHLEY: My first time was on the 'red-eye' from LA to New York.

INTERVIEWER: I had no idea you could get Campari on airplanes.

ASHLEY: Well, only on some U.S. airlines. But I'm told you can get it on most European flights. They're really much more cosmopolitan.

INTERVIEWER: Well, what was it like?

ASHLEY: It wasn't sweet. On the other hand, it wasn't really bitter. I guess bittersweet is the only way to describe it.

INTERVIEWER: Really? Tell me the whole story.

ASHLEY: Well, I was restless...couldn't sleep...didn't feel like reading. Then, somewhere over the Rockies, the man next to me turned and said, "Look, as long as you can't sleep, how'd you like to try something really different?"

I figured, oh, what the heck, why not.

So he turned off the reading lamps, called for the flight attendant, and ordered Campari for two.

Let's see, I had Campari and orange juice, and he had Campari and tonic.

INTERVIEWER: You certainly have a memory for detail. Then what?

ASHLEY: I guess I'm known for speaking my mind and about half way through I just had to tell him the truth.

INTERVIEWER: What did you say?

ASHLEY: "Is this it? Is this what all my friends are raving about?"

INTERVIEWER: Was he offended?

ASHLEY: Not at all. He just smiled and said, "Miss Ashley, most people feel that way their first time. But like a lot of things, it gets better and better."

You know, he was absolutely right. The second time was wonderful. And now I just love it...there are so many interesting ways to enjoy Campari.

INTERVIEWER: Yes, I'm sure. By the way, whatever happened to the man on the plane?

ASHLEY: That's my one regret. I just wish my second time could have been with him. I feel I owed him that much.

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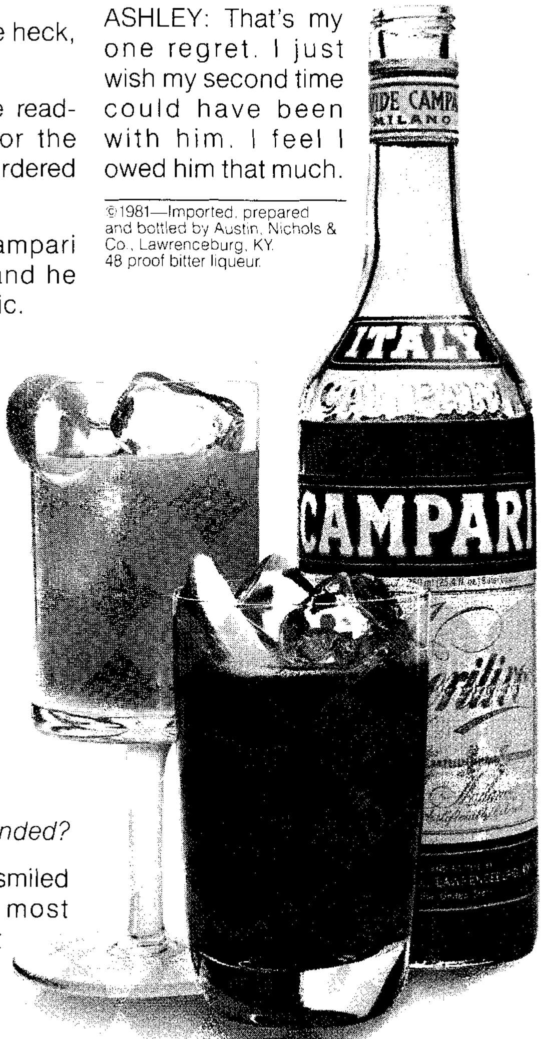

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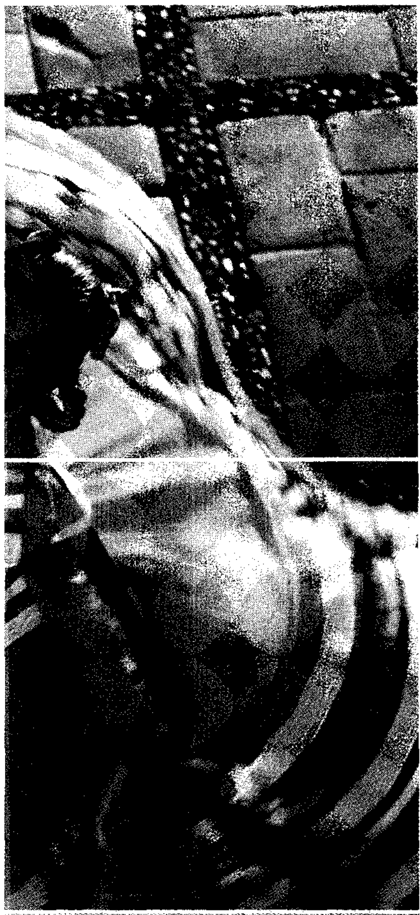

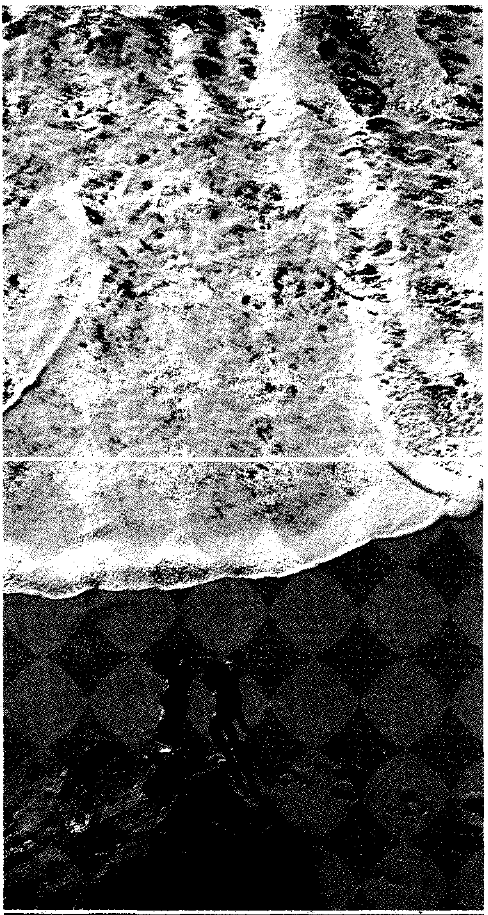

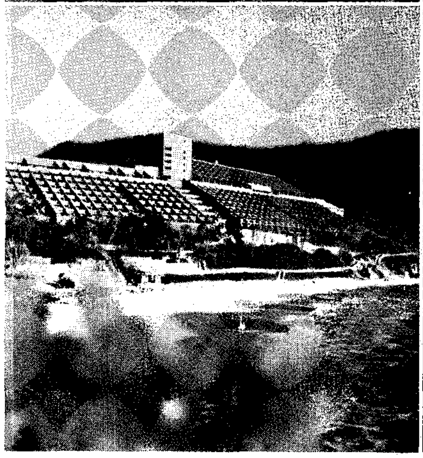

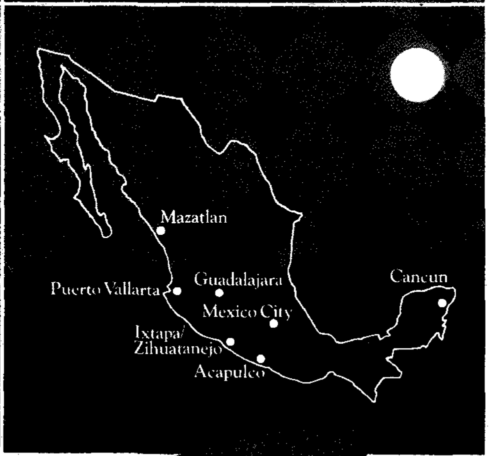
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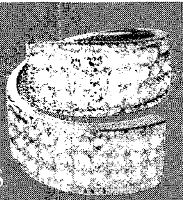

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and aspiration. One bathroom for twenty-four residents must surely have been a socializing force. I felt as if I had seen a cosmos compressed into my old home. What a range—a seamstress in a clothing factory, a hireling of the secret police, a curator of a library of Italian operas! I could see that there were rigid conventions in this tight abode. A strict seniority operated here: Servants' quarters for newcomers, then a slow climb up to the best rooms for the longest tenancies. Whatever other difficulties Socialist life might bring, the cost of housing was not one of them; all twenty-four people in these seven families lived in the house for a total rent of seventy-one yuan twenty fen—one-sixty American—a month per person.

One other thing had occurred to me: The fragmentary memories that had flitted in and out of my mind in the house, as I went from room to room, were of things that had no real connection with China—with either the China that had surrounded us boys back then or the China that lived in the house now. I realized how much we missionary children in Tientsin had been isolated from the hard realities of our natal country. I knew that this was far less true of my parents, especially of my father, who had given all of himself, and eventually his life, to trying to perceive and meet the needs of the real China—had travelled by mule cart into famine country toward the end and had contracted an encephalitis that was to bring him down. "My" house was now teeming with Chinese realities of sorts I had never been exposed to, fifty-odd years before. In the last couple of hours, I had at least begun to come to terms with the change. It had been inevitable. The address of the house now, after all, was 230 New China Road.

—JOHN HERSEY

(*This is the first part of a four-part article.*)

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CLEAR, IF STOICAL, DAYS ON THE FINANCIAL FRONT

[*From Department of the Treasury Form 90-22.1, Report of Foreign Bank and Financial Accounts*]

If you check item 5 for one or more accounts in which no United States person had a financial interest, you may state on the first line of this item, in lieu of supplying information about the owner, "No U.S. person had any financial interest in the foreign accounts." This statement must be based upon the actual belief of the person filing this form after he or she has taken reasonable measures to endure its correctness.

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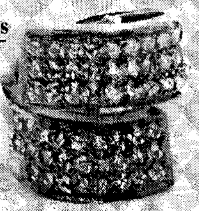

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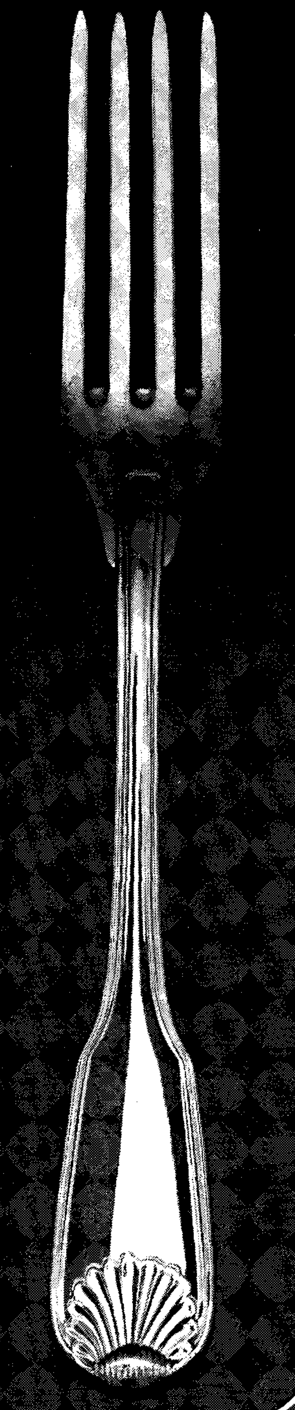

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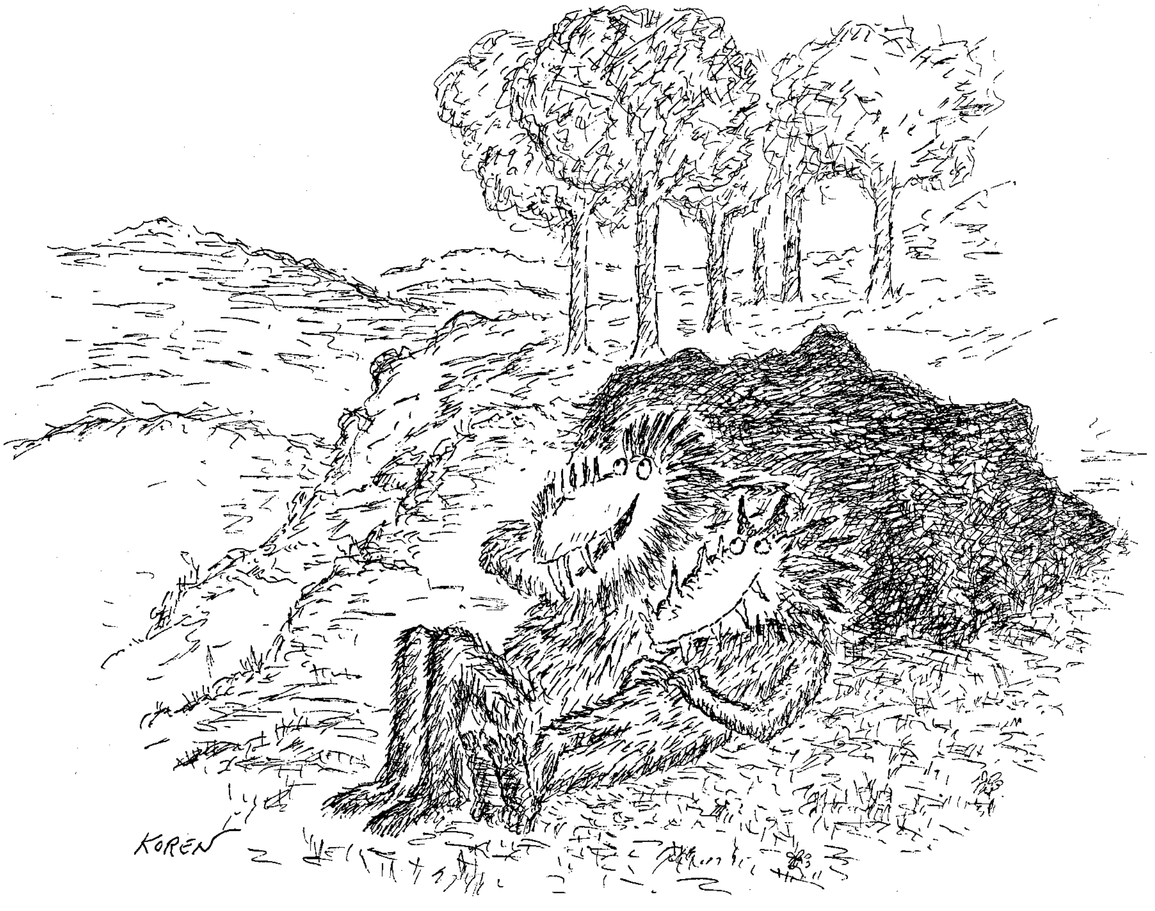
THE SPORTING SCENE

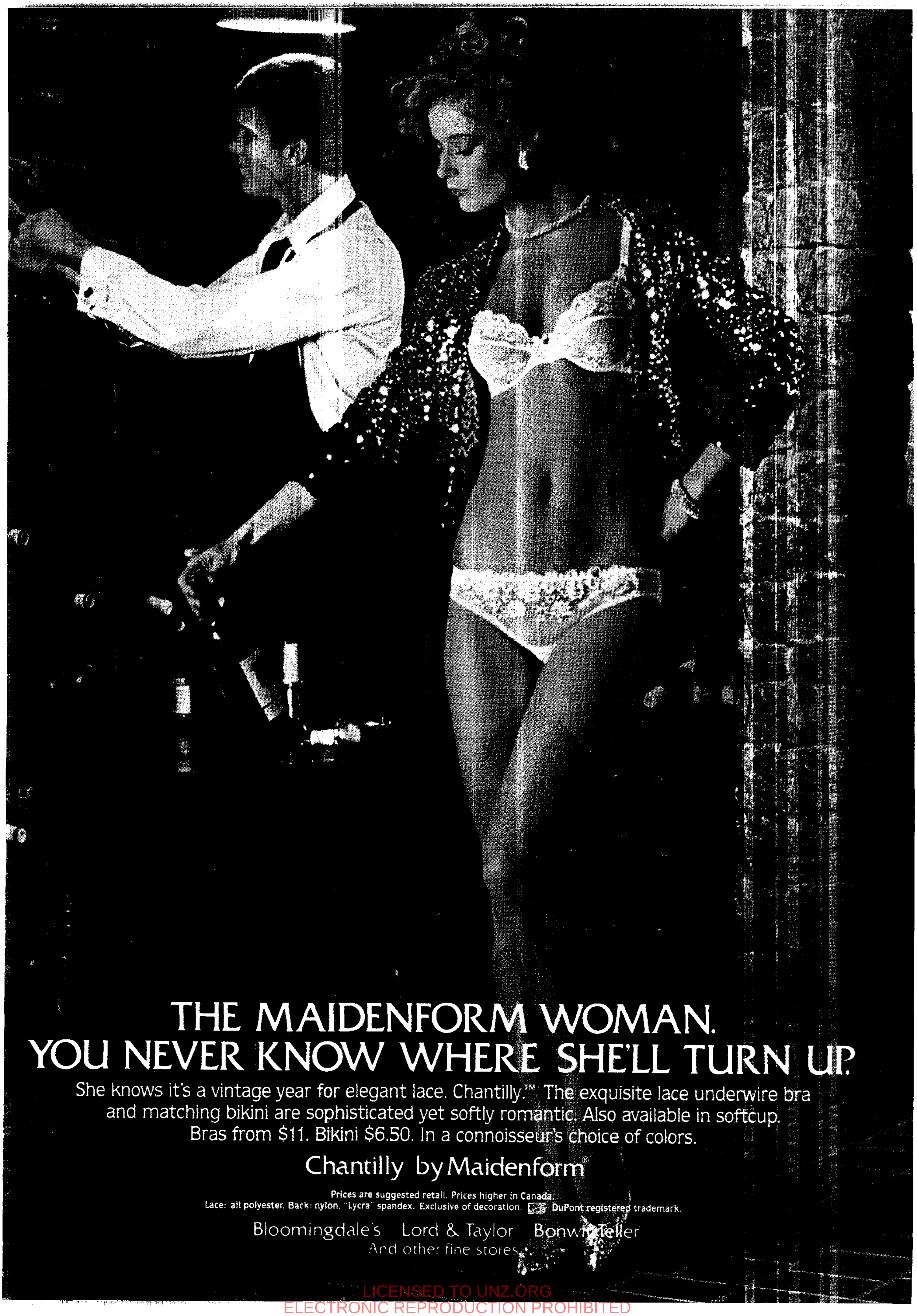
FOR OPENERS

SPRING was a little late this year. In March, as is my custom, I went south to meet the sun and watch the ball teams at early play, but what I met was warm rain in Arizona, cold rain in Florida, and many dispiriting views of players in windbreakers running muddy laps around the perimeter of their soaked and useless fields. When I was in Phoenix, the flooding of the Salt River closed some bridges and mucked up traffic, and one morning in St. Petersburg I was given a free copy of the *Evening Independent*, whose owner was keeping his proclaimed promise never to charge for papers published on a day entirely without sun. Some games and workouts were held, to be sure, but they did not warm me and lift me as much as in the past. Baseball's own weather—the lowering clouds left by last year's seven-week strike, and the persistent residual gloom of a decade or more of labor strife and public folly—also had a part in my unseasonal mopiness, I think, and when I came home I found myself eager as never before for Opening Day. The season—the real thing: the sudden new standings and fresh stats, the return of line scores and box scores and speculation and involvement—might make me well again, and the luck of the schedule, I discovered, meant that I would be able to assist at the flagwavings and flapdoodle at three separate local, or almost local, ballparks in the space of a few days. I took this as an omen and cheered up, and even the intervention of an astounding early-April blizzard, which wiped out almost the entire first week of scheduled play east of Chicago, only sharpened my boyish expectations. Four successive Yankee games were cancelled, while the ground crew at Yankee Stadium shovelled and hosed away a foot or more of drifts, but Easter Sunday did the trick, bringing us thin sunlight, a pale but reviving outfield greensward, flags and bands, Robert Merrill (in terrific midseason anthem form), and the visiting White Sox (in brand-new Easter road finery, featuring a block-letter uppercase "SOX" afloat in a band of red and navy across the chest, along with scarlet sleeves and fetchingly perverse scarlet socks). Chief Groundkeeper Jimmy Esposito, the Peary of the recent Bronxian expeditions, threw out the first ball, to grateful cries from the small crowd, and baseball, at very long last, was back.

Opening Day, I should add, is normally a mini-holiday in the baseball year, with approximately the same significance as Groundhog Day on the larger calendar. The only certified baseball wonder ever to befall in Game One was the inaugural-day no-hitter pitched by Bob Feller against the White Sox on April 16, 1940. Feller, the famous Cleveland fireballer, went on to pitch two more perfectos in his distinguished career, but the first one is the one treasured by late-night barroom zealots, who always introduce it by saying, "Name the only game in which all the players on one team ended up with the same batting averages"—.000, that is—"that they started with." The point is moot, of course, since it may be argued that the hapless Pale Hose all began that afternoon with no averages at all, but this, to be sure, is what baseball talk is *for*. (Once that burning issue has been thrashed out, it may even occur to one of the advocates present to wheel out another stumper, as codicil to the Feller game: "Name two players on the field that day who each played more than twenty years for one of those teams, who each went on into the Hall of Fame, and who never played in a World Series." The White Sox are the tipoff. The two are Ted Lyons, who pitched for them from 1923 to 1946, and Luke Appling, who was the Chicago shortstop from 1930 to 1950. When I was in college, a classmate of mine—a gifted eclectic who had grown up in Chicago—once startled me by announcing, "Ted Lyons is the Mies van der Rohe of pitchers.") I myself



"Isn't it astonishing that no two of us are exactly alike?"



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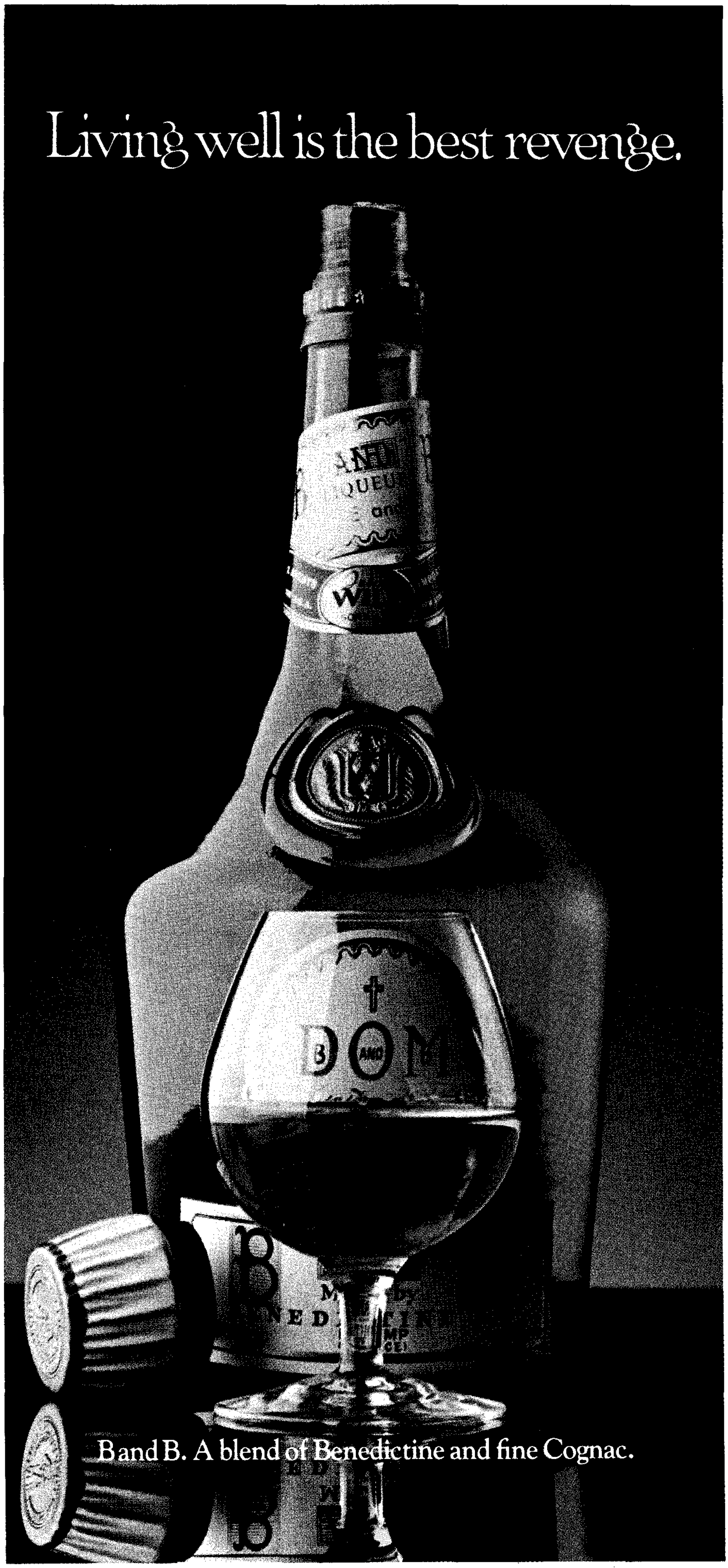
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would put forward a less well-remembered contest as the best opener ever—the game in Washington on April 13, 1926, in which the Senators' Walter Johnson pitched his seventh Opening Day shutout (a record, by a mile), besting the Philadelphia Athletics, 1–0, in fifteen innings. Vice-President Dawes attended, but the records do not reveal whether he lasted the distance, as the Big Train did. Pseudo-fans who find extra-inning shutouts too austere for their taste may prefer to go back a year, to a Cleveland–St. Louis opener: Indians 21–Browns 14.

The much-postponed beginning of this season for so many teams seemed to inspire musings and research into long-ago openers in many quarters. The mimeographed White Sox press notes distributed to me and the other Stadium press-box denizens on Easter included the following elegiac but anonymous lead paragraph, taken from the Chicago *Tribune* of May 25, 1901, describing the White Sox' first official home opener (the pennant referred to is not quite legitimate, since the American League was not recognized as a major league until 1901):

> Under the fairest of skies that the weather clerk could select from his varied stock of April goods; with a championship pennant floating high above them from the proudest pine of all Michigan's forests; with 9,000 fans to cheer them from a pent-up enthusiasm that burst forth at every possible opportunity, the White Stockings opened the American League baseball season on the South Side grounds yesterday with a clean-cut victory over the aggregation from Cleveland. The score was 8 runs to 2.

“Happy New Year!” several baseball friends of mine exclaimed when we met and shook hands in the basement corridors of the Stadium or around the batting cage early on Easter afternoon—thus reinforcing a conviction I have that the cheerfulness of a brand-new baseball season is better founded than the dogged, vinous optimism of New Year's Eve. Seen from the veranda of Opening Day, the sunlit new season appears to stretch away almost endlessly into summer. The winners of each first game may entertain hopes, however manic, of a wholly unexpected pennant, while the losers remind themselves that there remain one hundred and sixty-one games in which to do better. The occasion also invites a view in the opposite direction—toward long-gone April afternoons and the first bands and bunting of a career. Every ballplayer remembers his own first Opening

Day—the day he made the club not as a September rookie called up for a few trial at-bats or late relief innings but as one of the chosen, part of a new team. Yogi Berra, a Yankee coach of long tenure, instantly smiled—a gentle, seamed smile, like a Gladstone bag opening—when I asked if he still remembered his first spring game here at the Stadium. "Oh, yeah," he said hoarsely. "You don't forget that. We played the Athletics, and Spud Chandler pitched for us. We got beat. I'd been up for a few games in '46, but this was different. I played right field—did you know that? Aaron Robinson was our catcher then, so they stuck me out in right."

I knew. I attended that opener, on a cold April day in 1947, thirty-five years ago—can that be possible?—and sat with friends in the lower right-field grandstand, and I have a clear memory of watching Yogi fall on his face in pursuit of a drive hit toward right center. It was my first sight of him, and I knew at once he'd never make it in the majors—never in a million years.

Yankee manager Bob Lemon said, "Mine was 1946. I was a center fielder for the Indians then—I hadn't batted my way out of the lineup yet—and Bob Feller won us the game. I had butterflies, all right."

This was before the long-postponed first game had begun, and I asked Lemon if he had butterflies now.

"No," he said. "I don't think you can have butterflies for a *week*."

THE Yanks and the White Sox were to play a doubleheader, with the second game tacked on at the last minute to make up for one of the snow-outs. It was not the first Opening Day doubleheader ever played, as some of the players and scribes on hand seemed to think. Back on April 20, 1903—if I may indulge in a little more game-dropping here—the Boston Pilgrims began their home season by splitting a morning-afternoon twin bill with the Athletics at the old Huntington Avenue Grounds, in Boston. In the morning game, the Pilgrims (they became the Red Sox in 1907) bunted nine times against the Athletics' starter, Rube Waddell, while beating him by 9–4. The strategy was devised by Boston manager Jimmy Collins, who inflamed his players with the news that Rube, a notorious night owl, had been on the town the night before and, indeed, had probably not risen before noon for many years. In

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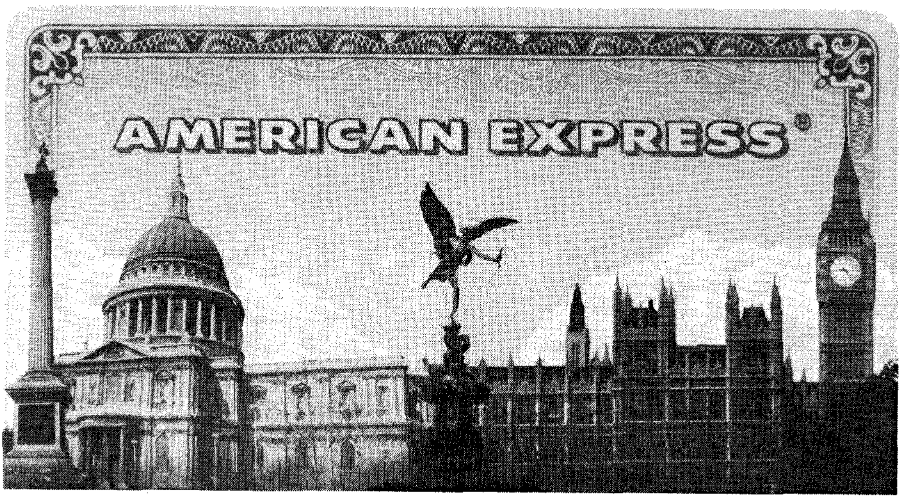

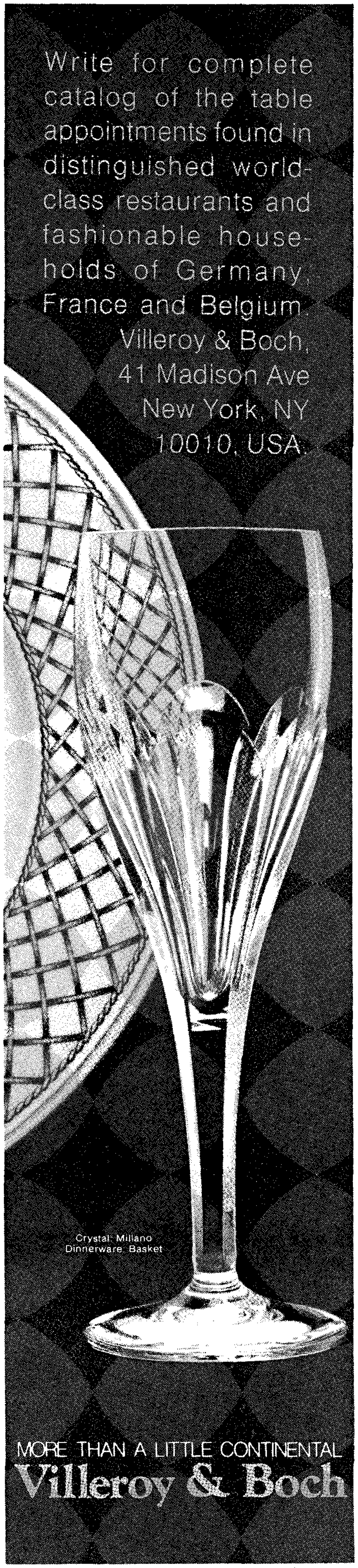

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MORE THAN A LITTLE CONTINENTAL
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the afternoon game, Chief Bender evened things up by outpitching the Pilgrims' ace, Cy Young, as the Athletics won, 10–7. It was the first victory of Bender's career.

Before play began up at the Stadium, I ran into Roland Hemond, the White Sox general manager, who told me about a more recent Opening Day twin bill. "Back in 1971, Charlie Finley scheduled us into Oakland for a doubleheader for the opener," Hemond said. He is a medium-sized, soft-spoken man with a large head—a head crammed with baseball lore. "The A's had already played the Presidential opener in Washington, but these were the first games for us. We'd been fifty-six and one-oh-six the year before, and Charlie must have figured he had a lamb, so why not start off by winning two at home? We won both games. In the first game, Vicente Romo did a great job in relief. Bart Johnson pitched the second game for us and went the distance. Rich McKinney got the winning hit in the first game, and Carlos May hit a homer in the second game and then forgot to touch home plate, but we won it just the same. I don't know if it was the first Opening Day doubleheader ever, but Charlie said it was, and you can bet he took credit for it. After we'd won them both, I thanked him for his foresight and imagination. I meant it, too. We hadn't played at home yet, and we figured we'd only draw about eighteen thousand there for our opener. But after the sweep we went home and drew forty-three five and ran out of hot dogs. We won that game, too. Then we lost seven in a row. Enjoy the moment, I always say."

I enjoyed it, or tried to, but I have trouble really enjoying any Yankee games these days. The Yankee clubhouse before the game was a room of long faces and subdued conversations—with the longest face of all belonging to shortstop Bucky Dent, who appeared to be almost in shock. A day earlier, George Steinbrenner had traded relief pitcher Ron Davis to Minnesota in return for Roy Smalley, the Twins' extremely capable veteran shortstop. *Two* shortstops? No explanation suggested itself. Smalley is a switch-hitter, but Dent, who bats right-handed, has been a fixture at his position for five years with the Yankees—a good, dependable .250 hitter who has formed an integral part of the middle defense in a half decade of almost continuous Yankee success, and who is known to rise to occasions;

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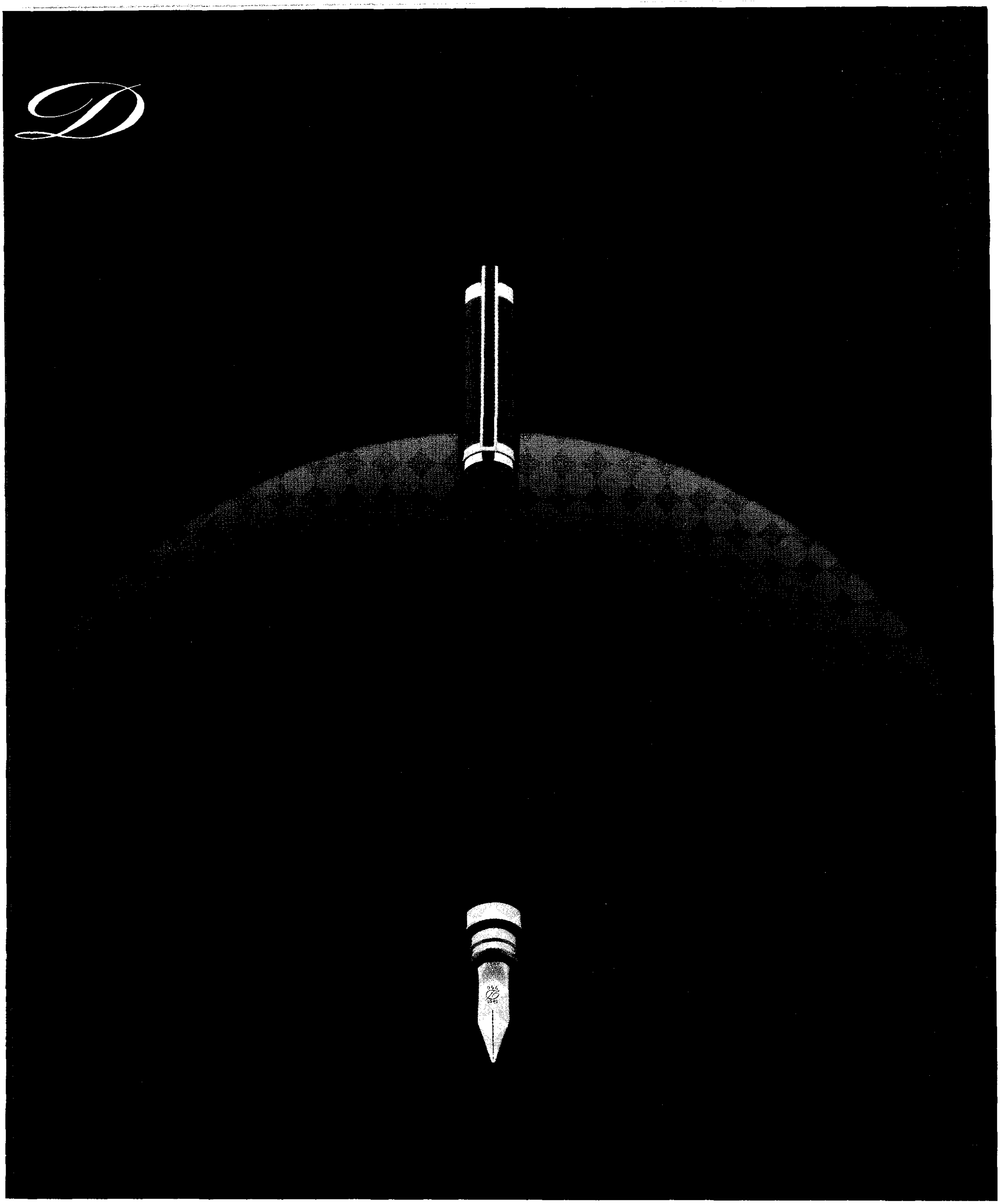

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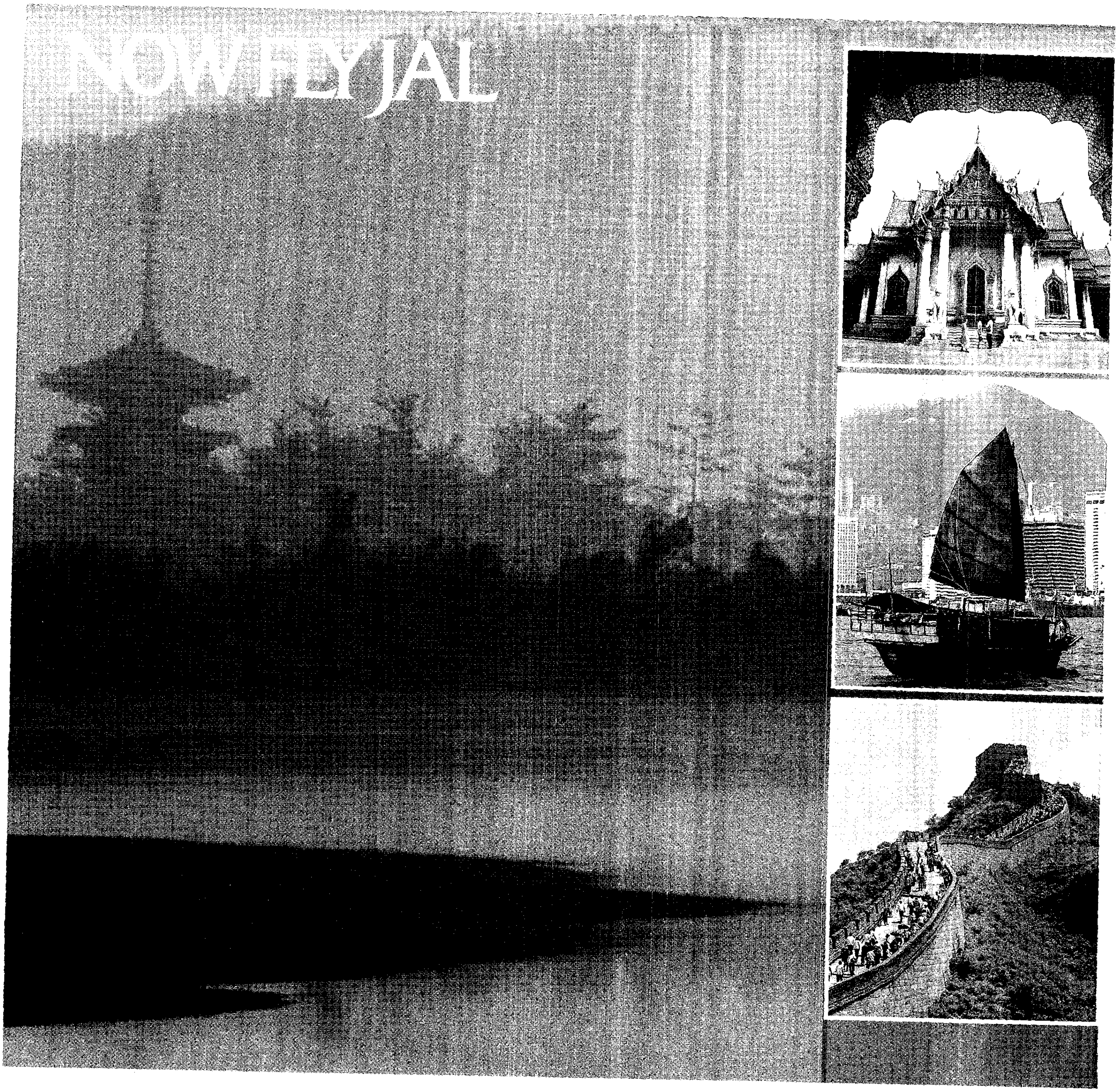

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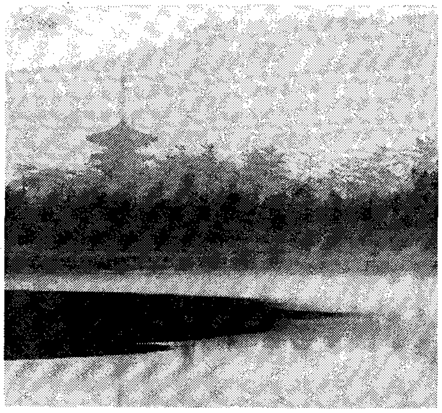

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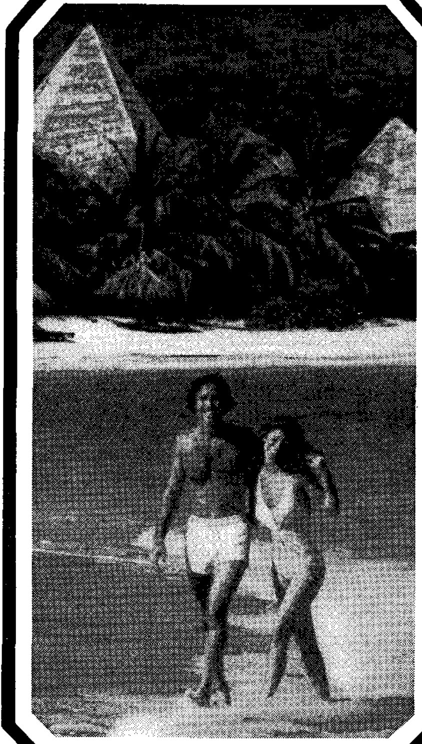
viz., his World Series average of .349, and his famous, game-winning homer struck against right-hander Mike Torrez in the one-game divisional-championship playoff against the Red Sox in 1978. The departure of Davis had been almost expected, in spite of his sterling work in late or middle-late relief over the past three seasons, for he had been ineffectual in the World Series last fall and had then ventured to go to salary arbitration in the off-season—on this club a gesture tantamount to Oliver Twist's asking for more gruel. The Yankees won the case, but a Steinbrenner never forgets, and now Davis was gone.

Gone, too, of course, was Reggie Jackson, who was not signed to a new contract after he reattained free agency in the off-season, and who then moved along to the Angels, for a contract worth close to a million dollars per year. The new Yankees include outfielders Ken Griffey and Dave Collins, both former members of the Cincinnati Reds' picket line; third baseman Butch Hobson; and pitchers Shane Rawley and Doyle Alexander. Griffey and Collins are experienced, admirable ballplayers (Griffey is a lifetime .307 hitter), but Collins, who had been promised by Mr. Steinbrenner that he would play "as often as Dave Winfield plays" before he signed his $850,000-per-year contract, did not make the Yankees' opening-game lineup, because the club now possesses more highly paid, highly talented outfielders (and infielders, too) than can be put on the field at one time. This will make for platooning and foreboding, and for some hard days for Manager Lemon, who himself has for some time expected to be replaced, upon the barest evidence of a Yankee losing streak, by Gene Michael, the manager he succeeded in September last year and who is the already announced Yankee manager for 1983. (The expected axe fell sooner than expected; Lemon was released on the last Sunday in April, when the Yankees' record for the young season stood at six wins and eight losses.)

Each one of these parlous, impatient maneuvers, it will be noticed, focusses speculation and attention upon Mr. Steinbrenner, which is exactly as he wants it. The gloom and doubt in the Yankee clubhouse were only a continuation of the atmosphere I had sensed a few weeks earlier at their camp in Fort Lauderdale, which was far and away the unhappiest spring-training bivouac I had ever seen. In Florida,



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Mr. Steinbrenner wrangled with his manager over which Yankees were to play at which positions during the spring exhibition games; so persistently hectored Lou Piniella as to suggest that some toll or tribute was being exacted for Sweet Lou's new three-year contract, signed last winter; belittled rookies who had performed poorly in a game; administered an angry tongue-lashing to three Yankee veterans for some trifling jokes they had made to a columnist about the stern aura in camp; ordered extra workouts and additional morning games for the squad on days after the team had lost a game; and announced his "great displeasure" with Oscar Gamble after that stalwart had refused to be traded to Texas (for Al Oliver), as was his contractual right. During the winter, the Yankee players had been "invited" to come to Florida a full two weeks before any other clubs forgathered, with the promise of extra days off while in camp to relieve the tedium of a two-month training grind, but the days of rest were withdrawn one after the other, because of the troops' insufficient zeal. When I got to Fort Lauderdale, late in March, several Yankee players told me that they were flat-out exhausted. The sweet-tempered Tommy John said, "It's been a woeful camp. I can hardly wait for the season to start, so all this can end." Now the season had come, but no end was in sight. The new Yankees, in the wonderful phrase of the *News* columnist Mike Lupica, are Murmurers' Row.

None of this is entirely new, to be sure, for Mr. Steinbrenner's brand of baseball and self-aggrandizement is very well known in sports by now, and it has a considerable following. "That George—he's *something!*" one hears in cabs and at checkout counters, and at dinner tables, too. Likewise, "George sure likes to win—I'll say that for him." And "Old George understands New York—we want winners here." And even "George *loves* New York. I think that's great." I heard this last from a member of a panel of sportswriters on a television show I was watching, and it puzzled me. Mr. Steinbrenner does not love New York well enough to live here—he is a resident of Tampa—and it comes as news to me, a lifelong resident of the city, that we in New York enjoy or demand victory at any price. In fact, the exact opposite often seems true; our dogged adherence to the Rangers and the Knicks and, *con brio*, to the original Mets—and, come to

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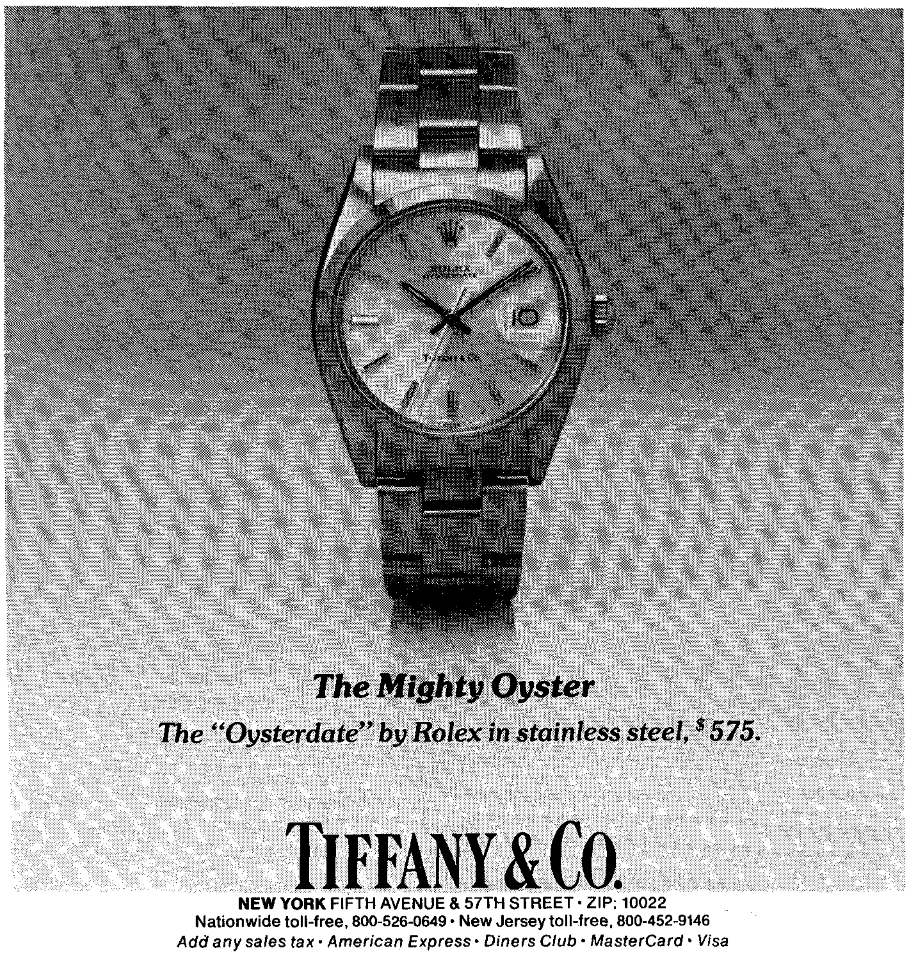

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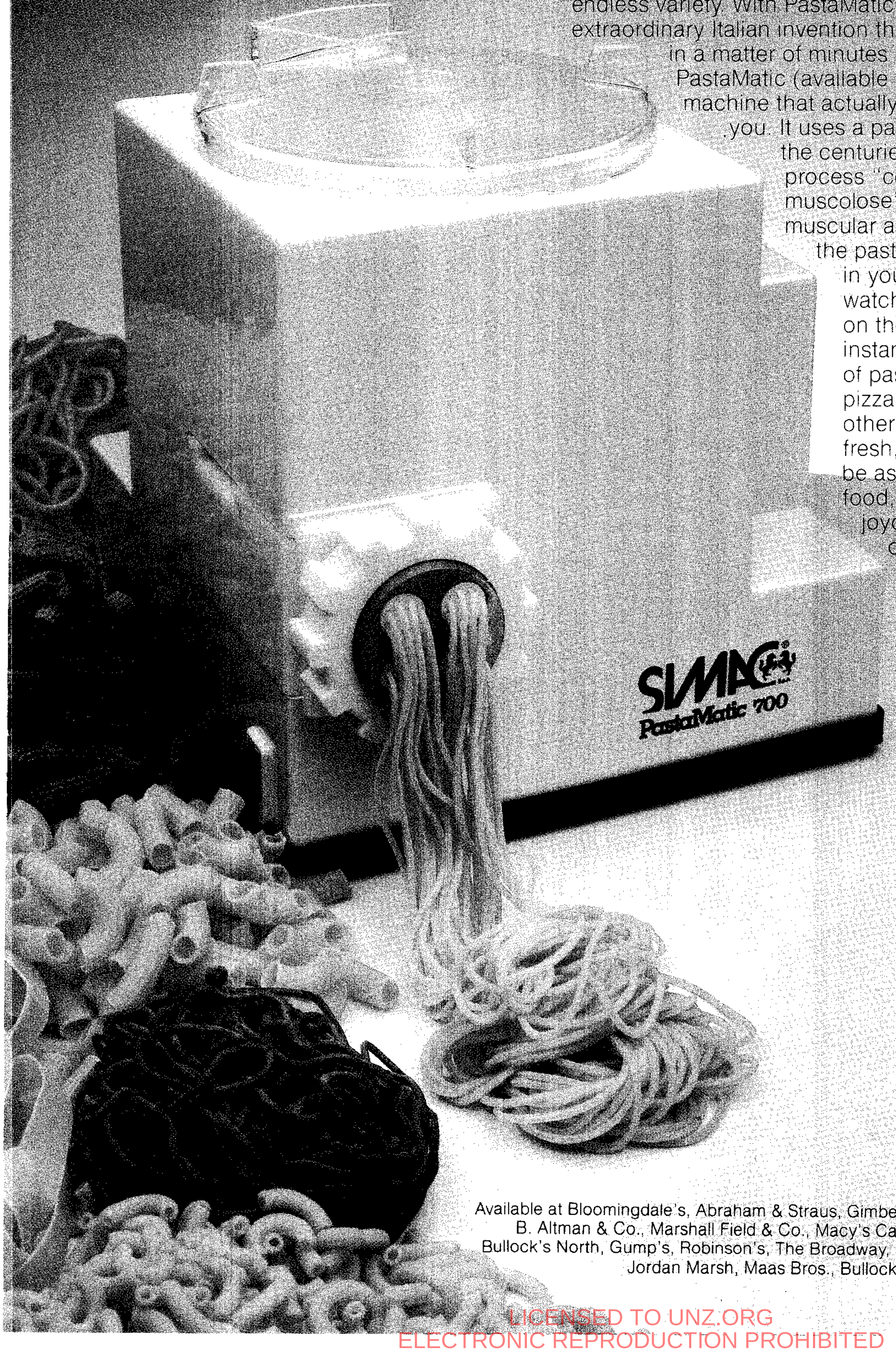

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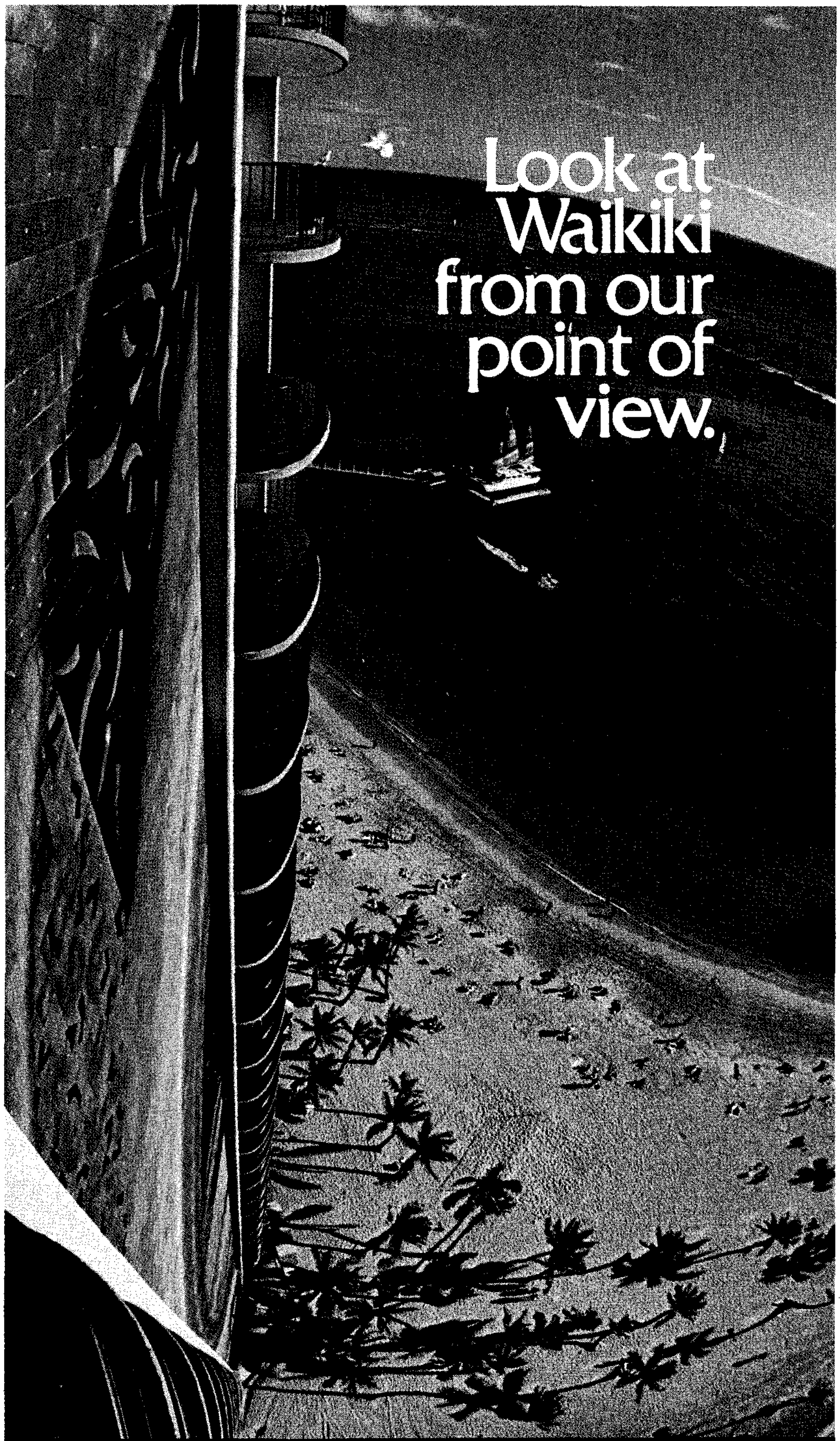

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think of it, to the present city of New York itself—suggests to me that we may have a particular patience with and understanding of the difficulty of almost any complex enterprise, and this, in turn, may endow us with a deep appreciation of the pennant (or championship or promotion or prize, or almost any other happy consummation) when at last it does arrive. I think that, without quite planning it, Mr. Steinbrenner is using sport in a new and singularly unpleasant way—to make us, the fans, feel rotten. Although his team is engaged in a game in which a sixty-per-cent ratio of success is the very pinnacle of achievement, he invites us to be satisfied with nothing less than a victory every day. More particularly, his example urges us to scorn and despise the celebrity athletes on his enormous payroll whenever they fail to come through, and thus to release our bitter envy of them for their youth and their skill and their bloated salaries. When they falter on the mound or pop up with men on base—as they will again and again—we are licensed to curse them or throw things, for we and George have hired them only to win. The demands and difficulty and unpredictability of sport (and thus its beauty and meaning) are brushed aside. For the cynical, who make up the audience that Mr. Steinbrenner plays to by instinct, contemporary sport becomes a place to confirm one's deep distrust of other institutions, like politics, or life at the office, or perhaps even life at home. If you don't win, spend more money, fire the manager, throw the players away or make them apologize—anything to win. What else is there?

THE game—the first game—was a rouser, or close to it. Chicago third baseman Jim Morrison whacked a solo homer off a Ron Guidry fastball in the third inning, but the Yankees came back for four runs in their half, scored on four singles, a walk, and a bunt single, all against White Sox starter Jerry Koosman. Koos, who is thirty-eight and beginning his sixteenth year in the majors, will pitch mostly in relief this year, but I was pleased that Chicago manager Tony La Russa wanted to give him the ball for this opener. The manner of the Yankee runs seemed interesting, to say the least, for each of them was fashioned base by base—ninety feet at a time. The absence of Reggie from the middle of the Yankee order will make a profound difference in the Yankee style of play, I believe, for the long ball has almost gone out of their repertoire—a shocking change for the Bronx Bombers. Willie Randolph and Jerry Mumphrey and Dave Collins (whenever he gets to play) are fleet runners, but speedball is a subtle variant of the game, requiring much patience, and may prove to be hard to master for a team that is accustomed to sudden clusters of late runs. The Yankees failed to score during their last six innings in the opening game, and more than once during their at-bats one heard the first light, cheerfully derisive cries of "Reg-gie! Reg-gie! Reg-gie!" from sectors of the outer stands. The cry may grow louder as this season moves along.

The bunt in that inning—a beauty—was by Bucky Dent, who also pulled off a nifty fielding play in the seventh inning, going far to his right to snag a bouncer by Tony Bernazard and *just* nabbing him at first with a whipped, off-balance deep peg from the hole. I was happy for Bucky on this particular day (Smalley did not start) but uncomfortably aware at the same time that George Steinbrenner had again intruded himself into my appreciation of the game. From now on, whenever Bucky Dent does well Mr. Steinbrenner can say (and *will* say, surely), "See—I was right! All he needed was that extra pressure on him." And when Dent falters the owner can respond with "Well, there you are. I was right to get somebody to replace him." On the Yankees, only George can't lose.

The White Sox tied things up in the fourth, when Guidry gave up one run on a balk and another on a wild pitch—both attributable, I decided, to his lack of work during the week of weather cancellations. The visitors then moved ahead by 6–4 in the next inning, but Dave Winfield again evened the score in the sixth with a subtitanic, wrong-field homer that landed a bare three inches above and beyond the three-hundred-and-ten-foot marker in the right-field corner. New pitchers came in to work—right-hander Dennis Lamp for the Sox and, in time, Goose Gossage ("*Gooooose! Gooooose!*" cried the bleacher banshees) for the home side—but my attention was distracted by the anguish of a press-box neighbor, Bill Madden, of the *News*. Ancient custom frowns upon open rooting in the press box, but a good many of the impeccably impartial and dispassionate scribes I know are secret, or not quite secret, fans on

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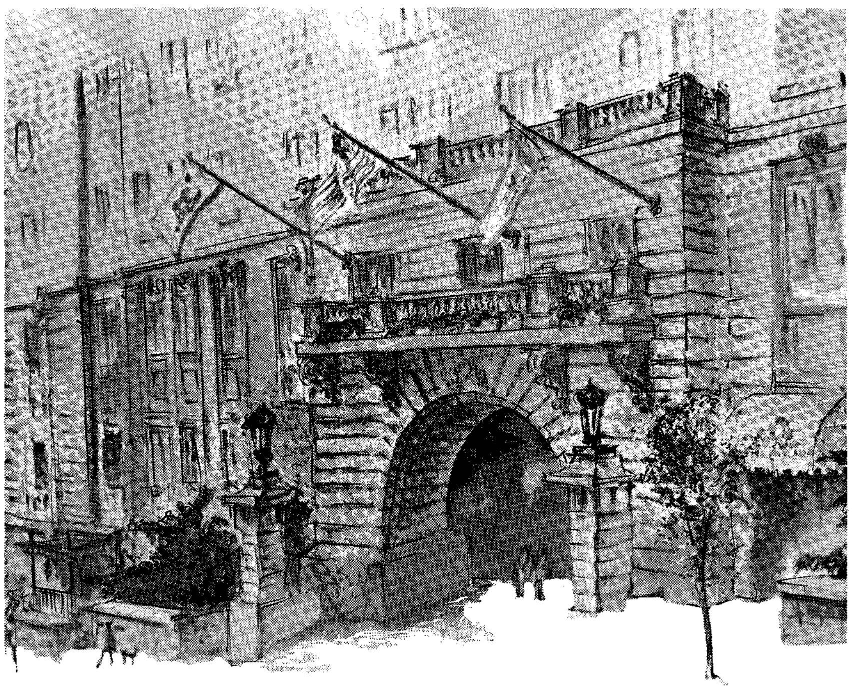

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the side. Team fans, I mean. Billy Madden, although he was born and grew up in New Jersey, is a lifelong White Sox rooter. When Winfield's mini-homer disappeared into the front-row crowds out by the right-field foul pole, Madden closed his eyes and rested his burning forehead in both hands, while his heartless compeers nudged each other and smirked at his pain. When Gossage strode upon the scene in the eighth and began blowing away the White Sox hitters, Madden groaned audibly. "This is *it*," he announced. "I have absolutely no hope. I've sat through this for twenty goddam years. Twenty years of blowing two-run leads and losing in the extras." We laughed.

Into the extras the game went, with matters still at 6–6. In the top of the eleventh, Tom Paciorek led off with a single, and a moment later the Chicagos had men at first and second, with one out. The next batter, pinch-hitter Jerry Hairston, rapped a soft liner over first base, where Dave Revering seized it on the fly and easily doubled the base runner off first. "Give me a *break!*" cried Madden, cringing in his seat. Then he jumped up and began stalking back and forth behind the front row of writers. "This is worse than the day Elvis Presley died," he moaned. "I'll never forget *that* game. August, 1977. I can almost give you the date and the hour. We're down by five, but then we come back, for once, with that six-run rally in the ninth, which means nothing, of course, because they win it in the bottom half, when Chambliss hits the homer. I was right here and I saw it all. It was horrible."

True fans are born to suffer, and I wonder how long Bill Madden will let himself remember what happened next. Shortstop Bill Almon, batting ninth in the White Sox order, led off the twelfth inning with a gigantic shot off a Gossage fastball—a ball hit so high and so far that left fielder Winfield, in loping pursuit, stared up in wonder, like some Montauk gull-watcher, at the airborne object yards above his head. The ball hit the blue outfield fence on one bounce, four hundred and twenty feet away, and Almon pulled into third with a triple. He scurried home an instant later, when Ron LeFlore singled on the very next pitch. The run held up, and the win went to Kevin Hickey, the third Chicago pitcher, who set down the Yanks in order in their half; it was his first major-league victory. In the club-

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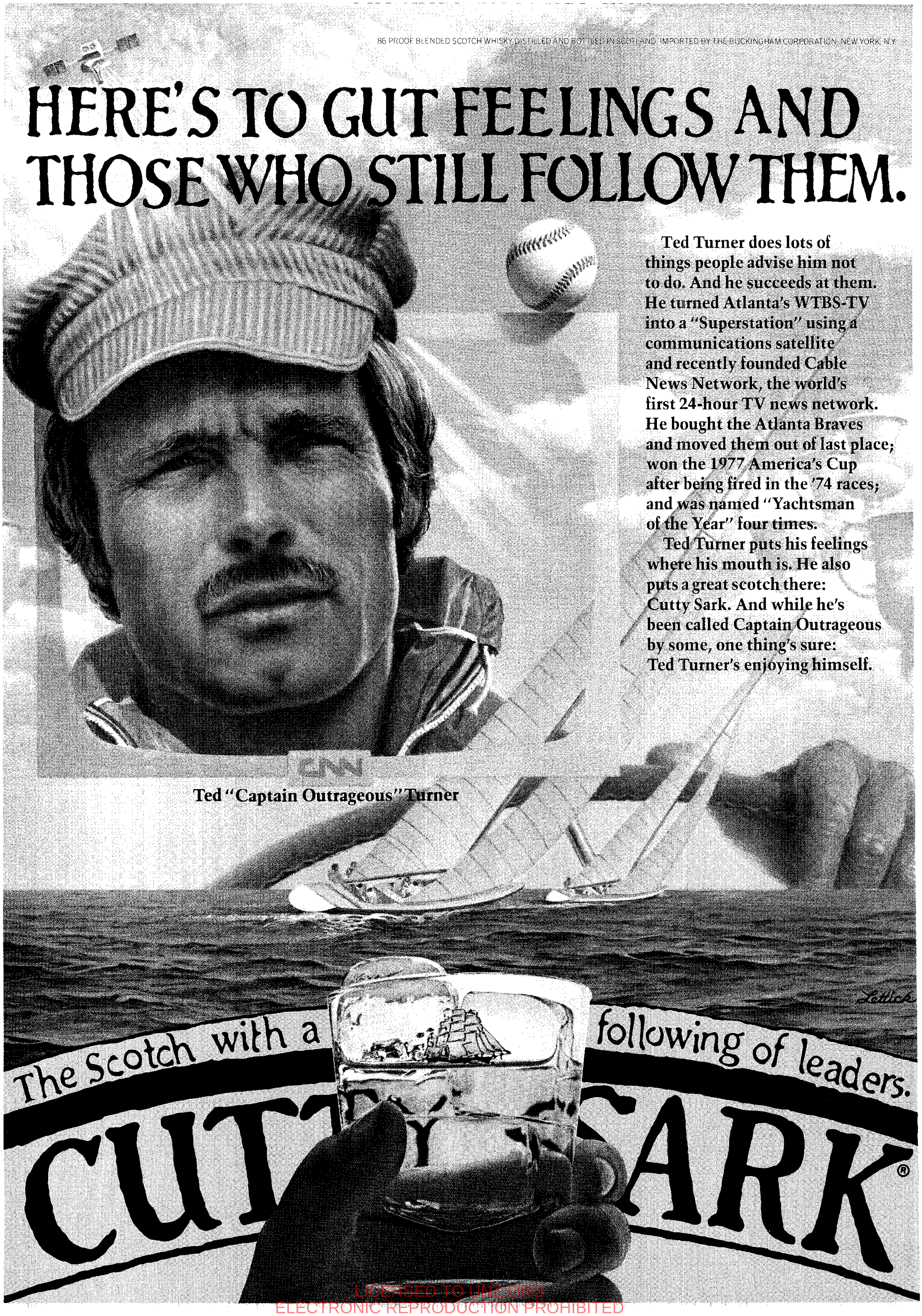
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house, Bill Almon, who is tall and lithe but not visibly overmuscled—a shortstop, in short—said that the monster blow was his first hit against Gossage in about a dozen at-bats against him. They had first faced each other back in 1977, when Gossage was with the Pirates and Almon was with the Padres. "The Goose provided most of the power," Almon said now. "If he comes in at ninety-five per and you get all of it, it's going to *go*. That's as far as I can hit a ball."

WINTER had returned to the Stadium during the latter stages of the long opener, bringing splashes of rain and a chilling breeze, and I did not stay for the nightcap—a pitchers' duel, it turned out, between Tommy John and the White Sox' wonderful young left-hander Britt Burns, who shut out the Yankees for a 2–0 win and a Chicago sweep. Bill Almon had two hits in that game, and scored the first Chicago run, giving him five hits for the afternoon—perhaps his best day at the plate ever, he said later. It was not his most memorable Opening Day, however. That was *last* year.

I got this news in conversation with Almon the following afternoon, up at Fenway Park, to which we had both repaired overnight for the White Sox–Red Sox game there on Monday—Opening Day in Boston. We talked in the visiting-team clubhouse while Almon, in his uniform pants and a clean white long-sleeved undershirt, worked the stiffness out of a pair of new red spikes, carefully bending them back and forth in his hands. He is twenty-nine years old, with a pale, clear gaze and an engaging smile. He grew up in Warwick, Rhode Island, and went on to Brown University, where he took a magna-cum-laude degree in sociology and established several school batting and slugging records with the ball team. He was drafted by San Diego, and by 1977, his fourth year in organized ball, he was a fixture at shortstop with the Padres, batting .261 and setting several club rookie marks for batting and base-stealing. His career declined after that, along with his batting average. By 1979, he was a part-timer (the brilliant Ozzie Smith had taken over at short for the Padres), with a .227 average, and the next year he was traded off to the Montreal Expos, who tried to send him down to the minors in July. Almon refused the demotion and was released, but then signed on with the Mets. He batted

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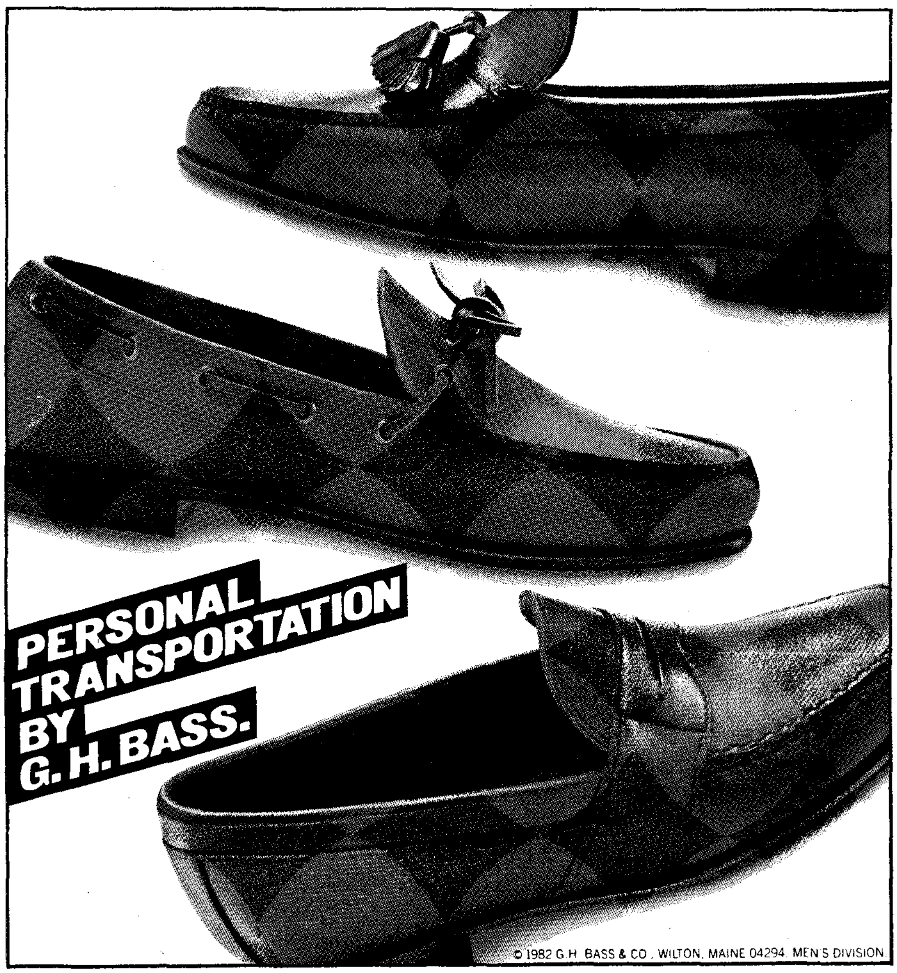

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.170 in New York in a handful of games, and was dropped at the end of the season, his career apparently at an end. None of this is unusual, it should be understood; wonderfully promising young ballplayers are always disappearing from the game, sometimes after a few innings in the big leagues (the quick look known in the trade as "a cup of coffee"), but more often after a season or two in which they are unable to climb out of the lower registers of the batting averages. Second chances for such players are extremely rare.

Last year, Almon told me, he was determined to give his baseball career one more shot and, as he put it, to "do it my way." His way at the plate, he meant. In college, he said, he had been a standup hitter, who took a straightaway full cut at the ball—with good results: he batted .362 as a senior and was named College Player of the Year by *The Sporting News.* In San Diego, however, batting coach Billy Herman told him that he had to choke up on the bat and, although he is six feet three, bat out of a deep crouch. "They had an idea of how a shortstop should try to hit," Almon said, "and like any kid I figured, Well, they're the pros—they must know what they're doing—I'd better do what they say. So I became a slap hitter, and not a good one at that." Last year, after being signed to a Class AAA minor-league contract, Almon was invited to the White Sox spring-training camp, where Manager La Russa told him he could bat any way that felt right to him. Almon straightened up again in the box and began to meet the ball a little better. "Then," Almon said to me with a boyish smile, "*fate took a hand.*" Early in spring training, one of the established Chisox shortstops, Greg Pryor, was injured, and Almon was given more time afield. Then, a bare week before the beginning of the new season, the starting shortstop, Todd Cruz, suffered a severe back injury, and suddenly Almon was in the lineup.

"Our first game last year was right here in Fenway Park," Almon told me. "Being here at all seemed such a thrill, such an accomplishment for me! I'll never forget it. I didn't get any hits that day—I went oh for two—but I didn't care, because I was so happy. But the next day I got a single and two R.B.I.s. I was on my way."

So he was. He played the full season at short and batted .301—the highest batting average for any American

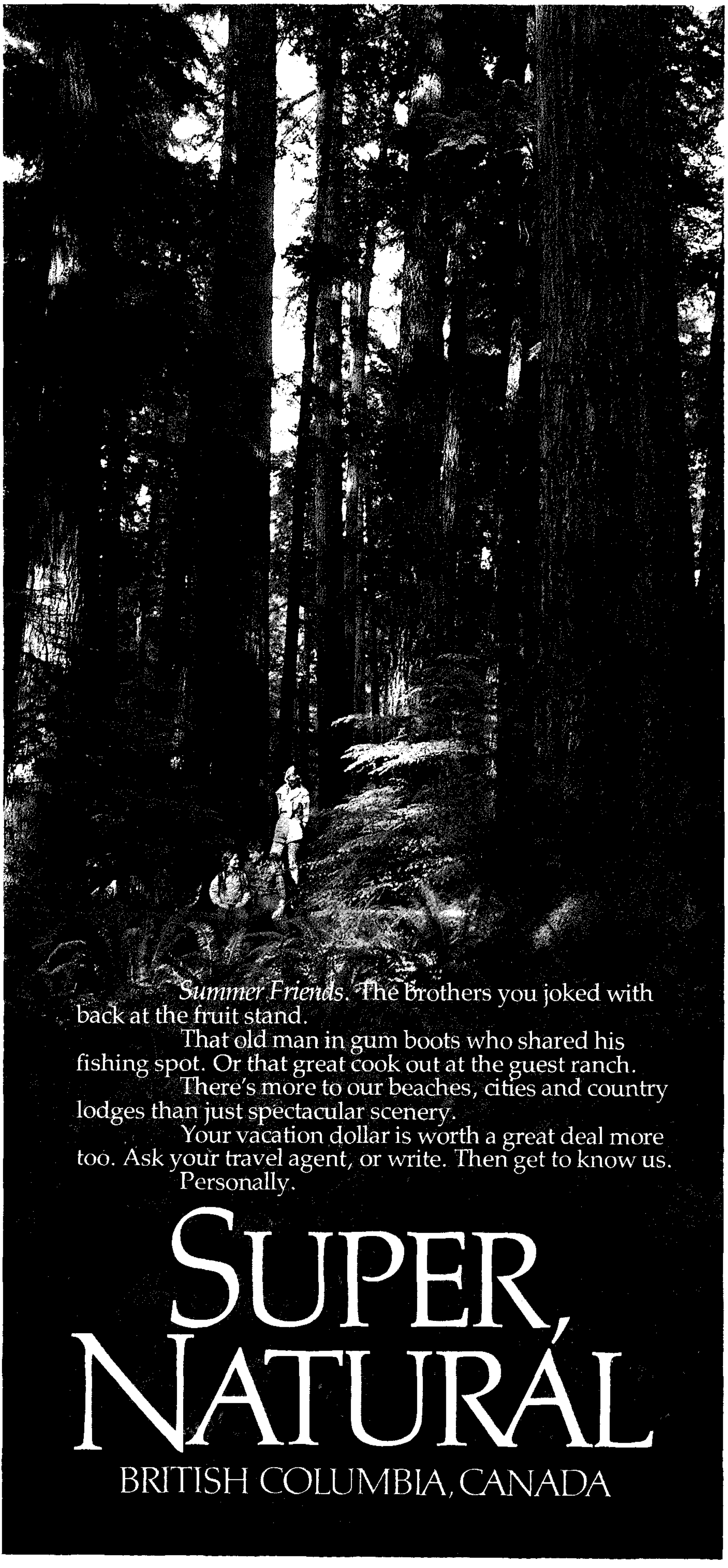
League shortstop in more than a decade.

Fenway Park is my favorite ballpark in the world, and my holiday pleasure at being there for an opener (the Bosox had played three weekend games against the Orioles, down in Baltimore, but this was their home inaugural) was all the greater because the occasion also marked the seventieth season for the little green wraparound palace. In the very first game there, on April 20, 1912, the Red Sox had beaten the New York Highlanders (later known as the Yankees), 7–6, with Tris Speaker driving in the winning run in the eleventh with a single off Hippo Vaughn. I was prepared for much more news of that famous day and that game, for the 1982 Red Sox had invited Smokey Joe Wood, the celebrated mound star of that World Champion 1912 Boston team (he won thirty-four games that summer, and three more in the World Series), to come up and throw out the ceremonial first pitch.

Mr. Wood, who is ninety-two, has been a baseball friend of mine since last spring, when he and I attended a notable college game together in New Haven, at which a Yale pitcher, Ron Darling, threw no-hit ball against a St. John's *nine* through eleven innings, only to be defeated in the twelfth. Here, an hour before game time, I found Joe Wood eating lunch in the big, comfortable Fenway rooftop press lounge, where he was surrounded by relatives and admiring glances from the assembled writers and scouts and front-office people. We greeted each other happily, and after some inquiries about his health I whipped out my notebook and pen. "Tell me all about that first game here at Fenway Park, Mr. Wood," I said. "What was it like here that day?"

"I have no idea," he said cheerfully. "Can't remember a single thing about it. I didn't pitch—that's all I know. Just another ballgame."

What he did want to talk about—and he was at great pains to sort it all out for me—was the members of his family who had come along with him to Fenway Park for the big day: his younger son, Bob Wood, of Keene, New Hampshire; Bob's daughter, Durinda Wood, of Pasadena, California; Bob's twin sister, Virginia Wood Whitney, and her husband, Clarence Whitney, of New Haven; their daughter, Patricia Whitney Cousins (Mrs.



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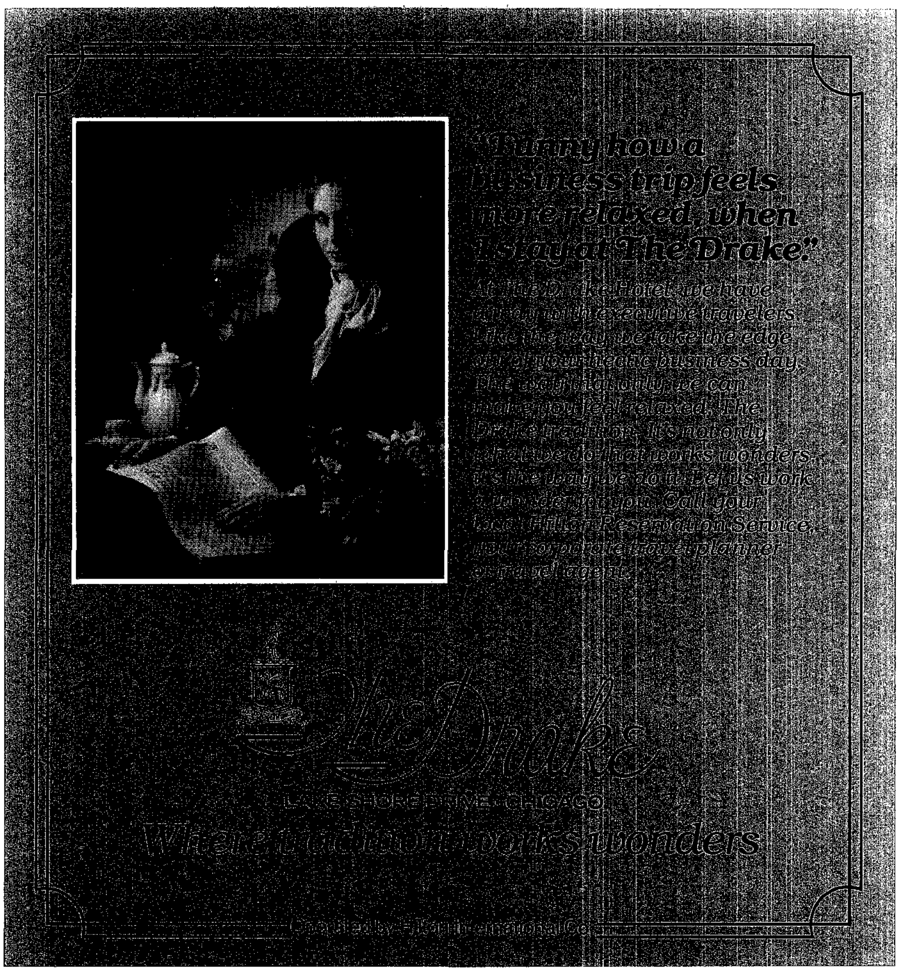

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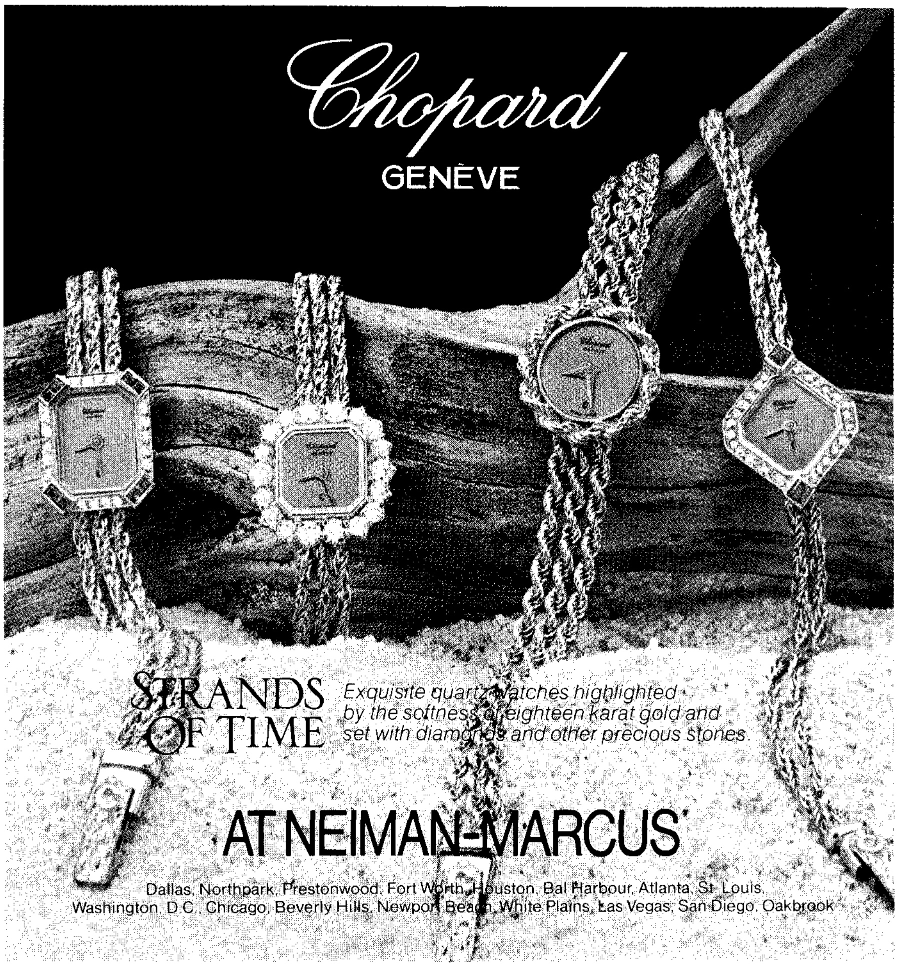

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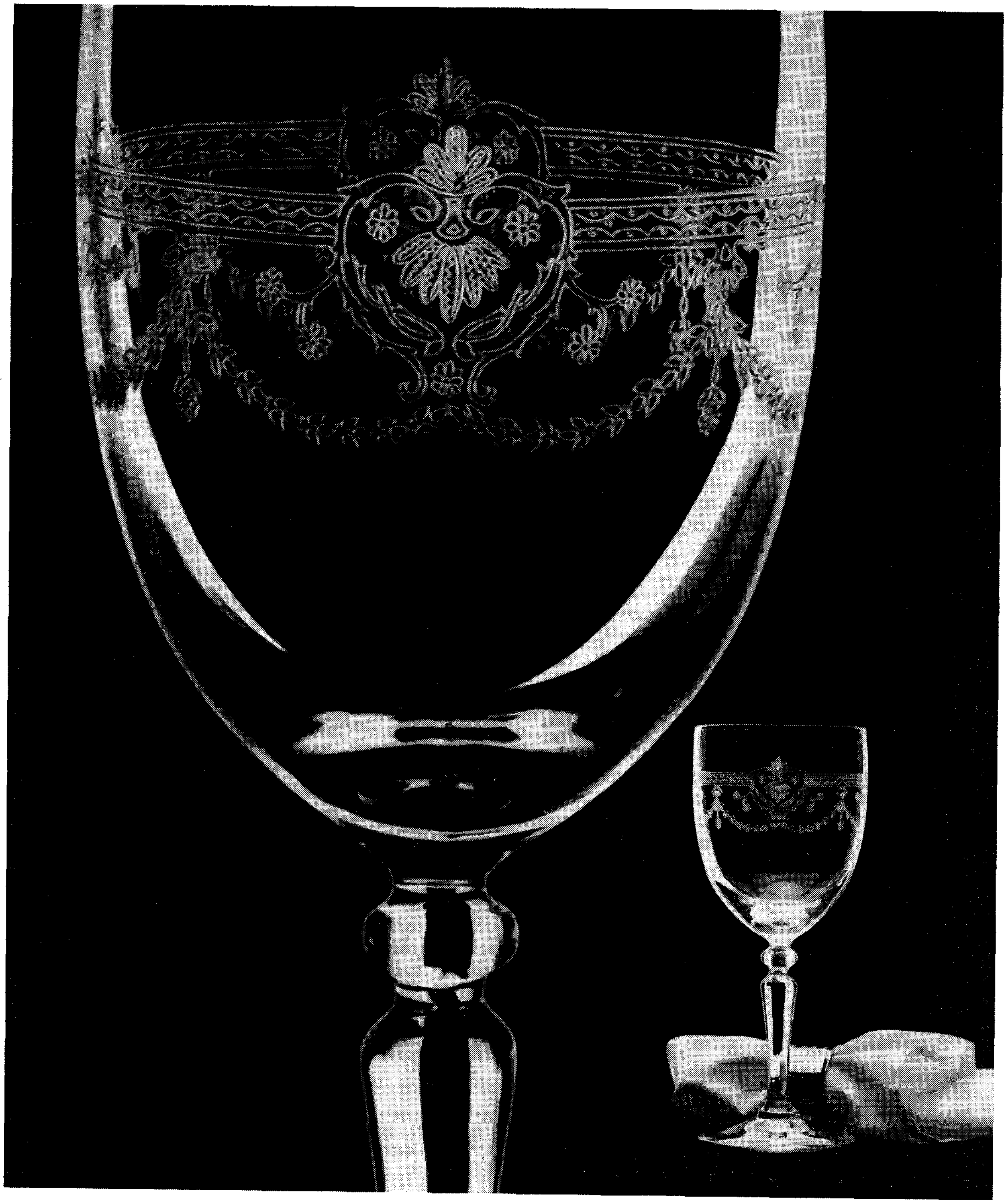
Edmund Cousins), and *her* son, Michael Cousins, who is thirteen. Also David Wood, of Cheshire, Connecticut (the son of Joe Wood, Jr., who couldn't make it to Fenway for the day), and his wife, Carol, and their two sons, Kenneth, fifteen, and Daniel, twelve. This forest of Woods made for a terrific crush down in the ceremonial box before game time, but the wonderful turnout seemed to please Mr. Wood more than anything else about the day. "Four generations!" he cried to the reporters there. "Be sure you write that down!"

Photographers and TV crews pressed in about the party, of course, and then some autograph hunters sneaked in, too. Mr. Wood has a lame right arm and hand (the soreness dates back to a severe injury to his pitching arm in 1913), but he took off the glove on that hand and slowly wrote his name on a few proffered baseballs and programs. One teen-ager in a Red Sox windbreaker studied the spidery signature without evident recognition. "Who is it?" he asked me, and I told him. "Take good care of that autograph," I said.

"Don't worry," the kid said. "I will." He looked awed.

IT had rained that morning in Boston (to go back a little), and the temperature was barely out of the thirties when I turned up at the ballpark, a couple of hours before game time, but Lansdowne Street was already stuffed with fans, many of them in parkas and Red Sox caps and toting thermoses and blankets, who milled about cheerfully and noisily under the leafless trees while they waited for the ballpark gates to open. Fenway Park has a grimy red brick exterior, with two upper stories of narrow windows set above the main gates, and the look of the place on this gray, soggy morning suddenly reminded me of old photographs of turn-of-the-century workers filing in to work at the long red brick textile mills in Lowell and Lawrence. Everything about Boston baseball feels historic and continuous. My first business inside was a quick visit to yet another shrine: Yaz. He was shirtless in the clubhouse—tan and trim, with no evidence of the thickening neck and the heavy upper arms that one sees so often in older athletes. His dark, thick hair was only lightly flecked with gray, and his very dark, protuberant eyes had the disconcerting, animal-like gleam that so many other ballplayers seem to men-



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tion sooner or later when they are talking about Yaz. He looked about thirty. He is forty-two, however, and this was the beginning of his twenty-second season with the Red Sox.

"Sure, I remember," he said, responding to my question. "Opening Day in 1961 was right here, and it was the same kind of day—sort of cold and gray. I played left field. Ray Herbert pitched for Kansas City, and I had a single off him. My first game and my first hit. I think Bill Monbouquette went for us. How did I feel? I felt good—just the way I feel now. Hoping to stay away from injuries. I wanted to play ball."

I knew about the hit off Ray Herbert, for almost every Yastrzemski statistic has become famous by now. His personal records take up an entire page in the Red Sox press guide, and every time he steps onto the field or comes up to bat this year there will be the same silent clicking of season stats, league stats, and lifetime stats that has accompanied him everywhere for the last few summers. The 1982 home opener would be his three-thousand-and-sixty-second game—more games than anyone else has ever played in the American League, and second only to Hank Aaron's lifetime three thousand two hundred and ninety-eight. On that day in Boston, he stood tenth among all players—all players, ever—in hits, fourth in at-bats, seventh in total bases, eleventh in extra-base hits, and sixteenth in homers (four hundred and twenty-seven). And so on. Yaz has said that 1982 might be his last year of baseball; he'd wait and see how it went, and then decide. Fair enough. We shook hands, there in the clubhouse, and I wished him good luck—surely adding to his longest lifetime stat of all.

Manager Ralph Houk was sitting in the Boston dugout, with his paws buried in the pockets of his warmup jacket. He gave me a damp, tobacco-brown smile in response to my poll and said, "Yankee Stadium. April of 1947. I didn't play—I was about the third-string Yankee catcher—but, my God, how exciting it all was. I'd never seen that many people at one time before in my life. I hadn't been off the farm for long, and most of the games I'd played in up to then were in the old Western Association—places like Topeka, I mean. I remember looking up at all the people in that steep upper deck at the Stadium and wondering why they didn't fall out of the stands and down onto the field."

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Houk grew up in Lawrence, Kansas, but it should be added that he did not come *directly* from the farm to the big leagues: he spent four years with the 9th Armored Division Rangers in Europe during the Second World War, in extended combat, and emerged with the Silver Star, the Bronze Star, a Purple Heart, and the rank of major. He played eight years with the Yankees and then moved along to his real career, managing. In 1978, he retired after sixteen years as a major-league skipper but soon found that he couldn't stand being away from the game. Last spring, he returned to manage the Red Sox, whom he brought home only two and a half games behind the first-place Brewers in the combined split-season league standings.

I reminded the Major that Yogi Berra had been in right field on that Opening Day in the Bronx in 1947, and he said, "Yes, he had a little trouble out there, didn't he?" He laughed, perhaps struck by the same vision I had of Berra on his belly on the grass. "Poor Yog," Houk said. "All he could ever do was hit and play ball. A great, great hitter."

Peter Gammons was next—the exemplary, much-admired young baseball writer for the Boston *Globe*, elegant on this day in a flannel blazer and a blue-and-white striped sweater.

"Right here in 1971," he said. "I'd been covering high-school and college ball for two years, so coming up to the Sox was a big, big change for me. It was cold and windy. Ray Culp pitched about a six-hitter against the Yankees, and we won. Everybody was making diving catches and blocking the plate and all. It was one of those days when all of us in the park got excited about the way the team looked—instant pennant fever. After the game, Bobby Murcer said, 'The Red Sox always look great when Culp is pitching. It's the other eighty per cent of the games that they have to worry about.' I was so young and naïve that I didn't think he was serious, but, of course, he was absolutely right."

Fenway pennant fever was forestalled on this particular afternoon, when the Red Sox lost to the White Sox by 3–2. Smokey Joe Wood got a nice, appreciative hand from the 32,555 faithful (he waved his hat in response), and Bill Almon hit two singles for the visitors. Richard Dotson pitched for the White Sox and got the decision. Boston starter Mike Torrez made two mistakes: a first-pitch

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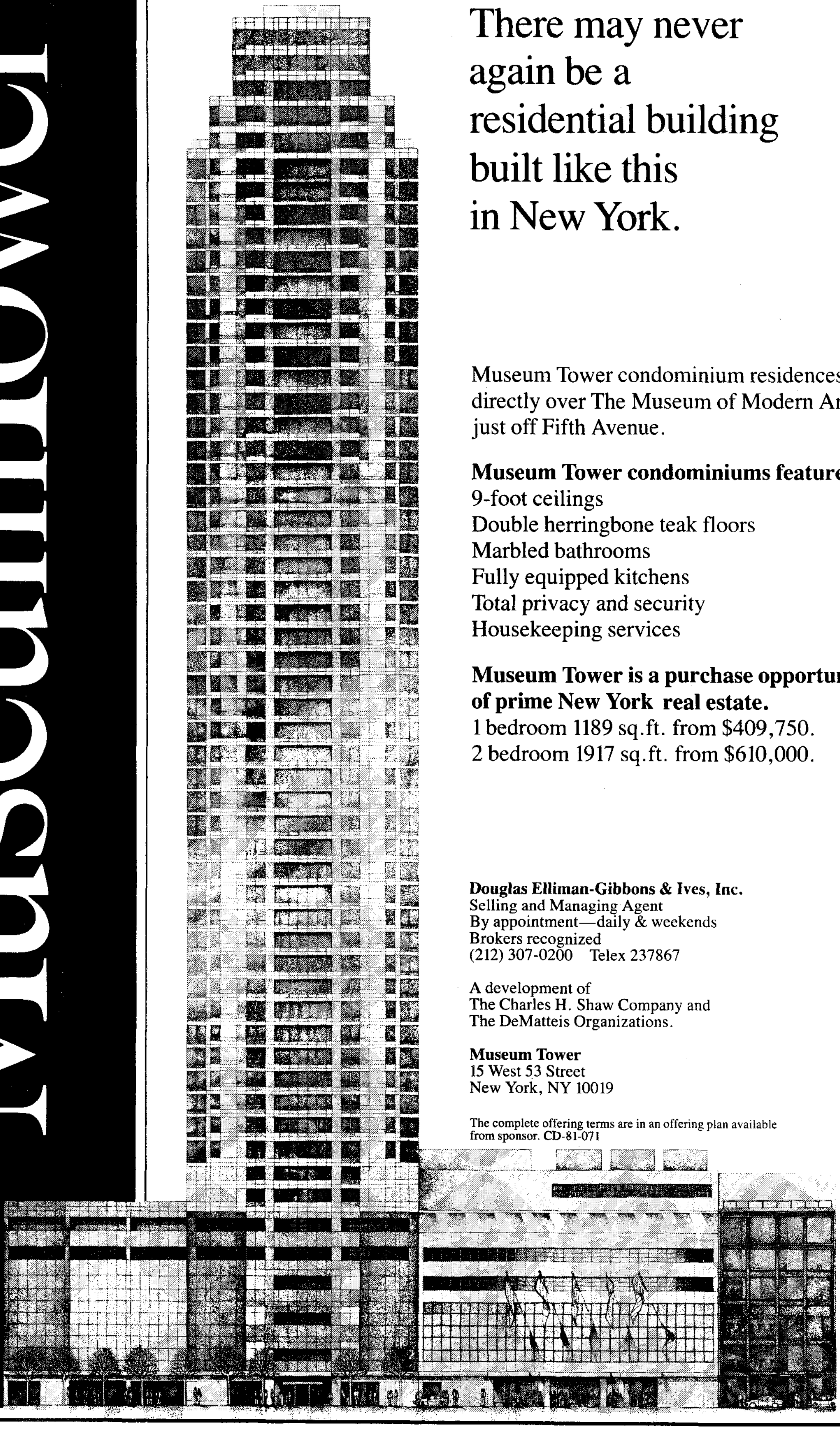
fastball, up, to Carlton Fisk in the sixth, which the Chicago catcher whanged off the green center-field wall for a double and a run batted in; and a low, careless pitchout in the seventh that allowed a White Sox base runner to steal second, from which he was quickly scored, with what proved to be the winning run. But the day was not lost—not by a long shot. I am a Red Sox fan by adoption, so I can understand how such a thing could be true, but the special circumstances are perhaps better described by a friend of mine, a native Bostonian and a true, lifelong Sox depressive, who went home after the game was over and wrote me a letter about the main event of the day and how he felt about it.

"The big moment, of course, was Yaz's homer," he wrote. "He hit it in the sixth, with two out and nobody on and the Red Sox down by two runs. It was a 3–1 pitch—a slider, I think—after two inside pitches. Before that, with the count 1–0, Yaz took a big cut at the ball and everybody in the place went 'Ooooohhh!,' the way they do only in Boston, and then, just before he swung again, some guy with leather lungs called out, 'Come on, Cahhhl, hit one outta the pahhk!' As soon as the ball left the bat, everybody knew it would be long enough; the only question was whether it would stay fair, and, with a lot of body English from us all, it did, barely curving around inside the right-field foul pole and landing well up into the seats. Yaz was very cool going around the bases—head down, nice long strides—and he got a standing O., naturally. Even Smokey Joe Wood stood up. Afterward, there was a noticeable lessening of tension in the park, like a long sigh of relief. No matter what else happened, the whole day was worthwhile now. In the end, it didn't matter that the Red Sox lost.

"I'd never been to an Opening Day at Fenway before. When I was young, my parents wouldn't let me skip school, and my father would never dream of taking a working day off. Then, when I was older, in high school and all, I was too diligent about school, or maybe too timid about ever cutting class. But I always swore to myself I'd go to the opener someday, so last Monday was sort of like keeping a promise to myself, and it was everything that I'd hoped. Opening Day at Fenway seems to be in many ways a private, intimate affair. I think the important thing about it isn't the bigger world of baseball but simply



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one's membership in the Sox. All these feelings of mine were reinforced by the park, of course, and by the low-key ceremonies before the game. There were no parachutists or military bands, the way there are sometimes at Yankee Stadium, and when Smokey Joe Wood tossed out the first pitch they didn't even announce it in advance. It was all a bit like Memorial Day in some little town in New Hampshire. It felt terrific to be there, and also slightly sinful. Just right."

"I'VE always thought that Shea Stadium looked like an enormous birthday cake, with a slice out of it in the outfield. I remember looking up at it when I drove in here for the first time, for the 1965 opener and my first game in the big leagues. I was twenty years old, and I'd gone from junior college to Shea Stadium in one year—talk about culture shock! I was in such shock that I can't remember who we played. I think it was the Giants. What I do remember is that the World's Fair was still on, just across the street from the Stadium. A lot of times that summer, I used to walk over the bridge from the ballpark after the game and go right to the Irish Pavilion for some Irish coffee and to talk to some of the pretty Irish girls there—if I was lucky."

The Proust this time was Tug McGraw, whom I talked to at Shea before the Phillies-Mets game the next day—my third home opener in three days. The Tugger is the celebrated southpaw bullpen orator and optimist, forever famous now in the memories of Phillie fans for his obdurate, thrilling relief appearances in the late innings of so many excruciating games in the late summer and the fall of 1980, culminating in his last strikeout of the year (a swing and a miss by Willie Wilson, of the Royals, with the bases loaded; a leap in the air by McGraw, with both fists held high), which brought the Phillies their first World Championship ever. Before that, of course, he was an equally appreciated and effulgent fireman for the Mets, saving fifty-two games for them over his peak summers of 1972 and '73. His lifetime total of a hundred and seventy-four saves is a National League record. McGraw is thirty-seven now, and he is recovering from surgery last fall on the elbow of his pitching arm; it is not at all certain that he will regain his pitching form. His manner, however, was as carefree and Fenian as ever; he always reminds me of one of the smudgy choirboys in the old Bing Crosby hankie-dampener "Going My Way."

"There were about four hundred and fifty people at my high school in Vallejo, California, and about five of them used to turn up for baseball games," Tug went on. "And it wasn't much different when I got to Vallejo Junior College, so the crowd at Shea that first day was the most people I'd ever seen at a game—or, I guess, at one *place* at a time. But don't write that junior college was all the education I ever had. During my first year with the Mets, I went to the Tri-City Barber School, down on the Bowery. [He really did.] I was on the honor roll there. Anyway, I finally got into my first big-league game on Easter Sunday of '65—the first game of a doubleheader against the Giants. I came in with one out in the eighth and struck out Orlando Cepeda on a two-and-two fastball. Then Bob Shaw grounded out to second. They pinch-hit for me in the bottom of the inning, and I went and got a Valium and spent the rest of the day sitting on the bench, watching the games."

No one else is like Tug McGraw, but the closest thing to a young Tug on the 1982 Mets is probably Charlie Puleo. He is a rookie right-hander, with a small black mustache, sparkling eyes, and dark curly hair; off the mound, he wears his baseball cap tipped back on his head in a confident, sandlot style. Puleo went to Seton Hall University, in New Jersey, where his batterymate was the current Yankee catcher, Rick Cerone; the two helped take the Seton Hall nine all the way to the College World Series in 1974 and '75. Puleo pitched his way upward through the Toronto minor-league chain, was acquired by the Mets in a trade last year, and pitched briefly but extremely effectively in four appearances with the Mets last September. Last month, on the final cutdown of the spring, he made the club as a long-relief pitcher.

Judith Shahn

Puleo and I met in the momentarily deserted Met dugout, less than an hour before game time, and during our conversation he sat at ease there, getting the feel of it, with his pin-striped legs extended and crossed, and with one outstretched arm resting on the top of the bench. While we talked, his gaze moved restlessly about, from the field to the flag-topped upper decks, down to the photographers and groundkeepers and TV crews and sportswriters passing before us on the grass, and then back up to the stands again. There were two sudden cascades of trumpet notes from somewhere—a band warming up—and enough people had come into the park by now to make for an expectant sea sound of voices as undercurrent to our conversation. Now and then, Puleo and I had to pause while a climbing airliner, just up from the runways at LaGuardia Airport, next door, passed overhead and shook the sky with its roar: Mets music.

"This is nice, real nice," Puleo said. "I guess it's my first opener, my *home* opener, but I wish we'd had our first game of the year here, if you see what I mean." The Mets had opened the season in Philadelphia. "But it's exciting, all right. Right up there in those red seats on top is where I used to sit when I was a kid in junior high and high school. Bloomfield High, in Jersey. I used to come in here with my school buddies, and we'd sneak down to the lower deck, you know, and sit in some empty seats. Get caught by the usher, get thrown out of there, then come sneaking back again in the next inning. I was always a Mets fan, never for the Yankees. Willie Mays was my hero when I was a kid—who else? But I was a pitcher, and sometimes I'd come down and find a seat behind the screen, you know, and watch Koosman and Seaver pitch. It didn't look *that* different, to tell the truth. The distance was the same—the mound to the plate—and I used to think, Well, maybe someday . . .

"I didn't get out here to Shea so much the last few years, because of playing ball. The Mets threw a dinner for us here once, when Seton Hall won the Met Conference. The last few years, when I could get to a ballgame in the city I'd go to Yankee Stadium so I could watch Rick play. But it's great to see a good crowd like this back at Shea. If I was pitching, or something, it would mean even more. But I'm excited for the team, not just

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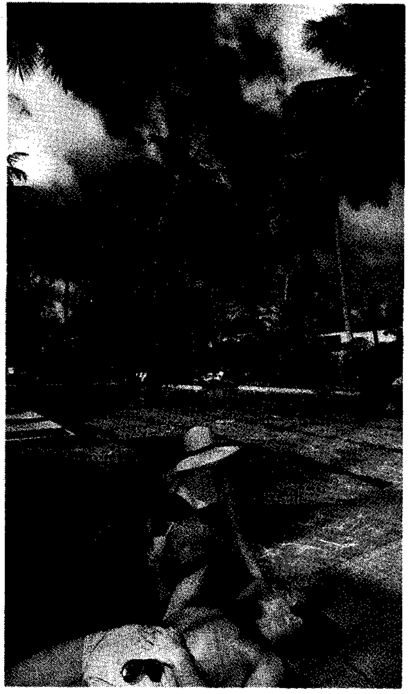

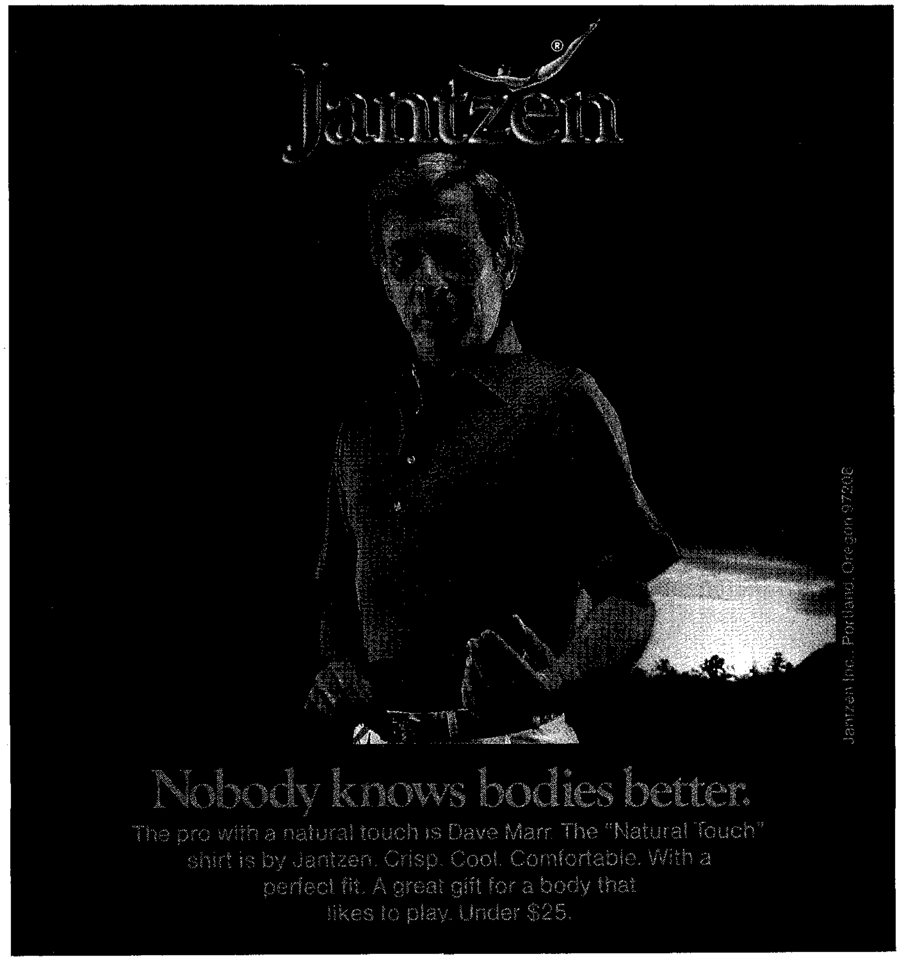

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for me. I remember when the Mets used to draw big here. In '69, the night the Mets clinched their first divisional pennant, I was sitting up in the loge level, and I remember all the guys and kids out on the field tearing up the field and yelling. That was a day! Maybe I'll be here the next time that happens. That will be nice."

I had also been in the stands here at Shea on that famous September evening in 1969, and now I suddenly remembered that the starting pitcher for the visiting Cardinals in that game had been Steve Carlton. The Mets had taken care of him quickly, blowing him away with two home runs in the very first inning. Steve Carlton, who is now the all-time National League strikeout leader, would soon start warming up here for the Phillies, preparing to pitch against the Mets in this 1982 home opener. I mentioned this odd, stretched coincidence to Charlie Puleo, who said it was hard to believe.

Not for me, because I have learned by now that everything in baseball is connected to everything else. This network of trifling association and interlocked statistics and suddenly remembered innings is one of the things that make the game so warming and familial and satisfying, especially for old-timers. I thought about this business when I talked, very briefly, to one more pitcher, minutes before the game began—Sherman (Roadblock) Jones. Twenty years earlier—twenty years to the day—Roadblock Jones had been the starting pitcher for Casey Stengel's New York Mets in their first home opener, at the old Polo Grounds: the city's first glimpse of the Amazin's. Jones, who is forty-seven, is now a detective with the Kansas City, Kansas, police force. He was here by invitation of the Mets management to throw out the ceremonial first ball, and it was clear that he was delighted by the honor. I found him standing in the mouth of the runway at field level, behind home plate, surrounded by flags and cops and teen-age majorettes in band helmets and boots with pompoms. He is an enormous man, with an enormously cheerful face. There was a new, too small Mets cap perched on the top of his head.

"It was cold and rainy that day," he told me, "but we got that good crowd at the Polo Grounds. Maybe you remember. It seems to me that they were mostly kids, because they sure made a lot of noise. I pitched against Tom Sturdivant, of the Pirates, and I didn't

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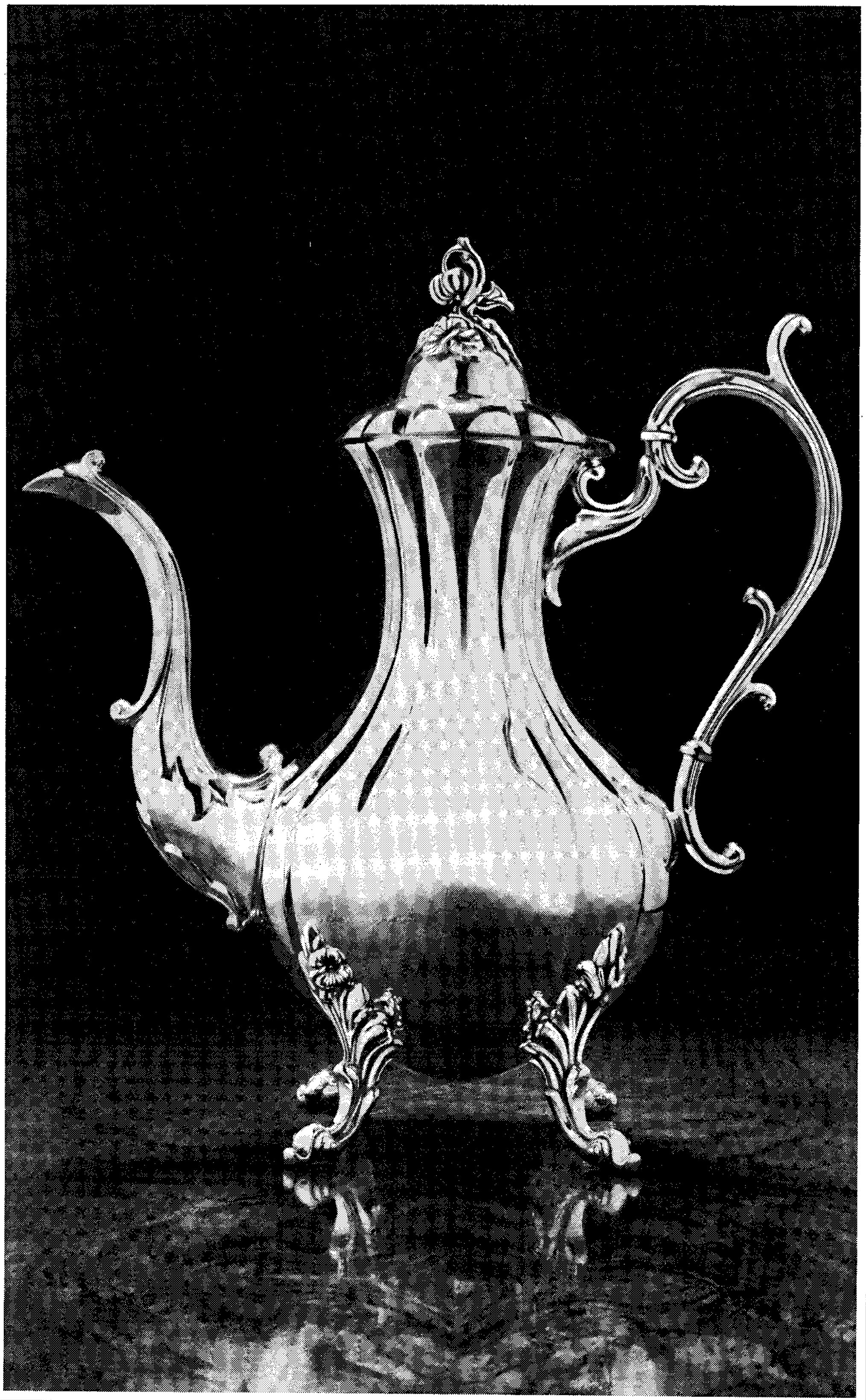

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do too great. Maybe you remember *that*, too. Friday the thirteenth, 1962."

The Mets lost that game, 4–3, and Sherman Jones was gone after five innings. The Mets, in fact, lost nine straight games before winning their first one. Sherman Jones had very little luck that spring, either. He was dropped from the club at the beginning of May, with a record of no wins and four defeats, and an earned-run average of 7.71. It was the end of his three-year career in the major leagues. The player the Mets brought in to take Jones' place on the roster was Marv Throneberry.

I did not remind Mr. Jones of any of this, but I don't think he would have been much bothered if I had. Just before he stepped out onto the field to walk to his box, he leaned toward me and said, "You know what I liked best about that game? I got our first hit—the very first Mets hit in New York City."

"*You* got the first hit?" I said. "A pitcher?"

"Aw, hell," he said. "I could always hit better than *those* guys."

Charlie Puleo didn't get into the Shea opener, but I'm pretty sure he had a great time just the same. The crowd—40,845 of us—was louder and more appreciative and steamed up than the Yankees' Opening Day turnout, or even the Fenway faithful. They gave a terrific reception to each of the Mets as he was introduced before game time, with the first big yells coming for George Bamberger, the new manager, who had been hired over the winter to succeed the departed Joe Torre. The loudest and longest cheers, of course, greeted George Foster, the Metsies' new two-million-dollar-a-year (or almost) slugger and left fielder, who came to the team in a trade with the Reds, bringing with him his lifetime two hundred and forty-eight homers and the most runs batted in (six hundred and seventy-one) in either league over the past six years. The cascading waves of applause and cries startled Foster, who broke into an enormous grin and waved his cap for a second time to the fans. It was the kind of day in which a baseball crowd seems to fall in love with itself—to feed on its own excitement and anticipation and mass pleasure. Foster's sudden smile made everyone else in the park smile, too, and yell still louder, and then even the old hands in the press box began

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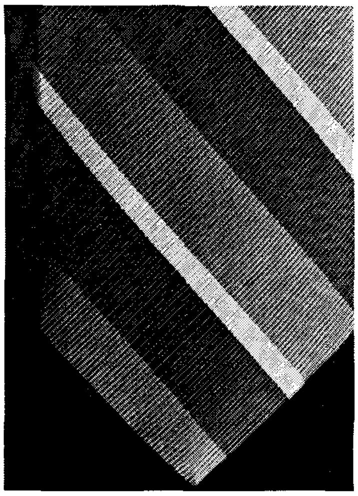

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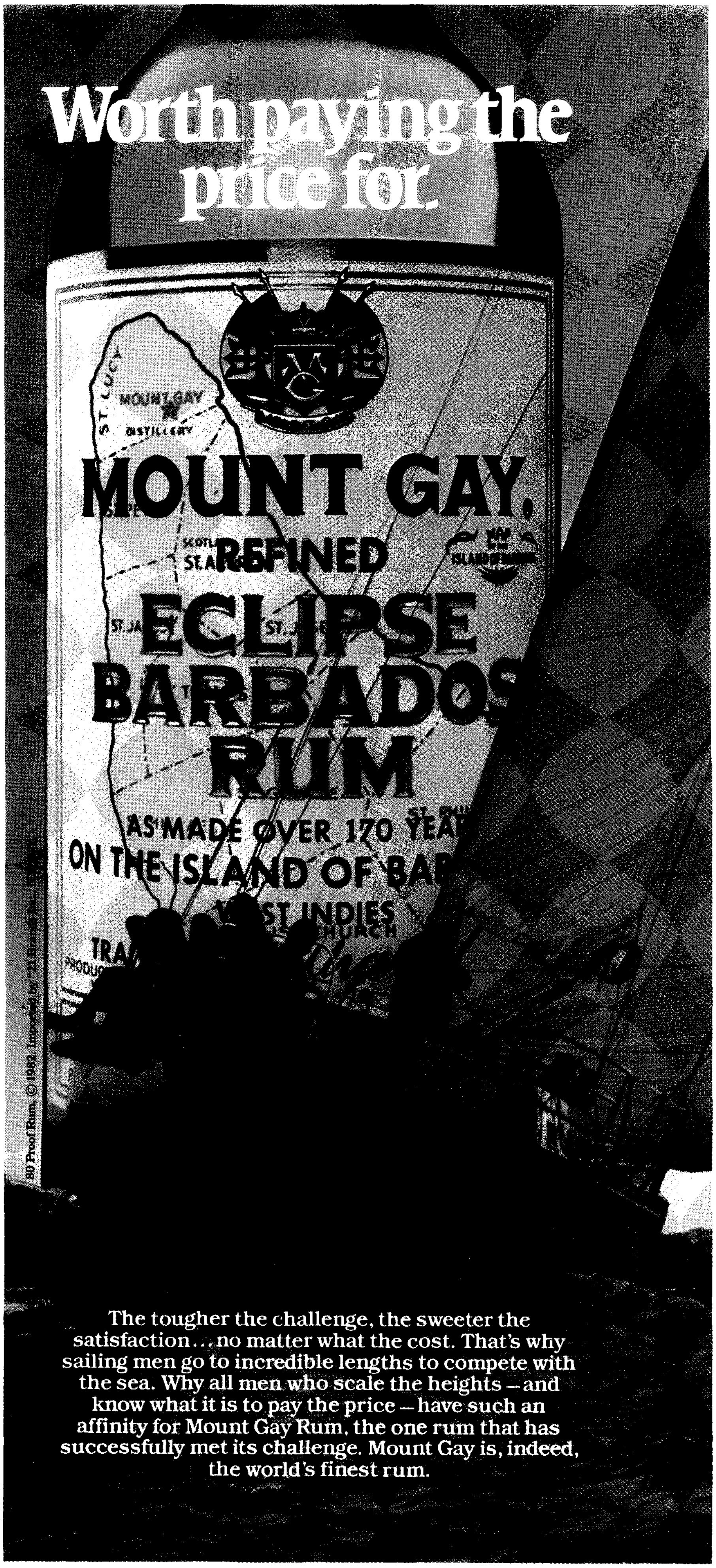
to smile a little, in spite of themselves.

The game matched up Steve Carlton against the Mets' veteran sinkerball lefty, Randy Jones, who had beaten Carlton by 7–2 on the previous Thursday, down in Philadelphia, at the Phillies' Opening Day. Jones had a terrible 1–8 season last year (*all* the Mets' starters had terrible seasons last year), but in the game in Philadelphia his sinker had been working again—really rolling off the table, everyone said—and he gave up but one unearned run in his six-inning stint there. Before the game at Shea, the Mets' pitching coach, Bill Monbouquette, told me that Jones' return to form might have been attributable to his correction of a pitching flaw that had suddenly been noticed in some video shots of his delivery made during spring training. Instead of lifting his left foot off the pitching rubber during his follow-through at the tail end of his delivery, he had been dragging it behind him, with the toe of his spikes in the dirt, and this check to his motion meant that his money pitch came in too high, with devastating results. "There's nothing *on* a sinker, you know," Monbouquette said. "No mustard, no nothing. So if it doesn't sink, look out. We'll watch Randy from now on. I think he's going to have a much better year."

I watched him, too, armed with this new, inside knowledge, and I was unhappy to see that he seemed to have forgotten his lessons. The left toe was back in the dirt, and the Phillies were hitting some scary shots off his pitches. By the middle of the fourth, the Phillies were ahead by 1–0, but it could just as easily have been 3–0 or 5–0, if the visitors had not been hitting in such bad luck. Gary Matthews and Pete Rose and Dick Davis had all hit screamers that conveniently flew into some waiting Mets mitt; Matthews' third-inning blast was short-hopped by third baseman Hubie Brooks, who made a terrific, or terrifically lucky, stop and turned it into a double play. The Phillies, moreover, had suffered a graver stroke of ill fortune, when Mike Schmidt, their leader and (truly, for once) the league's Most Valuable Player, pulled something in his left side while hitting a single in the second and had to retire from the game; he had cracked a rib, it turned out, and would be lost to them for several weeks. Slowly, I began to understand. The Mets, for some reason, have almost always given Steve Carlton fits, having beaten him more often



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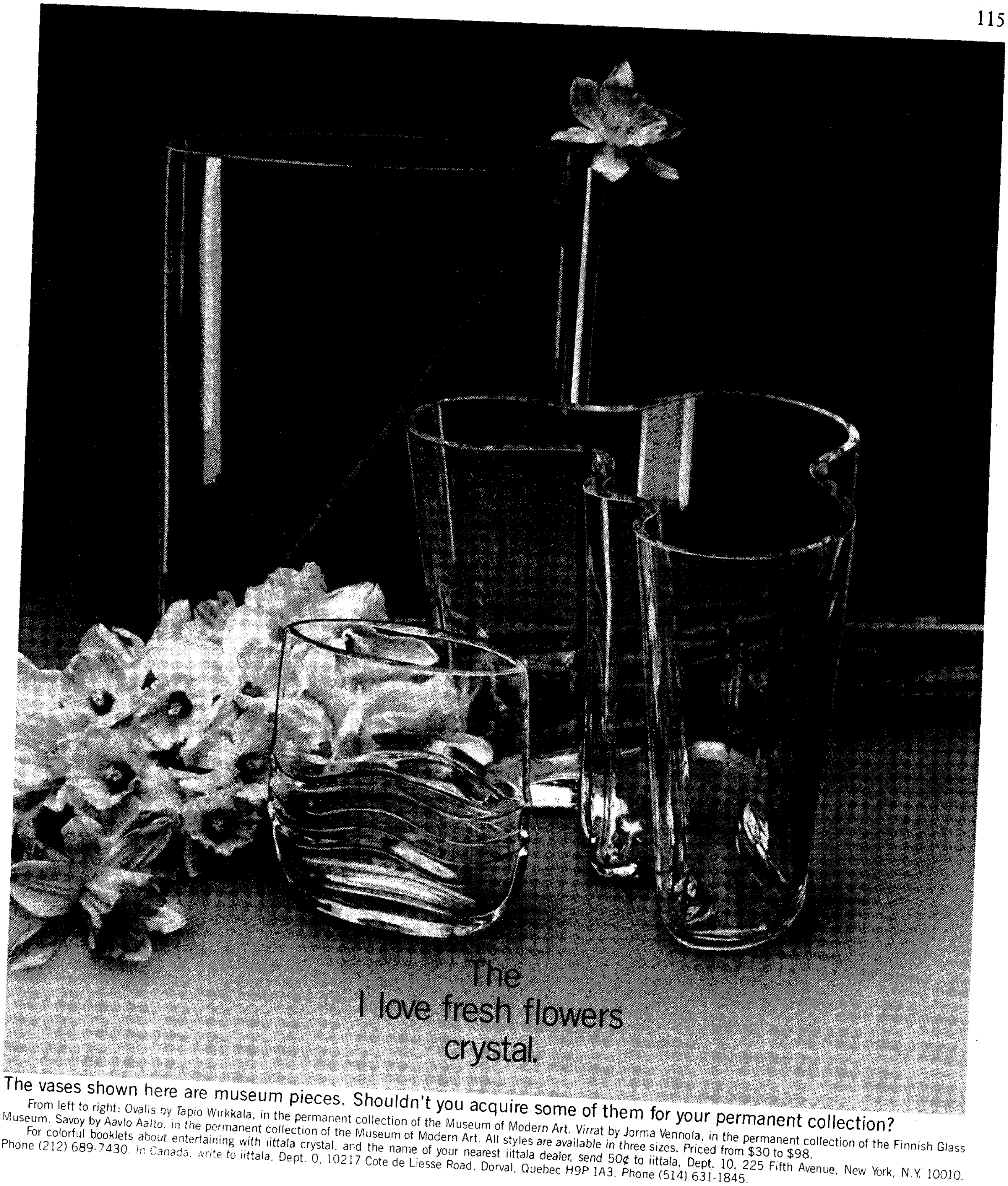
(twenty-nine times, as against twenty-five losses) over the years than any other pitcher they have faced. The whammy was in full force on this day, for Carlton was not close to his formidable best; in the bottom of the fourth he gave up a single to Foster, a double to the left-field corner by Dave Kingman, and, with two out, a little looped single by Hubie Brooks that brought in two runs and put the Mets ahead in the game for good.

I had been watching Brooks with particular pleasure. He and center fielder Mookie Wilson came up as rookies last year and went on to establish themselves as regulars, and even as young stars, at their positions. Brooks had outdone himself, batting .307 in his first full season, and it seemed to me now that there was a new sense of ease and flair to all his moves around his corner of the field. He had it made now, and there was nothing for him to do but get better and better. It is considered very difficult, by the way, for a club to establish more than one young player as a big-league regular in any given season, but this year the Mets are again trying for a double, having planted crocuses Ron Gardenhire at short and Wally Backman (he will platoon with Bob Bailor) at second. The club, which finished next to last and eighteen and a half games out in the composite split-season standings of its division last year, has a very long way to go before it attains the status of a contender. Most of all, it must better itself at the plate. The Mets batted .248 last year, ninth best in the league; in the club's twenty-year history, the team batting average has never exceeded the entire league's average in any season.

These midgame reflections at Shea coincided with the departure of the sun and the arrival of some damp-looking, Decemberish clouds—a turn in the weather that accompanied my realization that the key man in the Mets' fortunes in 1982 was probably not George Foster or Mookie Wilson or Randy Jones or any of the other talented but frail mound starters. It was Dave Kingman. The tall, misanthropic whacker of so many outsized downtowners will bat just behind George Foster in the Mets' lineup this year, and his success and steadiness at the plate, or lack of it, over the entire season will determine whether National League hurlers will be induced to pitch around the Mets' expensive new slugger—to give him nothing



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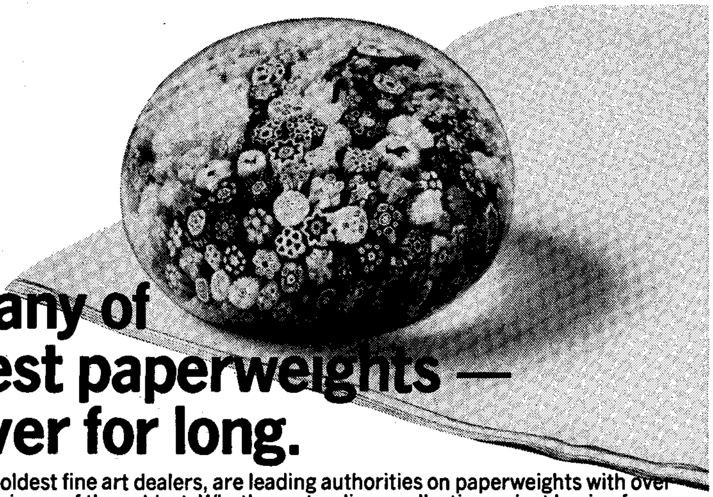

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much to swing at, that is, and thus to walk him in most situations of risk—on the assumption that Kingman won't deliver the runs. At first glance, the Mets' market indicators here are not encouraging, for Kingman's two hundred and ninety-two lifetime homers at the start of this season must be measured against his twelve hundred and forty-four lifetime strikeouts—almost exactly one whiff per game in his career. He has been the second-easiest batter to strike out in baseball history, and anyone who has watched, over the years, his feeble, semi-petulant waves at outside curveballs (he tries to pull almost everything) and his careless habit of letting himself get behind in the count will not be much surprised at this stat. The solidifying of the Mets' outfield also means that Kingman cannot be hidden, or half hidden, out there, as he has been in past campaigns; he must play first base, where (to put it kindly) he has proved to be inadequate.

None of this is debatable, and yet . . . In spring training, Kingman looked almost like a different sort of player. His coaches had told me that he had been as eager as anyone in camp—working very hard in the batting cage and on the field, too; rooting from the dugout during games; and even pitching batting practice on occasion. In two games I saw him play in Florida, he did nothing much at the plate, but there was something different about him—an *attentiveness*—that I hadn't noticed before. Here, against the Phillies, he had almost pulled off a sudden, heady bunt in the fourth inning, just before hitting that double, and, afield a bit earlier, he had gone far to his right to nab a hard grounder by Manny Trillo and whirled in time to make a difficult peg to Randy Jones at the bag for the out—the prettiest Kingman fielding play I could remember. Maybe something was happening.

I also remembered a recent morning in St. Pete, when I had listened to the Mets' new batting coach, Jim Frey (he previously managed the Kansas City Royals), talking about the extreme difficulty of getting established big-league hitters to change their ways at the plate. He didn't say that he was talking specifically about Dave Kingman, but it seemed safe to make that guess.

"A lot of strong batters don't want to do anything to cut down their aggressiveness," Frey said. "They know that if they get up to bat five hundred or six hundred times in a year they'll see enough pitchers' mistakes to give them decent statistics. They think that by taking their cuts that way they'll end up with thirty or thirty-five home runs, which is correct. But to me that's a defensive state of mind. I think we've got to go beyond that, and to get a hitter to say, 'Maybe I can do better than that. Maybe I can learn not to get behind on the count so often, not to chase so many bad balls. I might not *look* as aggressive, but I might hit more pitches that way and strike out less, and I might even end up with more R.B.I.s when the year is over and some numbers that mean a little more.' "

Frey paused here, to be sure I understood the hard part. "You know, you can't walk up to an established hitter and just *tell* him this," he said. "You can't say, 'You're swingin' at too many high balls' or 'You're takin' too many pitches away,' and have him accept it. He won't stand for that. But if you can generalize, if you can make it sound like a *theory*, or put it out there like a conversation or something, it just may work. You have to say a lot of words, and hope that something catches their fancy."

I had time for this speculative backward look at things because rain had suddenly called a halt to the Mets and Phillies, with two on and two out in the bottom of the fifth. The tarps went down, the box-seat holders below streamed out of the exit ramps to get under cover, while some of the upper-deck fans took refuge under the folded-over rooflet that shelters the topmost rows there. There was rain on all three of my Opening Days, it turned out. Nobody here went home, of course, and the fans under the upper decks and those who had remained in their seats with their stripy umbrellas or in foul-weather gear gave a big reception to the brand-new Shea Stadium outdoor video screen—a towering electronic billboard beyond the left-field fence, which now amused the faithful with prepared footage of past spectacular baseball plays and horrid collisions afield, and so forth, and, of course, with commercials. Watching from the press box, I warmed myself with a cup of coffee and laughed at the show, and then laughed at myself a little, too. I did not get to anything like all of the twenty-six major-league clubs during my spring travels, but many of the teams I *did* watch in action impressed me, I had to admit, more than the Mets: the dashing, super-confident Oakland A's; the Mil-

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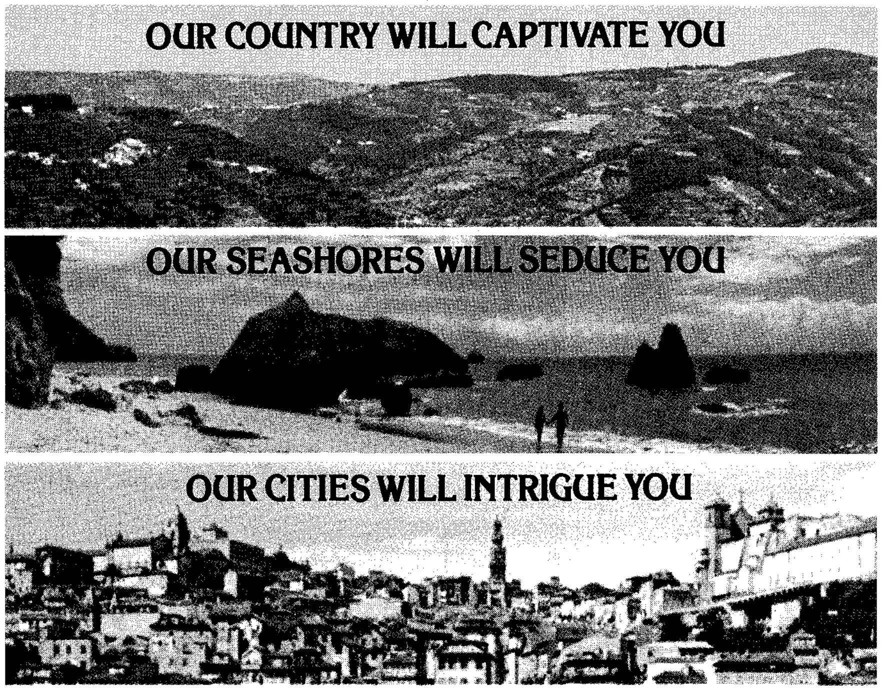
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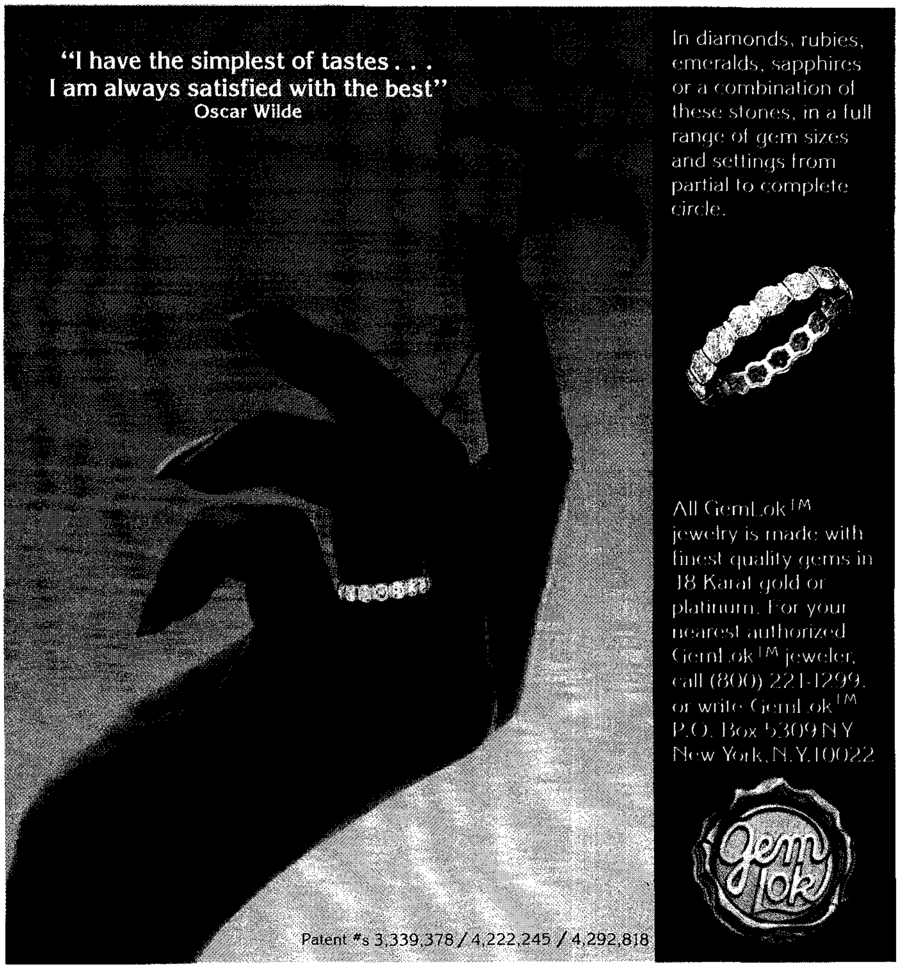
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waukee Brewers, with their top-to-bottom lineup of fearsome swingers of the bat; the Cincinnati Reds, with an all-new outfield featuring a splendidly calm and capable switch-hitting rookie named Paul Householder; and the unhappy but ever-dangerous Yankees. There had been some other wonderful sights and prospects as well: the Giants' long-legged rookie outfielder and slashing hitter (also a switch-hitter) Chili Davis; a young A's catcher with a terrific arm named Bob Kearney; the Red Sox' oncoming left-handed mound whiz Bruce Hurst; and the more-than-odd vision of the Reds' Johnny Bench learning his new position of third base, knocking down a deep ground ball well behind the bag and then, as he picked it up, trying to gauge the strange new distance of his peg across to first base. For a further early-season curiosity, there was the tiny, embarrassing statistical race between Gaylord Perry and his new club this year, the Seattle Mariners, to see which of them, the pitcher or the team, would first attain a three-hundredth victory; Gaylord, with two hundred and ninety-seven wins, was seven games closer as the season began. But my first concern in this new season, I now understood, was going to be the Mets—a risky investment of my emotions, for the club has compiled the worst record in its division over the past five years, finishing an average of twenty-eight games behind the winners in that dismal span. Now things are looking a trifle better, as I have said, and the arrival of George Bamberger, a singularly talented and experienced handler of pitchers, is an especially good sign, for the Mets have some remarkable young arms down on their Tidewater farm club (including Ron Darling, the newly acquired Yale phenom), who are expected to flower at Shea in the next three or four summers. But that is in the future. What I badly wanted to know just now was what any fan wants to know right from the beginning of the new season: Is there any honest reason, any glimmer of hope, that will permit him to reattach himself to his particular team—his Mets or his White Sox or his Braves or his *Blue Jays*, for God's sake—with some expectation of reward? He feels shy and tentative about this breakfast eagerness, however traditional it may seem: he badly wants to renew that boyish, parochial affiliation, yet he does not want to be laughed at or to have to laugh at himself, for he is a knowledgeable, veteran fan, after all—a student of the game. But the Fourth of July is time enough for a long look at the standings and for an unflinching appraisal of the true chances of one's own gallant Heartaches. Not yet, please. Let's start with a few surprises and upsets, and even with some secret, excited inner "What if"s. For the fans, this is what Opening Day is all about.

In time, the rain at Shea stopped, and the players resumed their places on the wet, darker grass and the patched-up base paths. Dave Kingman, stepping up to bat with two on and two out as the action resumed, painstakingly worked Carlton to a 3–2 count, really battling him, and then whacked a home run into the visiting-team bullpen—a Sky King special, hit so high that, without knowing it, you opened your mouth while peering up at its lofty passage. Young Ed Lynch came on to hold the Mets' lead, and when Lynch faltered a bit in the eighth he gave way to the splendid stopper Neil Allen, who sprinted to the mound. Yells of joy greeted every Phillie out. In the eighth, Mookie Wilson ran a mile to deep right center and pulled down a drive by Ivan DeJesus. In the ninth, Ron Gardenhire floated to his left and seized Greg Gross's one-hop scorcher, whirled completely about on his own momentum, and threw him out a mile. Then Hubie Brooks made a sparkling play against Trillo, gloving the ball cross-handed at shoe-top level and gunning his throw—showboating it a little, for the fun of it—in plenty of time for the out. George Vukovich fanned, and the Mets had won their 1982 home opener, 5–2. "The boys did good," Manager Bamberger said, smiling, in his office. So they had. Of my three openers, I would remember this one the longest, for it had brought me what I most want from baseball at the beginning. Hope.

—ROGER ANGELL

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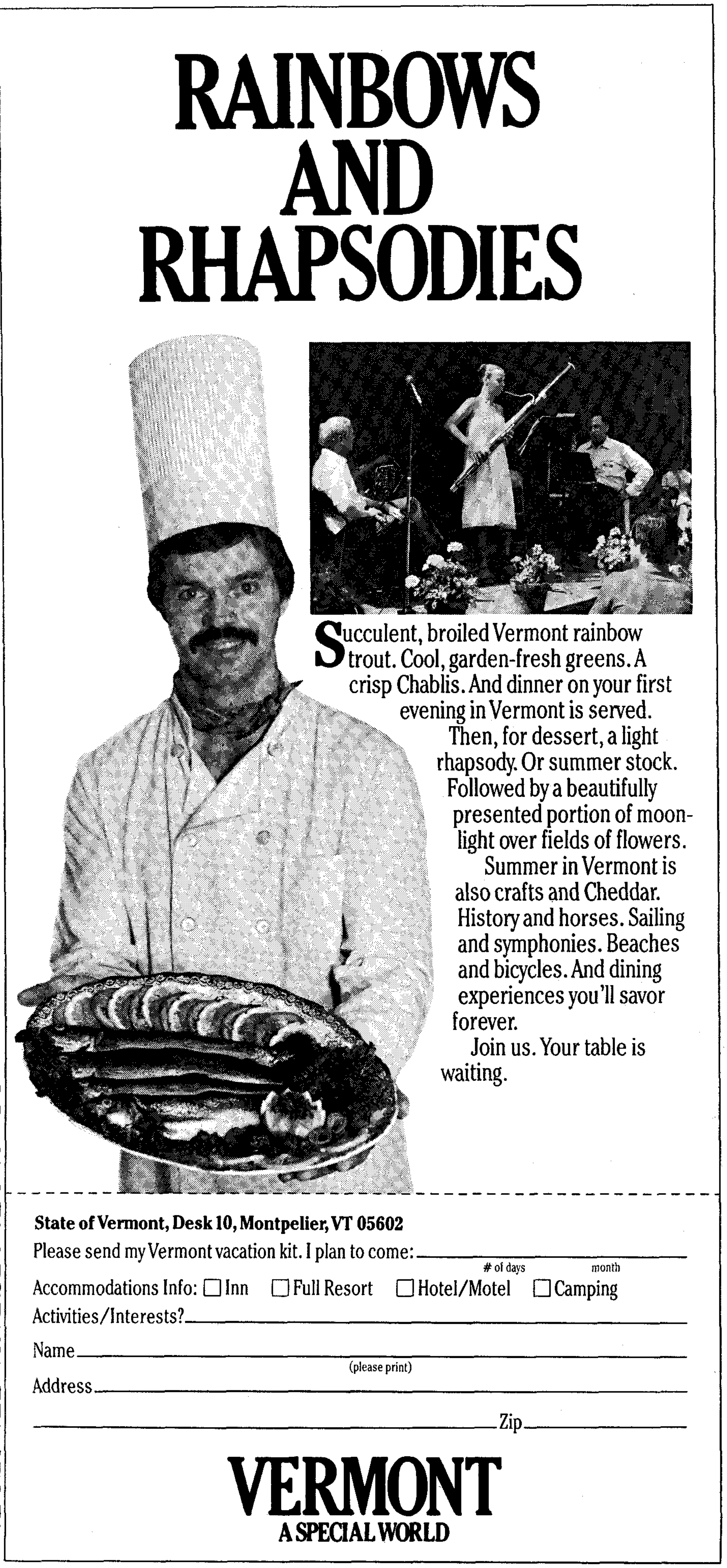

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REFLECTIONS

MELVILLE'S WITHDRAWAL

IN the mythology of American letters, the popular and critical failure of "Moby-Dick," and Melville's subsequent withdrawal into wounded silence, is a central image, ranking with Henry James' self-exile to England and Mark Twain's final phase as a white-suited pet of the rich, and with Fitzgerald's alcoholic crack-up and early death and Hemingway's spendthrift exercises in celebrity. Something is wrong, these images tell us, with being a writer in America; one of Melville's biographers, Newton Arvin, calls his subject's treatment by the public "the heaviest count in our literary annals against the American mind." Inspection of Melville's books after "Moby-Dick" and of the biographical particulars framing his famous silence yields, however, a few surprises.

The first surprise that greets us is how young Melville was when he wrote "Moby-Dick." He was thirty when, on the first day of February, 1850, he returned to New York from a four-month excursion to England whose ostensible purpose was to settle the details of the British publication of his fifth book, "White-Jacket." He had been married not three years before, to Elizabeth Shaw; his first child, Malcolm, was not quite a year old. Shortly after his return, he, who had written "White-Jacket" and "Redburn" together in a mere five months, settled to compose a sixth book based upon his seafaring days—his whaling experiences in this case. The most prolonged of his voyages had been his eighteen months on the whaling ship Acushnet, with briefer stints on the whalers Lucy Ann and Charles & Henry; but until 1850 whaling itself had been conspicuously absent from the running fictionalized account he had made of his adventures. The whaling ships in "Typee," "Omoo," and "Mardi" were all points of departure; their actual business was left undescribed, it would seem, until the writer felt worthy of the task. He worked in a room of a New York household that included his mother, four unmarried sisters, a married brother with his pregnant wife, and two children, plus domestic help. We first hear of his new book in a letter of May 1, 1850, to another literary sailor, Richard Henry Dana, Jr.:

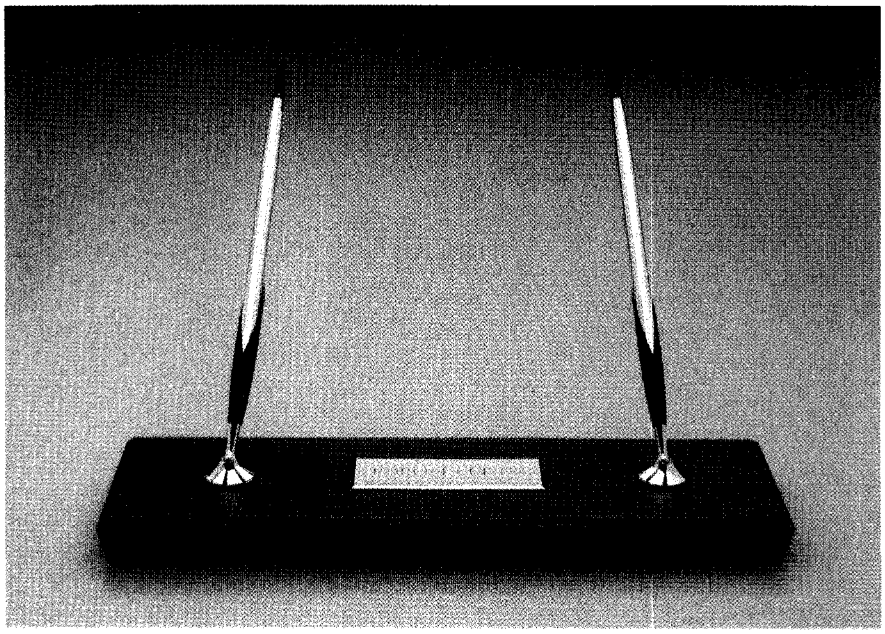
> About the "whaling voyage"—I am half way in the work.... It will be a strange sort of a book, tho', I fear; blubber is blubber you know; tho' you may get oil out of it, the poetry runs as hard as sap from a frozen maple tree;—& to cook the thing up, one must needs throw in a little fancy, which from the nature of the thing, must be ungainly as the gambols of the whales themselves. Yet I mean to give the truth of the thing, spite of this.

In the midsummer of that year, while a friend, Evert Duyckinck, was informing his brother that "Melville has a new book mostly done—a romantic, fanciful & literal & most enjoyable presentment of the Whale Fishery—something quite new," Melville almost all at once visited his cousin Robert's farm in Pittsfield, Massachusetts; was given a copy of Hawthorne's "Mosses from an Old Manse;" decided to bring his wife and young son from New York to Pittsfield for a summer vacation; met Hawthorne at a picnic on Monument Mountain; wrote an enraptured anonymous appreciation of Hawthorne for the Duyckinck brothers' journal *The Literary World;* and decided to buy the farm, six miles from Hawthorne's new home near Lenox, that Melville called Arrowhead, and where he and his family were to live for the next thirteen years. That first year, he was stimulated and emboldened by the proximity of the older author, of whom he had written in his review, "I feel that this Hawthorne has dropped germinous seeds into my soul. He expands and deepens down, the more I contemplate him; and further, and further, shoots his strong New England roots into the hot soil of my Southern soul." Melville thoroughly revised the whaling story, making of it the elaborate, symbolic, rhapsodic, pessimistic volume of wonders it became. He finished the last chapters in New York while the first chapters were in the printer's press, and passed the last proof sheets in late July, a week or so before his thirty-second birthday.

A second surprise is that the reviews weren't all that bad. Not as bad, certainly, as those which had greeted "Mardi," two years before. In London, *The Athenæum*, whose review on October 25th of the English edition (entitled

"Sometimes it's Howard who answers and sometimes it's the bird who answers."

"The Whale") was the first and almost the strongest blast against the book, yet bestowed a backhanded compliment in its judgment that "our author must be henceforth numbered in the company of the incorrigibles who occasionally tantalize us with indications of genius, while they constantly summon us to endure monstrosities," and as one who "seems not so much unable to learn as disdainful of learning the craft of an artist." The magazine *John Bull*, on the other hand, and on the same day, recognized that "of all the extraordinary books from the pen of Herman Melville this is out and out the most extraordinary" and noted "the flashes of truth . . . which sparkle on the surface of the foaming sea of thought . . . the profound reflections uttered by the actors in the wild watery chase . . . and the graphic representations of human nature in the startling disguises under which it appears on the deck of the *Pequod*." In New York, three weeks later, "Moby-Dick; or, The Whale" was greeted warmly by the *Morning Courier & New-York Enquirer*: "No American writer is more sure, at every re-appearance, of a more cheerful welcome than the author of Typee . . . This book has all the attractiveness of any of its predecessors; in truth, it possesses more of a witching interest . . . The author writes with the gusto of true genius, and it must be a torpid spirit indeed that is not enlivened with the raciness of his humor and the redolence of his imagination." *The Albion* thought "Moby-Dick" "not lacking much of being a great work," and offered criticism that even the most reverential modern Melvillean might admit to be sound: that the seamen don't talk like seamen, and that the central character of Captain Ahab has been "grievously spoiled, nay altogether ruined, by a vile overdaubing with a coat of book-learning and mysticism." *The Home Journal* reported that "the result is a very racy, spirited, curious and entertaining book, which affords quite an amount of information, while it enlists the curiosity, excites the sympathies, and often charms the fancy." *Harper's New Monthly Magazine* asserted that "Moby-Dick" "in point of richness and variety of incident, originality of conception, and splendor of description, surpasses any of the former productions of this highly successful author." Enough, perhaps, has been quoted to show that even those with strong reservations about "Moby-



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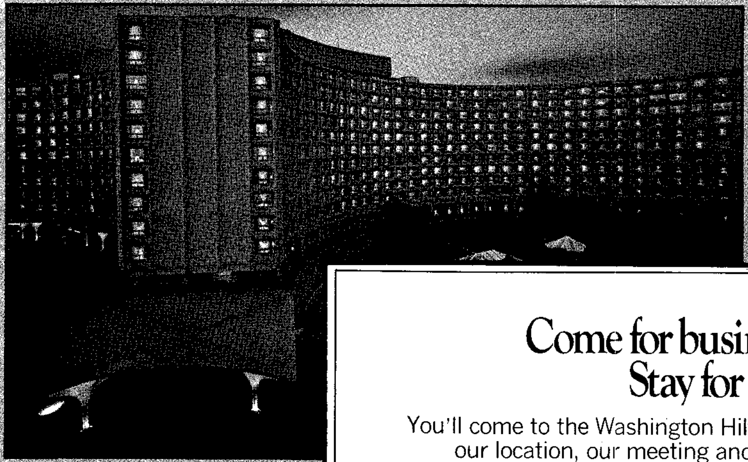

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Dick" spoke respectfully of the author's talent, and that a number of early enthusiasts for this willful and extravagant work were among the reviewers. It is true, Melville did not receive what might have been psychologically useful at this time—a fully generous public salute from a high-minded peer, such as he had given Hawthorne, or as Emerson was to give Whitman (in a private letter that became public) upon receipt of "Leaves of Grass." The "joy-giving and exultation-breeding" letter that Hawthorne did write Melville about this work that borrowed so much courage from their neighborliness was destroyed, along with almost all the letters that Melville received; but, in a letter to Evert Duyckinck, Hawthorne wrote, "What a book Melville has written! It gives me an idea of much greater power than his preceding ones." And Melville might have taken additional comfort by glancing over Longfellow's shoulder as he wrote in his journal one November night, "Sat to read all the evening in Melville's new book, 'Moby Dick or the Whale.' Very wild, strange, and interesting." Melville's critical and popular position after the publication of "Moby-Dick" was still high; he was commonly written of as a genius, and in a London New Year's survey of new presences in American literature was ranked with Hawthorne and the forgotten Richard Burleigh Kimball and Sylvester Judd. There is nothing in his situation like the obscurity in which, at his age, Hawthorne and Whitman labored—or, for that matter, in which Joyce, Proust, and Kafka secreted their modern classics. Newly established in the Berkshires, his farm and his wealthy relatives ready to supplement his income from writing, Melville had every apparent motive and means to continue triumphantly within his literary vocation.

"MOBY-DICK" stands, indeed, in the middle of Melville's shelf of books; two novels, a collection of short stories, a novelization of another man's memoir, four books of poetry, and a novella followed it. Sometime during the fall when "Moby-Dick" was published, and Melville's second son, Stanwix, was born, he began work on his next novel, "Pierre." He worked with his usual fury. His Pittsfield neighbor Sarah Morewood wrote to Duyckinck, "I hear that he is now engaged in a new work as frequently not to leave his room till quite dark in

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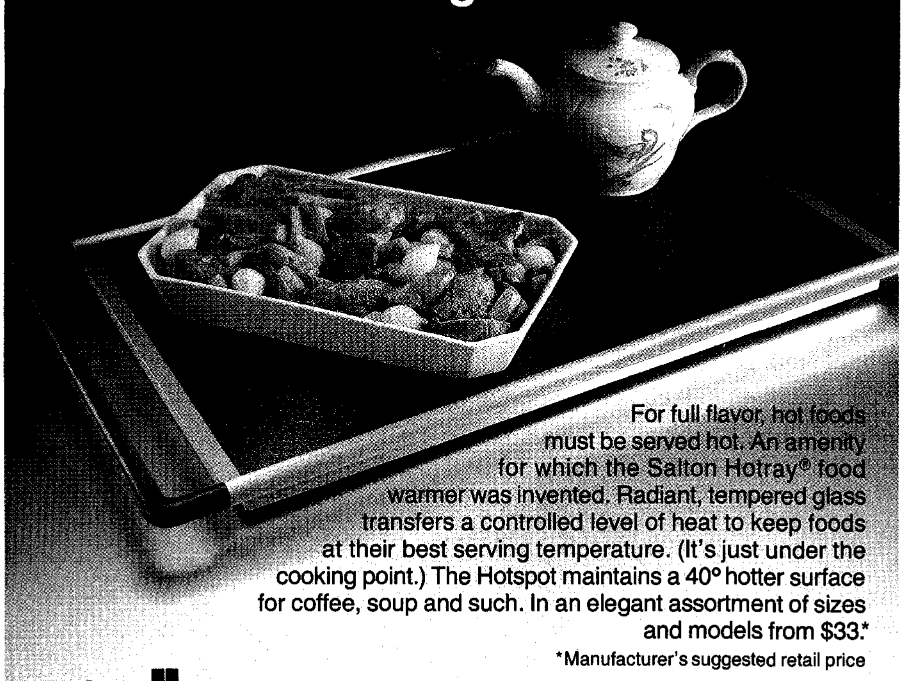

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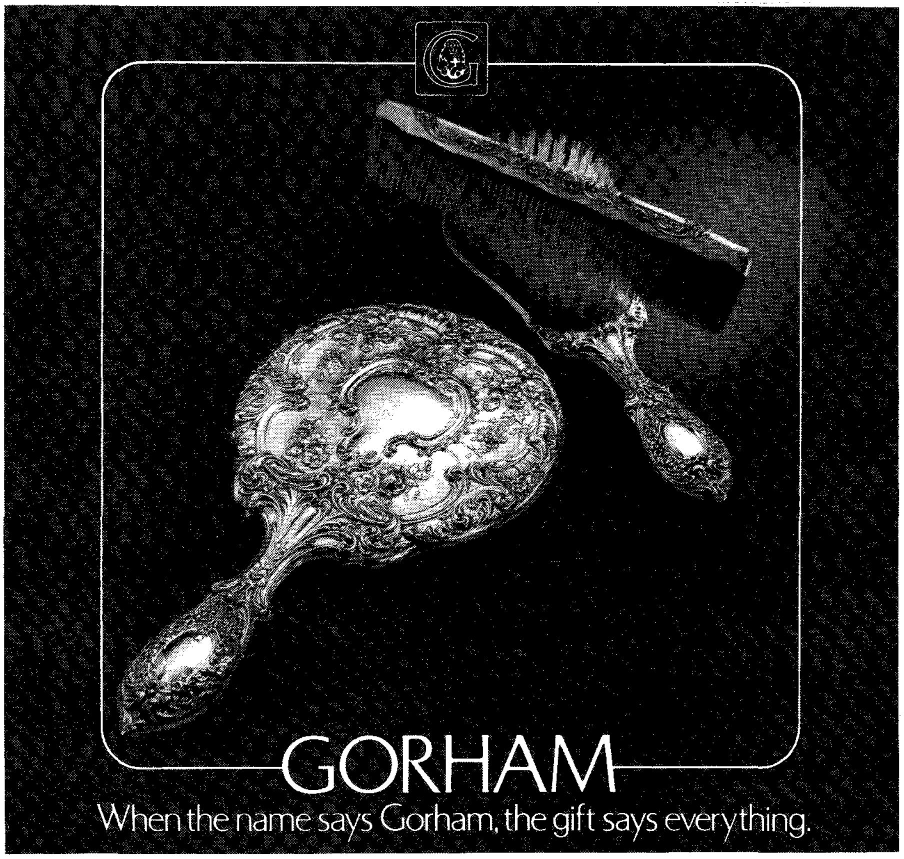

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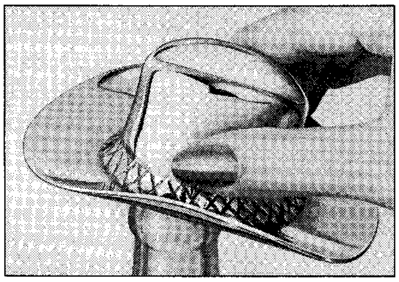

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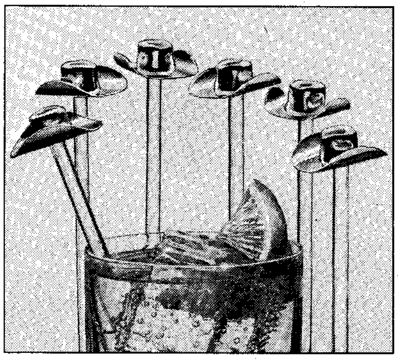

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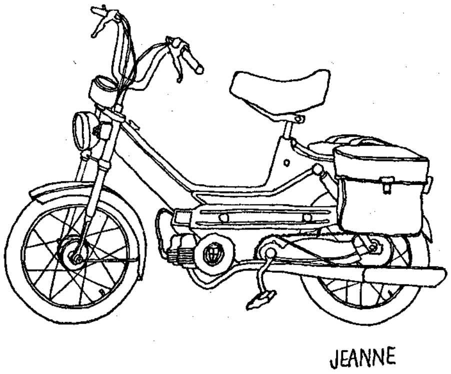
the evening—when he for the first time during the whole day partakes of solid food—he must therefore write under a state of morbid excitement which will soon injure his health—I laughed at him somewhat and told him that the recluse life he was leading made his city friends think that he was slightly insane—he replied that long ago he came to the same conclusion himself." Elizabeth Melville's doctor, Amos Nourse, also worried: "Her husband I fear is devoting himself to writing with an assiduity that will cost him dear by & by." Melville expressed fond hopes for this new work: to Sophia Hawthorne he promised it to be "a rural bowl of milk," and to his English publisher, Richard Bentley, he described it as "very much more calculated for popularity than anything you have yet published of mine—being a regular romance, with a mysterious plot to it, & stirring passions at work, representing a new & elevated aspect of American life." In the event, "Pierre" proved to be—and this is our third surprise—grindingly, ludicrously bad. It is doubtful if elsewhere in the history of literature two books as good and bad as "Moby-Dick" and "Pierre" have been written back to back. The action of "Pierre" is hysterical, the style is frenzied and volatile, the characters are jerked to and fro by some unexplained rage of the author's. These five hundred pages, as T. S. Eliot said of some plays by the Elizabethan John Marston, "give the effect of work done by a man who was so exasperated by having to write in a form which he despised that he deliberately wrote worse than he could have written, in order to relieve his feelings."

The plot is this: Pierre, a young country gentleman happily ensconced in rural wealth and in lyrical engagement to a suitable local gentlewoman called Lucy, upon discovering that his dead father in likelihood was also the father of an illegitimate daughter named Isabel reacts by renouncing his fiancée, his wealth, and his mother's affection and carrying his sister off in the semblance of a wife to the big city, where, the gentle fiancée with equal quixoticism following him, all three eventually perish. Whereas in "Moby-Dick" the figure of Ahab takes all the madness upon himself, here it belongs to the author; where the basic chase action of the earlier book carries us through all the elaborations, digressions, and explosions of authorial wit, in "Pierre" the white whale never surfaces but slides as an unsighted horror beneath the clashing, improbable waves. When Pierre receives the news that he has a bastard sister, and reacts by swooning and vowing to love and protect her "through all," Melville wonders in print at so violent a reaction to "a piece of intelligence which, in the natural course of things, many amiable gentlemen, both young and old, have been known to receive with a momentary feeling of surprise, and then a little curiosity to know more, and at last an entire unconcern." Throughout the book, we long for that amiable gentleman, that representative of mundane orderly and elastic society. Instead, the book runs a constant fever, and seems especially unreal in the Arcadian setting of its first half, though Melville had his own aristocratic background and the surrounding hills of Berkshire to draw upon. Melville was, in truth, at sea on land. The domestic and social arrangements he imagines are as gothic and moldering as those in Poe, with few of the natural affectionate details of home life we might expect from a man who was simultaneously, under his roof at Arrowhead, father, son, brother, and husband. His first six books had all been first-person narratives derived from his seafaring days. "The Paradise of Bachelors" is the title of one of his short pieces and seems to represent his ideal of the good life; men adrift or at ease in a company, eating and talking and struggling against fate together, constitute his recurrent and sufficient subject. The third of the world that is dry land and the half that is the female sex turned the compass of his imagination away. Never again, after "Pierre," will he attempt to make significant characters of women, and hereafter the ground beneath his extended fictions will be watery, if not the sea then the Mississippi of "The Confidence-Man" or the Palestinian desert of "Clarel," transformed by innumerable nautical metaphors into a ghost ocean. The masterpiece of his



old age, "Billy Budd," is, of course, a sea tale, as are "Benito Cereno" and "The Encantadas" in "The Piazza Tales." Even the characters in "Pierre" at the end seek relief in a short ride on a ferryboat, the hero announcing, "I must get on some other element than earth. I have sat on earth's saddle till I am weary."

Where "Pierre" does burn through to reality is in the evocation, in the city part of the novel, of the menace of poverty and the ordeal of writing. Pierre, we are tardily told, is something of a writer; eloping to New York with not only Isabel but another country waif, Delly Ulver, and then acquiring as one more dependent the wronged but faithful Lucy (much as Melville's Berkshire household was composed of a multiplication of women), Pierre hopes to support them all by writing a book. The description of his labors is horrendous and heartfelt:

> From eight o'clock in the morning till half-past four in the evening, Pierre sits there in his room;—eight hours and a half! . . .
>
> He will not be called to; he will not be stirred. Sometimes the intent ear of Isabel in the next room, overhears the alternate silence, and then the long lonely scratch of his pen. It is as if she heard the busy claw of some midnight mole in the ground. Sometimes she hears a low cough, and sometimes the scrape of his crook-handled cane. . . . In the heart of such silence, surely something is at work. Is it creation, or destruction? Builds Pierre the noble world of a new book? or does the Pale Haggardness unbuild the lungs and the life in him?—Unutterable, that a man should be thus! . . .
>
> He cannot eat but by force. He has assassinated the natural day; how then can he eat with an appetite? If he lays him down, he cannot sleep; he has waked the infinite wakefulness in him; then how can he slumber? Still his book, like a vast lumbering planet, revolves in his aching head.

Here we have a book describing its own composition, and that of all the hurried and bulky books before, which yet have secured the writer no sure immortality, and no lasting income.

In "Pierre," to judge by his comments in the letters just quoted, Melville imagined he was concocting "a regular romance," "calculated for popularity." When the book upon which poor Pierre so painfully labors is rejected by the publisher, it is with the note "Sir:—You are a swindler. Upon the pretence of writing a popular novel for us, you have been receiving cash advances from us, while passing through our press the sheets of a blasphemous rhapsody, filched

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from the vile Atheists, Lucian and Voltaire." Among the reviews of "Pierre," that in *The American Whig Review* spoke of "atrocious doctrines" and "glaring abominations," while that in the *Southern Literary Messenger* warned, "If one does not desire to look at virtue and religion with the eye of Mephistopheles . . . he had better leave 'Pierre or The Ambiguities' unbought on the shelves of the bookseller." Author and hero alike are unable to turn their pens to the necessary task, sinking instead into "blasphemous rhapsody." "Pierre" both in style and in action verges on parody—a quality that some recent critics have sought to make a virtue but modern readers are apt to find as disorienting as did the novel's few contemporary reviewers. "Typee" and "Omoo" successfully took up the engaging manner of a purveyor of romance and adventure. With the enormous intellectual expansion and relative commercial failure of "Mardi," Melville entered into a bitter relation with his prospective readers. "Redburn" and "White-Jacket," quickly written to recoup the disaster of "Mardi," were, he confided to his father-in-law and the chief underwriter of his household, the wealthy Massachusetts judge Lemuel Shaw, "two *jobs*, which I have done for money—being forced to it, as other men are to sawing wood. . . . So far as I am individually concerned, & independent of my pocket, it is my earnest desire to write those sort of books which are said to 'fail'—pardon this egotism."

MELVILLE, like Norman Mailer and Lord Byron, began, in his mid-twenties, with a success that ever after he had to live up to. On both sides of the Atlantic, "Typee" created a sensation that still resonated when all else of Melville's production had been forgotten. But what did best-sellerdom mean in mid-nineteenth-century America? Two and a half years after "Typee" 's publication in 1846, Melville's brother Allan drew up an account of the American edition, brought out by Wiley & Putnam. Of a total printing of sixty-five hundred copies, 2,178 copies bound in muslin and costing a dollar each had been sold, and 3,575 paperbound at seventy-five cents each, bringing total receipts to $3,235.94, less publishing expenses of $1,663.01, making a profit of $1,572.93, of which Melville's half was $786.46. "Omoo" also did well, though less well. Its edition, by

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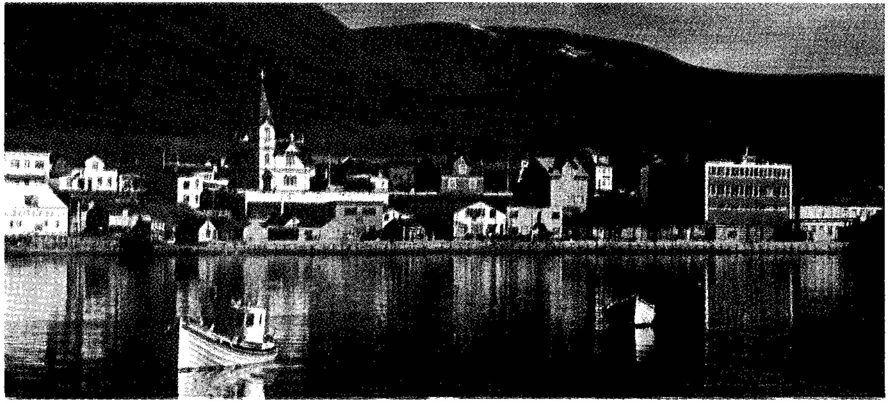

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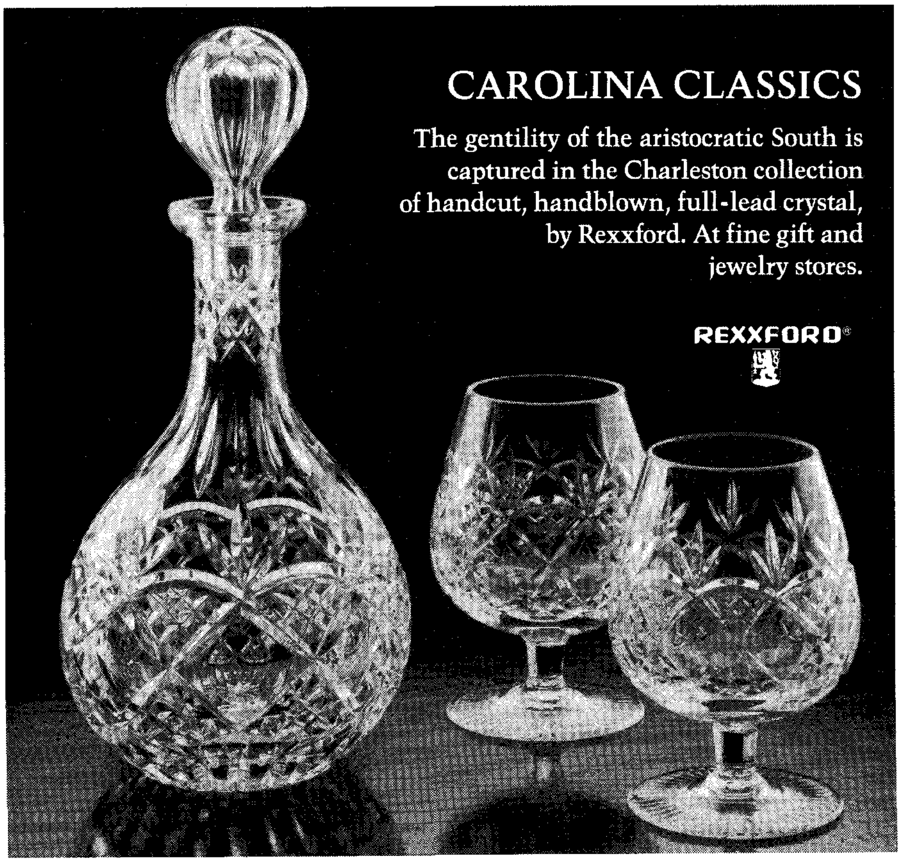

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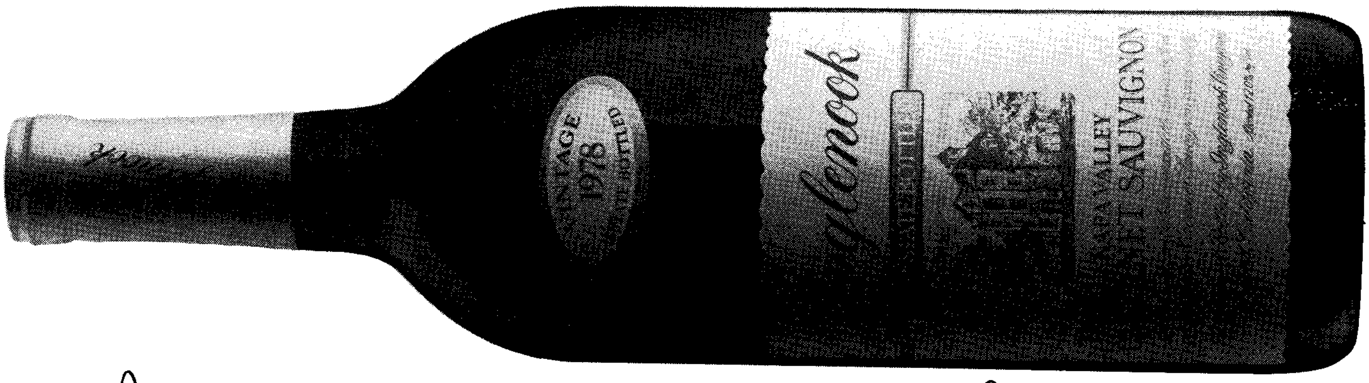

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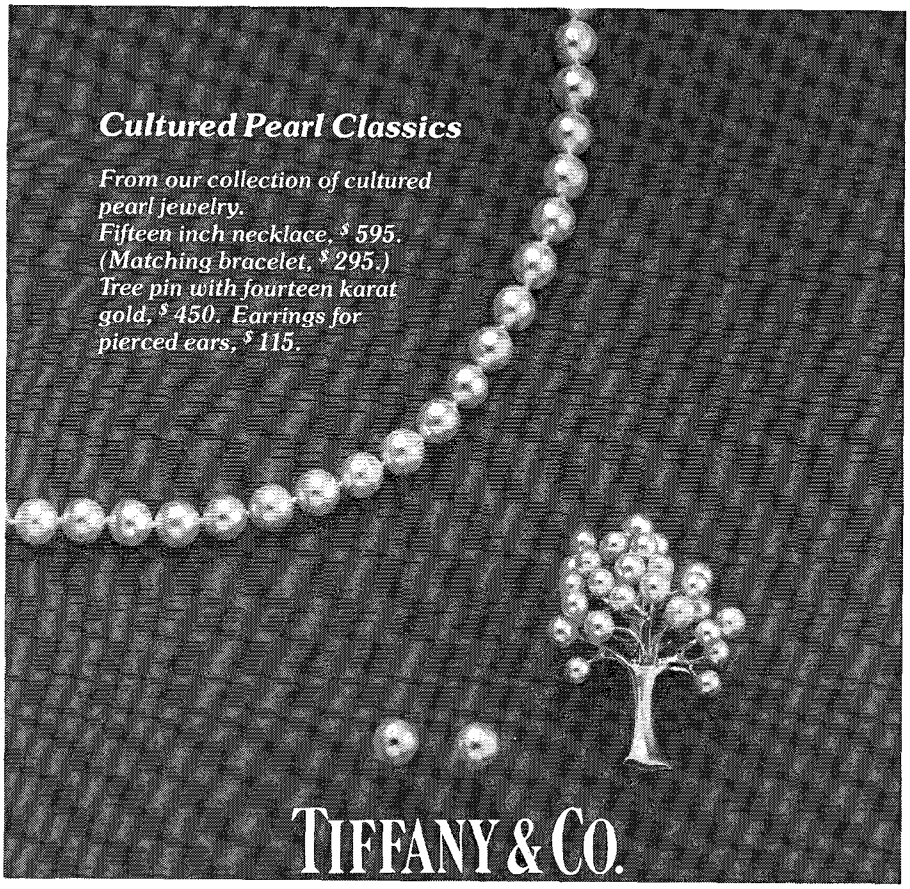
Harper & Brothers, had by the first of August, 1847, sold about thirty-six hundred copies, giving Melville a profit of $718.79, less his advance of four hundred dollars. After "Mardi," which sold a little over two thousand copies, Harper's statements show Melville, because of his unearned advances, in debt to them. "Moby-Dick" eighteen months after its publication had sold a not inconsiderable twenty-three hundred copies, but "Pierre," for which Melville had received a five-hundred-dollar advance, eight months after its publication had sold a miserable two hundred and eighty-three copies of a hopeful edition of twenty-three hundred and ten. In Melville's entire lifetime, royalties on the "bowl of milk" amounted to a hundred and fifty-seven dollars. Of course, English publication should not be left out of account; it could win for a nineteenth-century American author more prestige and no less profit than native publication, and was usually arranged to fall earlier. By Allan's reckoning, Melville's British receipts from the first five books totalled $3,775.05, or slightly more than the American total of $3,591.21. These sums, plus a seven-hundred-dollar English advance on "Moby-Dick," come to over eight thousand dollars: an average annual earning, over five years, of sixteen hundred dollars—making Melville one of the best-paid American authors of this era. Yet by 1851 he was deep in debt, owing Harper & Brothers hundreds and his father-in-law thousands. In England, the firm of Richard Bentley refused to pay any advance for "Pierre," reporting losses from Melville's last four books of four hundred and fifty pounds.

The population of the United States in 1850 was about twenty-three million, so "Typee" 's sale here of nearly six thousand can be multiplied by ten to give us a modern equivalent; a sale of sixty thousand hardbound copies might get you a low rung on the *Times'* best-seller list for six weeks or so. The same rough rule of ten could be applied to the dollar amounts, in a world where a clothbound book cost a dollar, an apple a penny, a restaurant meal forty cents, a slave a thousand dollars, and a farm in Pittsfield sixty-five hundred. Even if we allow the 1850 dollar to be worth fifteen of ours, Melville would not have been rich by, say, the standards of his brother-in-law Lemuel Shaw, Jr.—who left an estate of over three hundred thousand dollars—even had his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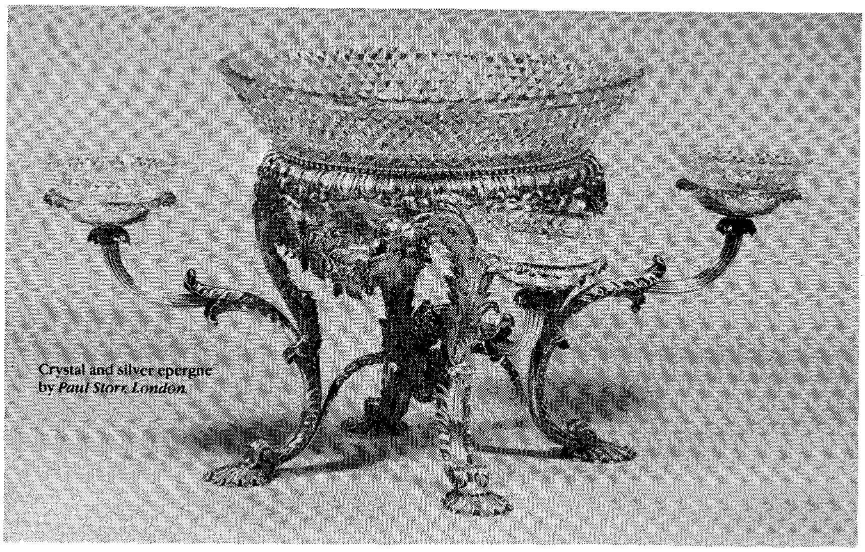

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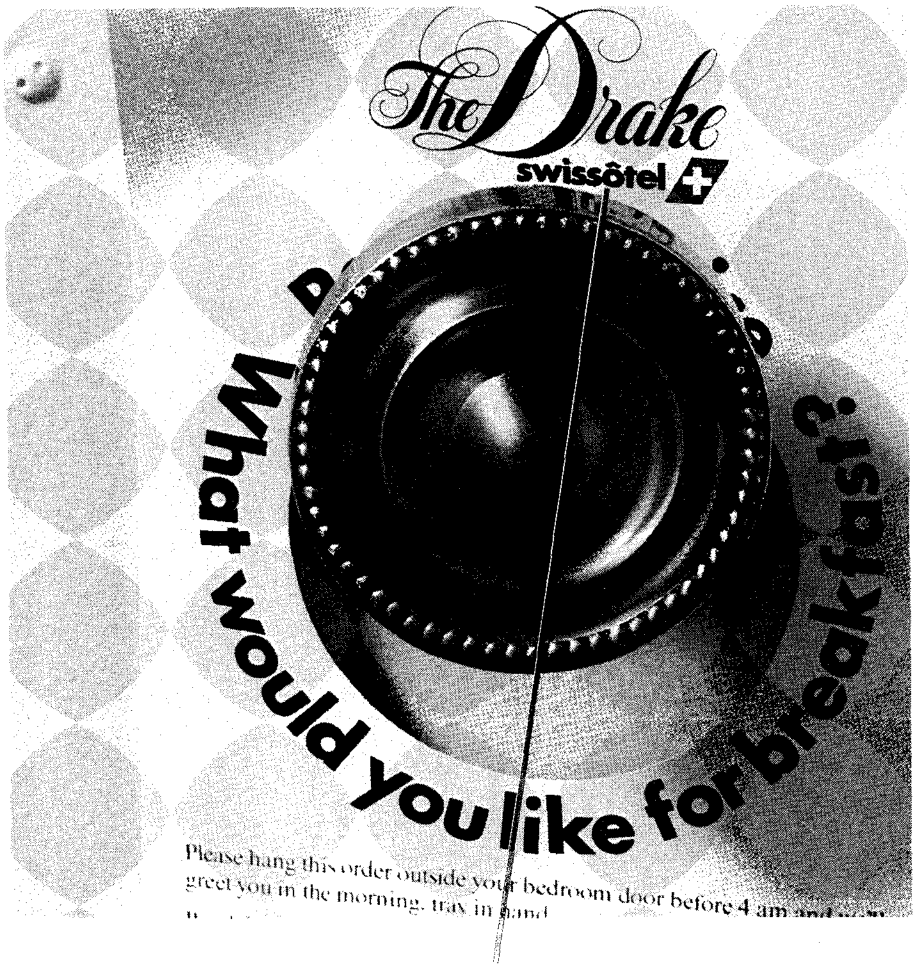
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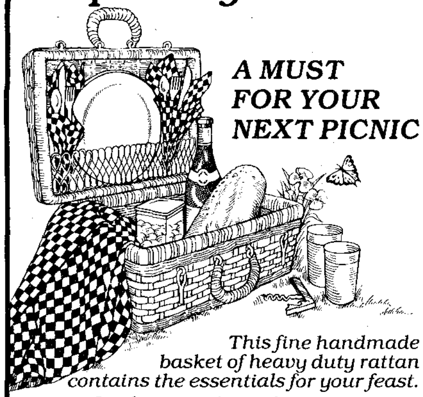
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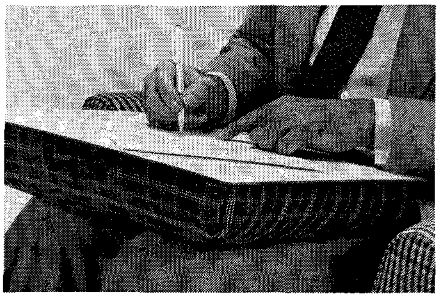
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sales continued at the rate of "Typee" 's. When at last, in late 1866, Melville obtained a government post as a Deputy Inspector of Customs in the City of New York, his salary was four dollars a day, which came to around twelve hundred annually—a "pittance," in the word of his brother-in-law John Hoadley in 1873, but a sufficient living, with his wife's unearned income, and far more than he had averaged in twenty years of authorship. The United States of his time would seem to have been like Third World countries today—able to breed a literary community of sorts, but with a reading public insufficiently large to sustain a free-lance writer of books. The first significant professional American writers, Washington Irving and James Fenimore Cooper, were men of some wealth; it was Melville's additional irritation to have wealthy relatives whose doles merely underlined the pathos of his own struggle to support a family with an increasingly willful pen. "Dollars damn me," he wrote Hawthorne. "What I feel most moved to write, that is banned,—it will not pay. Yet, altogether, write the *other* way I cannot. So the product is a final hash, and all my books are botches."

There remained the burgeoning world of journals and magazines, which had employed and published Poe and had first led the young hermit of Salem, Hawthorne, out into the light of print. To this form of professionalism Melville turned, with surprisingly solid results. After "Pierre," Melville's family attempted to secure for him a consular post such as Hawthorne had in the new Administration of Franklin Pierce; but no sinecure forthcame. However, the editors of a new journal, *Putnam's Monthly Magazine*, sent him in October of 1852 a letter inviting him to become a contributor, and he evidently turned aside from several book-length projects he was working on—one a "Tortoise Hunting Adventure," for which Harper had advanced him three hundred dollars, and the other an idea that he had tried to persuade Hawthorne to execute, the tale of a sailor's grass widow named Agatha—to compose in 1853 his celebrated short story "Bartleby, the Scrivener." In the following year, he wrote five more stories and a long work called "Israel Potter," which was serialized in *Putnam's* before publication in book form. In the two years after that, he wrote eight more tales as well as his farewell to the

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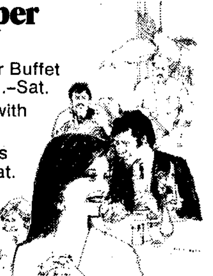
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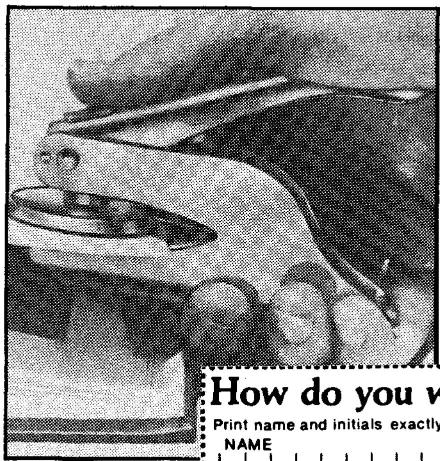

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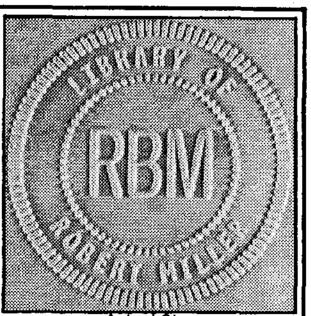

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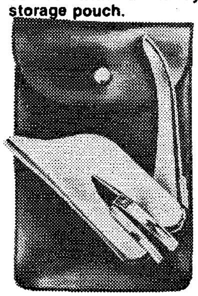

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novelist's art, "The Confidence Man." As far as is known, *Putnam's* rejected only one submission, and that not for aesthetic reasons but for fear that it ("The Two Temples") would offend the sensibilities of parishioners of Manhattan's Grace Church. He was paid by the page, and for "Bartleby" received eighty-five dollars from the magazine, for the Hawthornean tale "The Bell-Tower" thirty-seven fifty, and for "Israel Potter" all of four hundred and twenty-one dollars and fifty cents. These were good fees for the time, but the rewards of magazine publication did not induce Melville to continue long in that field. After the Civil War, *Putnam's Monthly*, having failed in 1857, was revived as *Putnam's Magazine;* its prospectus asked, "And where . . . is Herman Melville? Has that copious and imaginative author . . . let fall his pen just where its use might have been so remunerative to himself, and so satisfactory to the public?" Though Melville told the editors, "You may include me in the list of probable contributors," he never did contribute again. When, in 1856, he had collected his published tales and sketches in "The Piazza Tales," he left over half of them out and was done with selling short pieces to magazines. His total earnings for these three years of piecework have been calculated at seven hundred and twenty-five dollars.

The stories of "The Piazza Tales" are, with "Moby-Dick," "Typee," and "Billy Budd," the most widely read of Melville's work. They evince a competence, even a mastery, that Melville chose not to exercise much. "I would prefer not to," Bartleby famously says, and there is in all these tales a certain reserve, a toning down into brown and sombre colors the sunny colors and brilliant blacks of the earlier work, a desolation hauntingly figured forth by the eerie slave-seized ship of "Benito Cereno" and the cinderlike islands of "The Encantadas." The style, though a triumphant recovery from the hectic tropes of "Pierre," is not quite the assured, playful, precociously fluent, and eagerly pitched voice of the sea novels. It is a slightly *chastened* style, with something a bit abrasive and latently aggressive about it. However admirable, these tales are not exactly comfortable; their surfaces are not seductive and limpid, like those of Hawthorne's tales. How uncomfortable Melville was will burst forth in "The Confidence-Man," which has the texture

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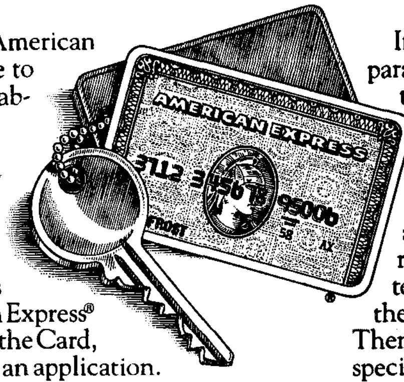

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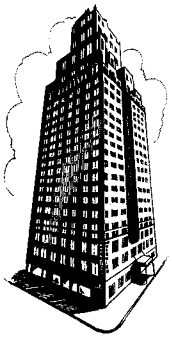

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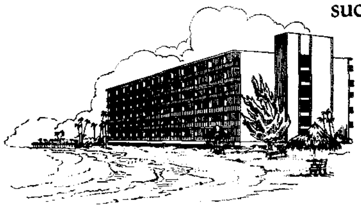

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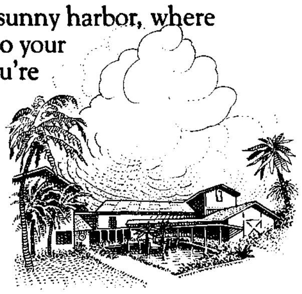

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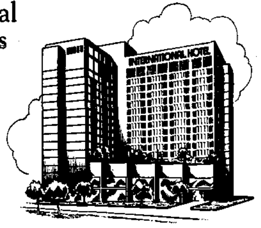

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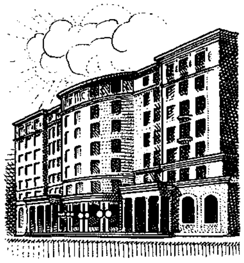

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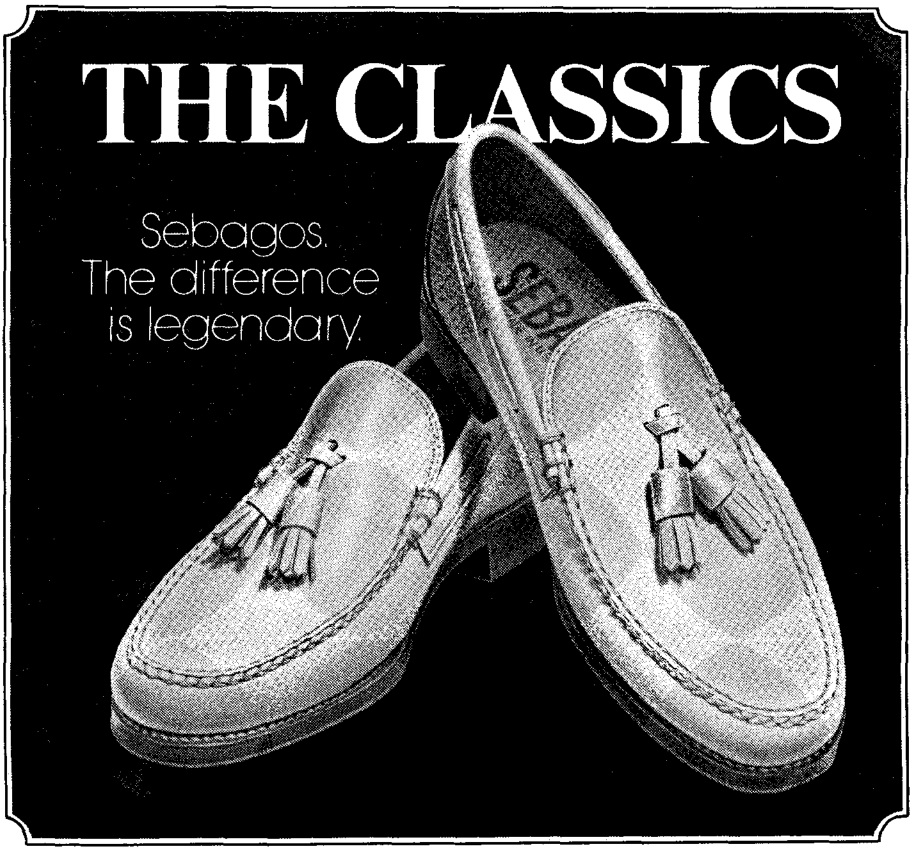

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of gnashing teeth; but before grappling with it we might linger a moment upon "Israel Potter," the one book of Melville's quite out of print, and yet a charming one, and one indicating how entertainingly Melville could perform when bound to the constraints of a brisk professional intent.

Like "Benito Cereno" and "Billy Budd," "Israel Potter" is based upon a document—a pamphlet, printed in Providence in 1824, that Melville had picked up, "rescued by the merest chance from the rag-pickers." The cover describes the "Life and Remarkable Adventures of Israel R. Potter," who "was a soldier in the American Revolution and took a distinguished part in the Battle of Bunker Hill . . . after which he was taken Prisoner by the British, conveyed to England, where for 30 years he obtained a livelihood for himself and family, by crying 'Old Chairs to Mend,' through the Streets of London— . . . he succeeded (in the 79th year of his age) in obtaining a passage to his native country, after an absence of 48 years." In the footsteps of this bizarre, not very consequential memoir, Melville trots along amiably, elaborating, poeticizing, inventing portraits of such eminences as Ben Franklin, John Paul Jones, and Ethan Allen, and giving us a vivid notion of our country's patriotic pantheon while its deities were not many decades in the grave. Though caustic in places, the book has something of its hero's naïve patriotism and that innocence of an Edenic America lost forever with the eighteen-fifties. "Israel Potter" is notable for containing the one sketch in all post-Polynesian Melville of a woman perceived as an inviting sexual object. Our hero is the guest of Ambassador Franklin in Paris:

> In tripped a young French lass, bloom on her cheek, pink ribbons in her cap, liveliness in all her air, grace in the very tips of her elbows. The most bewitching little chambermaid in Paris. All art, but the picture of artlessness.
>
> "Monsieur! pardon!"
>
> "Oh, I pardong ye freely," said Israel. "Come to call on the Ambassador?"
>
> "Monsieur, is de—de—" but, breaking down at the very threshold in her English, she poured out a long ribbon of sparkling French, the purpose of which was to convey a profusion of fine compliments to the stranger, with many tender inquiries as to whether he was comfortably roomed, and whether there might not be something, however trifling, wanting to his complete accommodation.

For the equivalent of those ribbons and graceful elbow tips one has to go back to Fayaway in "Typee." "Israel

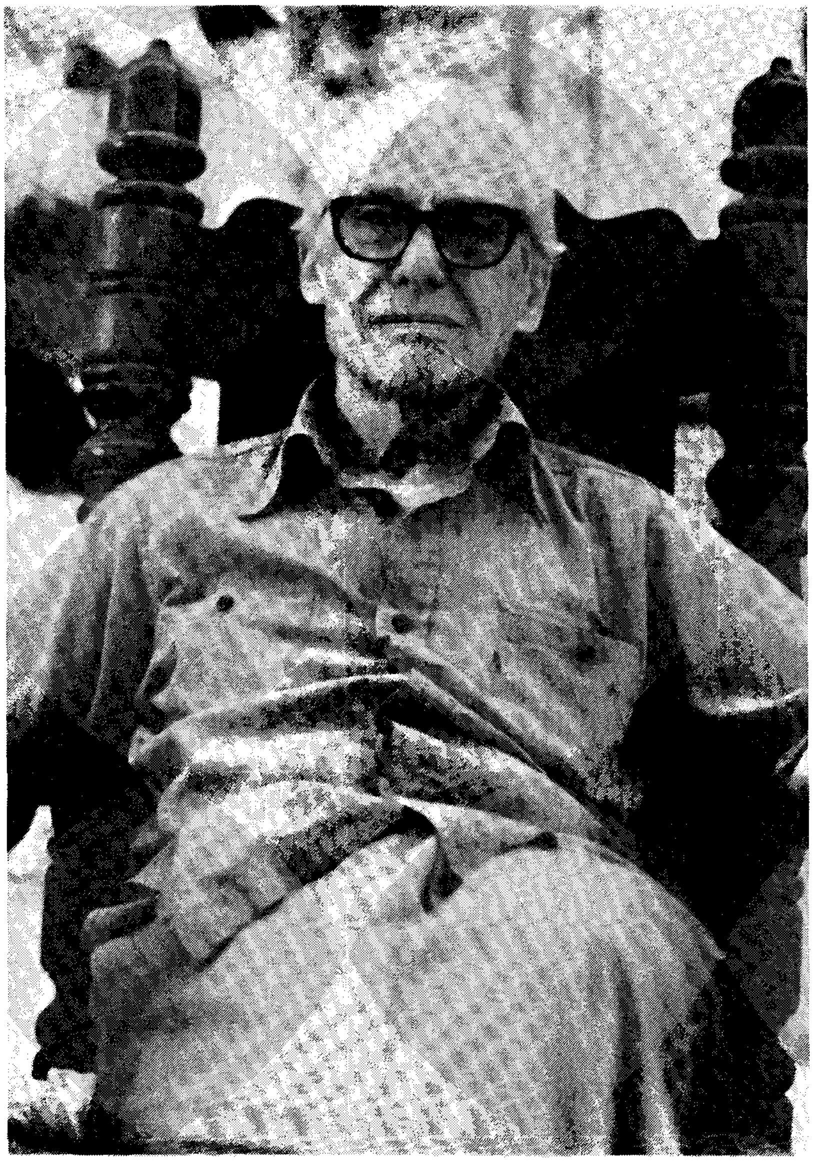
Potter" also holds a number of matchless descriptions of battles at sea, Olympian in their mood and startling in their playful poetry:

> The sun was now calmly setting over the green land of Ireland. The sky was serene, the sea smooth, the wind just sufficient to waft the two vessels steadily and gently. After the first firing and a little manœuvring, the two ships glided on freely, side by side; in that mild air exchanging their deadly broadsides, like two friendly horsemen walking their steeds along a plain, chatting as they go.

Metaphors abound: Melville transmutes the lowly fact that Potter labored for a time in a brickworks into a meditation on mankind; bricks become men, in the kiln of imagination, and Israel Potter, as he slaps wet clay into the molds, thinks, " 'What signifies who we be, or where we are, or what we do?' Slap-dash! 'Kings as clowns are codgers—who ain't a nobody?' Splash! 'All is vanity and clay.' "

NO writer, not even Dickens, invents from whole cloth; but Melville was especially an embroiderer, who needed the ready-made fabric of either his own recalled adventures or an account of someone else's to get his needle flying. His sense of truth held him stubbornly close to the actual; he was, in a style we can recognize as modern, both bookish and autobiographical. Though such a writer can never run out of other men's books, he can run out of autobiography.

Many burdensome things happened to Melville in the years after the writing of "Moby-Dick" besides that novel's indifferent reception. Hawthorne and his family rather abruptly left the Berkshires for eastern Massachusetts after a brief year and a half; though too much can be made, I believe, of Melville's love for Hawthorne, it undoubtedly existed, as his monody on the older man's death and the oddly inactive but intense figure of Vine in "Clarel" show. Like Hollingsworth to Coverdale in "The Blithedale Romance" (which Hawthorne wrote in the year immediately after leaving the Berkshires), Melville came on too strong with his wish to be called "brother," but it is unlikely that this was what drove Hawthorne away; the friendship straggled on for years. Nearer home, two daughters were added to Melville's responsibilities, and his health, the constant theme of worry in his wife's letters, decisively broke in 1855; rheumatism and sciat-



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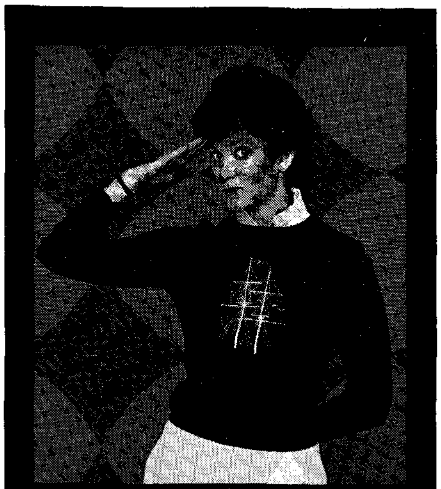
ica sent him to bed for weeks. While convalescing, he wrote the sketch "I and My Chimney," which, though fondly quoted by the present civic caretakers of Arrowhead, is, in thin and facetious disguise, a harrowing revelation of Melville's domestic attitudes. The sketch is a fantasy that the narrator's wife and daughters are conspiring to tear down the massive central brick chimney that is his chief comfort and pride. The chimney seems a phallic symbol of male independence, and also, with its many secret chambers, a symbol for his creative life. "I must say a few words about this enterprising wife of mine," the narrator tells us. "Her maxim is, 'Whatever is, is wrong; and what is more, must be altered; and what is still more, must be altered right away.' Dreadful maxim for the wife of a dozy old dreamer like me." This ogress proposes "to take upon herself all the responsibilities of my affairs," and a certain Mr. Scribe is called in to attest to the chimney's soundness. The reference may be not only to Melville's sciatica but to an earlier occasion, around the time of the publication of "Pierre," when—according to a scholar, William Braswell, who based his information upon conversations with Melville's granddaughter Eleanor and with Raymond Weaver, Melville's first biographer—"he had worked himself into so frightful a nervous condition that his family had physicians examine him for insanity." One of the physicians may well have been Oliver Wendell Holmes, himself a scribe. They pronounced Melville sane, as Scribe pronounces *the chimney sound, but the reviewers* of "Pierre" brutally impugned its author's sanity. The Boston *Post* speculated that "the craziest fiction extant . . . might be supposed to emanate from a lunatic hospital rather than from the quiet retreats of Berkshire," and *The Southern Quarterly Review* stated, "The sooner this author is put in ward the better." Though Melville left no record of his reaction, such insults must have pained a man who at the age of twelve had watched his own father die a raving maniac. The question of "soundness" hovered about Melville, and self-doubt must often have visited his bedside in these stressful mid-eighteen-fifties. But more important than all oppressions and deprivations real or imagined was, perhaps, an event within the œuvre: "Moby-Dick" used up the last major portion of Melville's artistic capital, his years at sea. Henceforth, he must



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draw upon the accounts of other seafarers or write about land. And little that he saw around him in Pittsfield interested him enough to write about or could be written about with frankness. "I and My Chimney" is a virtual assault upon the women in his life; Elizabeth Melville felt obliged to pen in self-defense alongside the printed copy kept in a scrapbook of her husband's magazine contributions, "All this about his wife, applied to his mother, who was very vigorous and energetic about the farm, etc. The proposed removal of the chimney is purely mythical."

Melville's last attempt to rewin the public that had once existed for his novels took up a fashionable subject—the West and the riverboat swindler, the frontier sharper. Very likely, Melville read in *Harper's New Monthly*, to which he contributed and subscribed, Thomas Bangs Thorpe's sketch "Remembrances of the Mississippi," in the issue of December, 1855, just before "The Confidence-Man" was begun. Melville himself had been to the Mississippi in 1840, on a visit to his charming, eccentric, unsuccessful Uncle Thomas; whatever hopes he had of the excursion went unrealized, and by the year's end he had returned East and signed up for the fateful first whaling voyage. Memories of the Mississippi trip and of his unhappy family and dismal youth may have contributed to the dire pessimism of "The Confidence-Man." This crabbed and inert work has attracted much learned comment and appreciation in recent decades, second in this respect only to "Moby-Dick," and no doubt there is much to be said for it: it yields many evidences of ingenuity to academic analysis, and does anticipate an apocalyptic vein of American fiction, from the later Twain to Nathanael West to yesterday's black humorists. Black the book is, and humorous its intent; but appreciation should begin with the acknowledgment that it is suffocatingly difficult to read. As one commentator (R. W. B. Lewis) has wittily said, it is more rereadable than readable, and "seems rather to bulge and thicken than to progress." Where "Pierre" is at least a bad novel, "The Confidence-Man" is no novel at all; it is a series of farfetched but rather joyless conversations upon the theme of trust, or confidence. The Confidence Man himself, implausibly tricked out at an early appearance as a "grotesque negro cripple . . . cut down to the stature of a Newfoundland

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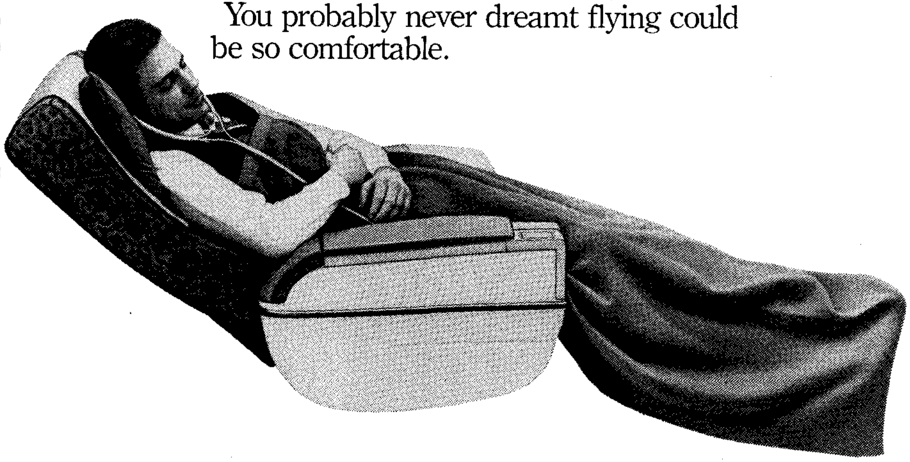

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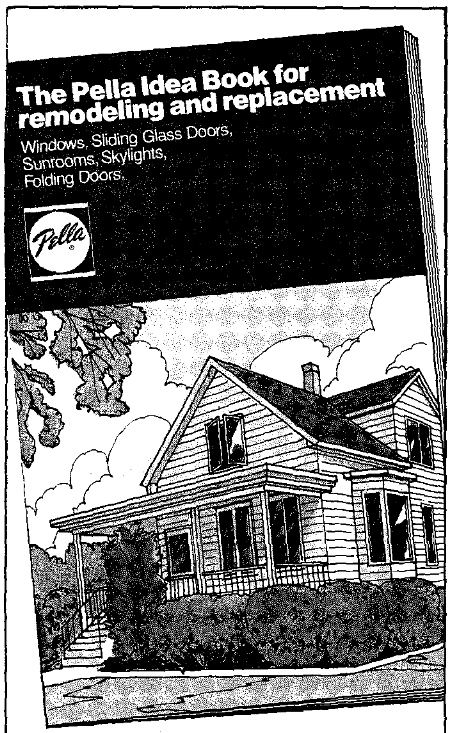
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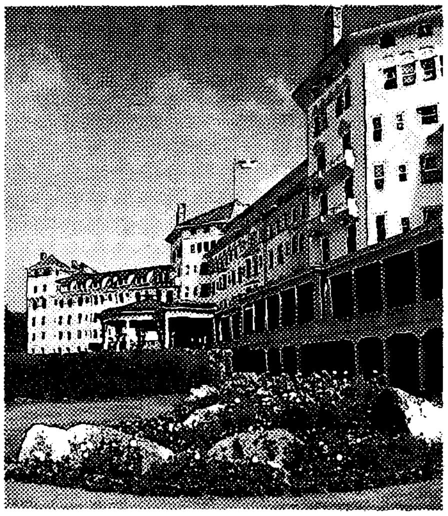
dog," assumes a series of less contorted disguises and deprives a few fellow-passengers on the riverboat Fidèle of a few dollars; but by mid-excursion Melville seems to forget his trickster theme and permits his shifty central figure to stay in one costume and to indulge in a parade of haranguing dialogues. A number of critics have noticed the dizzying, vertiginous effect of "The Confidence-Man;" there is the sensation of wheels whirling to no purpose. The objective of swindling has sunk within some murkier purpose satisfied, it seems, by sheer discourse. The novel, with hardly a female character though many women must have ridden the riverboats, strikes me as the most homosexual of Melville's works; men are trying to "get at" each other with a merciless, adhesive nagging. The action is all verbal and takes place in a sensory vacuum; almost no attempt is made to render the boat itself or the river and its banks real—how far a fall is here from the sea sense the early books give us! Melville's style has dismissed the voluptuousness that excited and even scandalized his first readers, and ranges from sharp and dry to monstrous, as in this sentence:

> Analogically, he couples the slanting cut of the equivocator's coat-tails with the sinister cast in his eye; he weighs slyboot's sleek speech in the light imparted by the oblique import of the smooth slope of his worn boot-heels; the insinuator's undulating flunkyisms dovetail into those of the flunky beast that windeth his way on his belly.

However, the theme, of confidence, is a mighty one. Confidence is the lubricant of American enterprise, "the indispensable basis of all sorts of business transactions," the boosterism needed to fling a rickety economic frame across the still ragged and sparsely populated nation; the theme is worth a satire or a tragedy, neither of which Melville was well equipped to write. One cannot help thinking of what Mark Twain would have done with this material; at moments, interestingly, the Confidence Man sounds like Whitman: "No man is a stranger. You accost anybody. Warm and confiding, you wait not for measured advances." But Melville, though born the same year and in the same area as Whitman, looked the other way—not forward to the democratic apotheosis but backward to Calvinism and its dark negations. What fascinated and enraged him was confidence universalized as religious faith. The linkage of the business and religious senses of the concept was, and is, tightly established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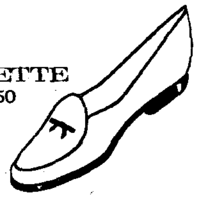
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in the American success formula. The Confidence Man, in his longest role as "the cosmopolitan," sweeps it all together, extolling the press as "defender of the faith in the final triumph of truth over error, metaphysics over superstition, theory over falsehood, machinery over nature, and the good man over the bad." Optimism, whether encountered in Emerson or Goethe or the American press, galled Melville; his ship of fools is called Fidèle—"faithful." "A proper view of the universe," the Confidence Man prates, "that view which is suited to breed a proper confidence, teaches . . . that . . . all things are justly presided over." Melville doubted this; but was dismayed to doubt it, and his dismay hobbled him.

Ishmael tries to tell us, in "Moby-Dick" 's famous chapter on whiteness (XLII), what the great whale is a symbol of:

> Is it that by its indefiniteness it shadows forth the heartless voids and immensities of the universe, and thus stabs us from behind with the thought of annihilation, when beholding the white depths of the milky way? Or is it, that as in essence whiteness is not so much a color as the visible absence of color, and at the same time the concrete of all colors; is it for these reasons that there is such a dumb blankness, full of meaning, in a wide landscape of snows—a colorless, all-color of atheism from which we shrink?

Melville shrank from atheism, and from all facile theisms. The whale's head is a "dead, blind wall, without a single organ or tender prominence of any sort whatsoever;" it is "one broad firmament of a forehead, plaited with riddles; dumbly lowering with the doom of boats, and ships, and men." "In that full front view, you feel the Deity and the dread powers more forcibly than in beholding any other object in living nature." At the book's climax, in a very curious phrase, when Moby Dick smashes the ship of his pursuers with "the solid white buttress of his forehead," he is seen "vibrating his predestinating head." Predestinating: the awful absence of God, of the Calvinist God, becomes, in a way, God. Moby Dick represents the utter blank horror of the universe if Godless. Melville has been described as a mystic, but to me he has nothing of mysticism such as might be ascribed to Wordsworth or D. H. Lawrence. Melville is a rational man who wants God to exist. He wants Him to exist for the same reasons we all do: to be our rescuer and appreciator, to act as a confidant in our moments of crisis and

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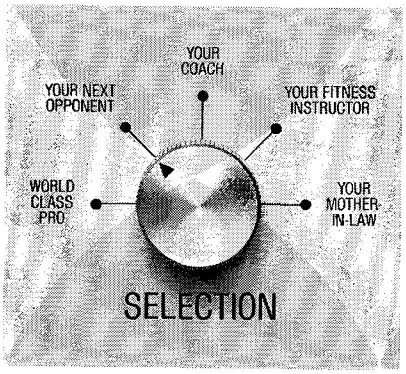

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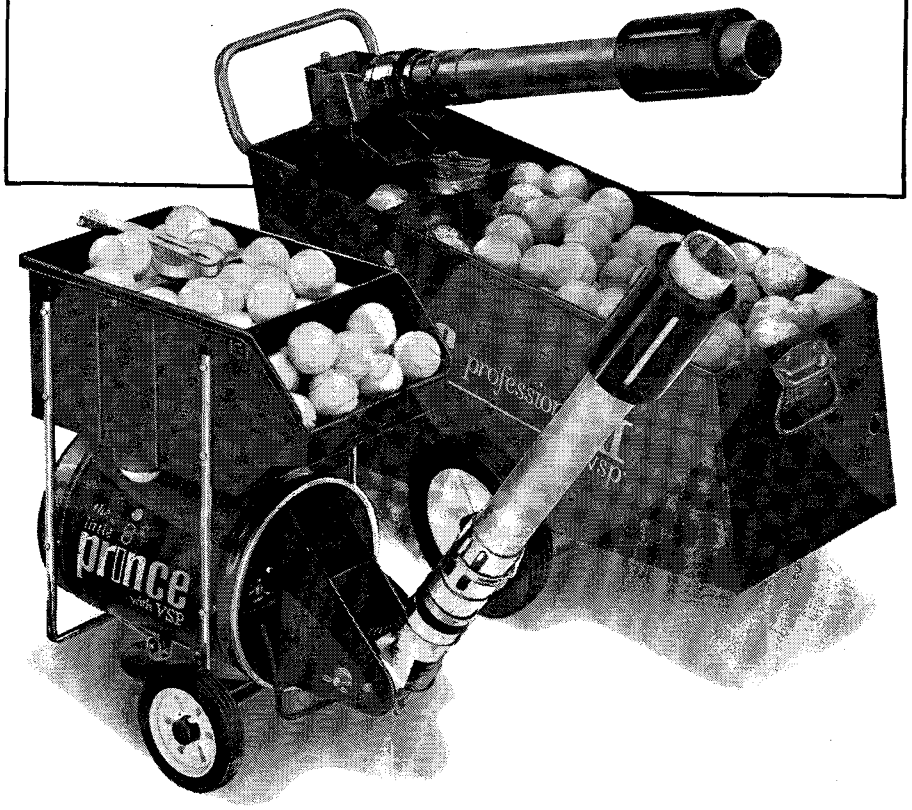

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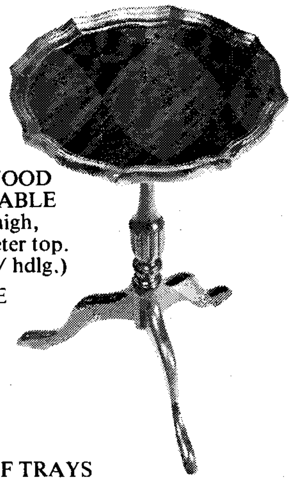

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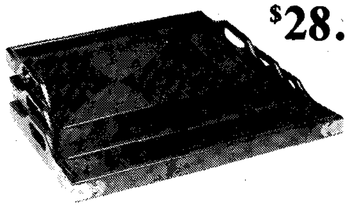

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to give us reassurance that, over the horizon of our deaths, we will survive. In 1856, after completing "The Confidence-Man," but without waiting for its publication, Melville took a restorative voyage to the Holy Land. Landing first in Great Britain, he met with Hawthorne, then the American consul in Liverpool, and told him, in a famous conversation noted in Hawthorne's journals, that he "had pretty much made up his mind to be annihilated." "But still," Hawthorne went on, "he does not seem to rest in that anticipation." One wonders if Melville knew at this time that the prodigious prose writer within him had already been laid to rest.

Upon his return from his travels through Europe and the Mideast, he made an announcement, according to Lemuel Shaw, Jr.: "Herman says he is not going to write any more at present & wishes to get a place in the N. Y. Custom House." Not until 1866 was this ambition satisfied; for the remainder of the crucial decade of the fifties Melville turned to lecturing. On the circuit, talking about Roman statuary or Polynesian islands, he received mixed notices. The Cleveland *Daily Herald* reported:

> Mr. Melville has a musical voice, and a very correct delivery, but a subdued tone and general want of animation prevents his being a popular lecturer . . . We repeat our axiom—good writers do not make good lecturers.

In Rockford, Illinois, the local newspapers were less philosophical: one protested, "It has rarely been our lot to witness a more painful infliction upon an audience," and the other concluded, "No man has a right to set himself up as a lecturer at $50 per night, who cannot for one minute take his eyes from his manuscript." Melville gave his last lecture early in 1860, having earned by this method $1,273.50, and in 1863 he and his family moved from Pittsfield, from a farm that had never been an idyll, to 104 East Twenty-sixth Street, New York City, where he stayed, working as a customs inspector and collaborating in his own ever profounder obscurity. Toward the end of his life, there would be an occasional flurry of excitement in literary columns over the fact that he was still alive. Robert Buchanan, an English versifier and student of American letters, upon a visit to New York in 1885, was unable to find the man he termed "the one great imaginative writer fit to stand shoulder to shoulder with Whitman on that continent,"

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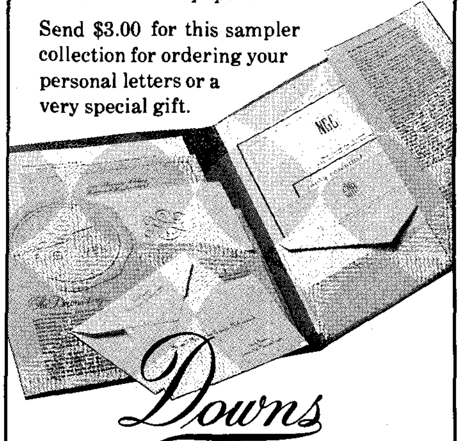

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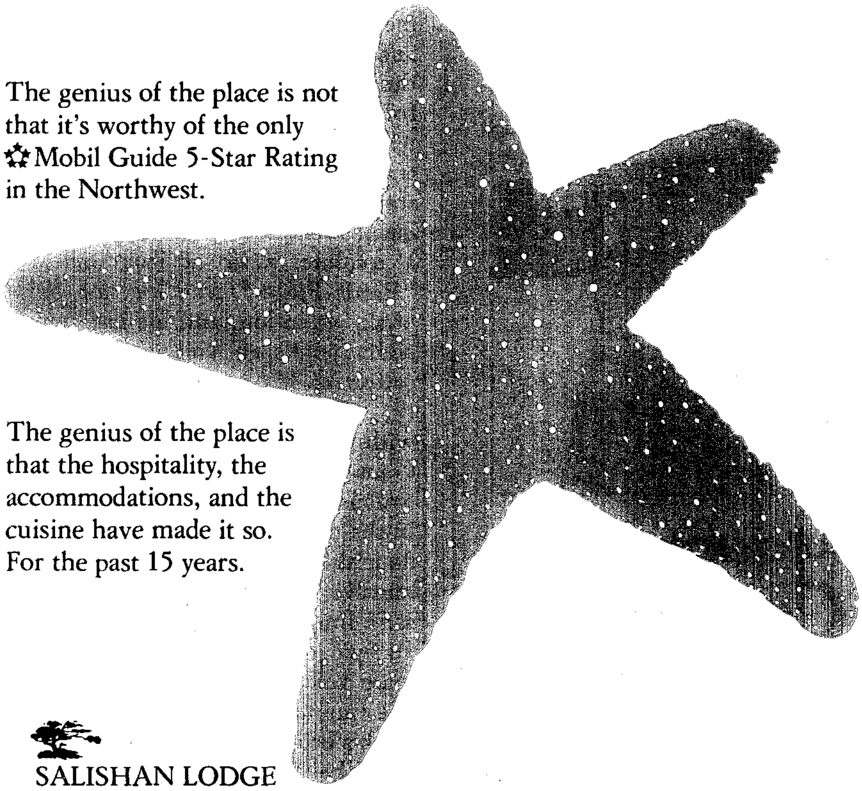
and published a poem complaining that

> Melville, whose magic drew Typee,
> Radiant as Venus, from the sea,
> Sits all forgotten or ignored,
> While haberdashers are adored!

The enchantments of "Typee" and "Omoo" were never quite forgotten, however, and figure in the memoirs of younger writers such as Jack London and Robert Louis Stevenson. Strangely, in those late, silent years the statements that Harper & Brothers sent Melville showed no longer a debit but some modest earnings on his royalties. After he died, in the fall of 1891, a communication to the *Times* headed "The Late Henry Melville" remembered how one pilgrim to his dwelling was startled to be told that the author owned no copies of his own books.

YET—our last surprise—Melville had never really stopped writing. He never surrendered his pursuit of literary greatness—merely shifted the mode and slackened the pace. No sooner had he given up prose fiction than he began to study and write poetry, as a medium perhaps better suited to his pure aspirations and metaphysical bent. By May of 1860, he had prepared a volume of poems, which Charles Scribner declined to publish. Through the Civil War, he wrote poems based upon battle dispatches—one of the best deals with an event he witnessed at a distance, the New York draft riots of 1863—and these were collected in "Battle-Pieces," which was published in 1866. After his retirement from the Customs Service in 1885, Melville privately published two small collections of poems in paperbound editions of twenty-five copies each—"John Marr and Other Sailors" (1888) and "Timoleon" (1891). Melville's poetry has been some of the last of his production restored to favor; but now it can be found in every anthology, and critics no less than Randall Jarrell and Robert Penn Warren rank him with Whitman and Emily Dickinson. We have, perhaps, more tolerance for the awkwardness and obliquity that damned his verse with contemporary reviewers; but even the most sympathetic reader now cannot but be struck by a feeling of deliberate and stubborn effort in the poems, an effect of *muttering* quite unlike the full-throated ease of the prose. Like another novelist turned poet out of disgust, Hardy, Melville moves us with his effort to



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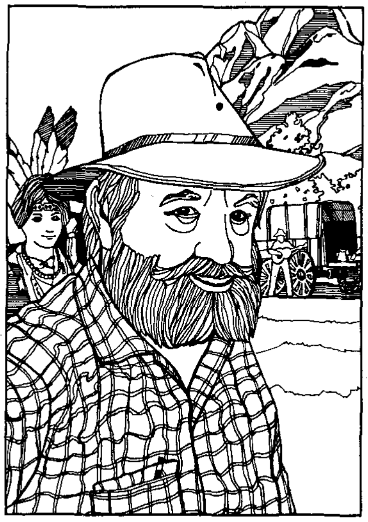

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thrust honesty and complex insight toward us through the resistant slats of *metre and rhyme. Whereas Whitman* and Dickinson turned their backs on the ornate variety of Victorian verse forms and created individual prosodies, Melville set himself to school with traditional metrics, wielding the stanzas of English balladry with frequent archaism of diction and striking a resolute music of iron and wood. "Battle-Pieces" was his last bid for public attention, and his last commercially published volume. The publication of his magnum opus in poetry, "Clarel," was privately financed with a benefice from his uncle Peter Gansevoort, in 1876. No more incongruous volume could have been issued in the centennial year, amid the coarse flourishings of the Gilded Age. A massive work of over eighteen thousand lines in rhyming tetrameter, it is an epic of doubt, scored for a dozen male voices and set, as it were, amid the menacing wrinkles of Moby Dick's brow.

"The Confidence-Man" has an abrupt, Beckett-like ending, crammed by Melville with more cosmic meaning than it can hold. Belowdecks, the Confidence Man persuades a feeble-witted old man that a commode with its chamber pot will serve as a life preserver, and leads him away into darkness. "Something further may follow of this Masquerade," the last sentence reads, and though much criticism has worried this hint to no conclusion, I will venture to assert (following a suggestion of Jay Leyda's, in his notes to "The Portable Melville") that a sequel *is* promised, and that "Clarel" is that sequel. Immediately upon finishing "The Confidence-Man," Melville embarked for the Holy Land with, my presumption is, the reasonable hope that this voyage would yield the material for another picaresque satire along the lines of confidence and deception. He kept a conscientious journal, and his reactions in Palestine were negative but forceful. Of Jerusalem, he wrote, "The color of the whole city is grey & looks at you like a cold grey eye in a cold old man . . . In the emptiness of the lifeless antiquity of Jerusalem the emigrant Jews are like flies that have taken up their abode in a skull." Barrenness and decay assaulted his senses; of the site of Christ's resurrection he noted, "It is like entering a lighted lanthorn. Wedged & half-dazzled, you stare for a moment on the ineloquence of the bedizened slab, and glad to come out, wipe your brow glad to escape as from the heat & jam of a show-box. *All is glitter & nothing is gold.* A sickening cheat. The countenance of the poorest & most ignorant pilgrims would seem tacitly to confess it as well as your own." Slowly, during the nearly twenty years after he took these notes, Melville, working in the mood and metre of Matthew Arnold's "Stanzas from the Grande Chartreuse," and drawing upon guidebooks and all the sore wisdom of his disillusioned life, built up a tangled, talky tale of pilgrims circling from Jerusalem to the Dead Sea to Bethlehem and back, over rocky wasteland; one line near the end exclaims, "O blind, blind, barren universe!" The characters, as in "The Confidence-Man," represent a cross-section, but they are more leisurely and tolerantly drawn; Melville has put two versions of himself in the poem—the troubled young divinity student Clarel and the more robust middle-aged humanist Rolfe—as well as the version of Hawthorne called Vine, and a meliorist Anglican clergyman called Derwent, and an assortment of exiled European and American monomaniacs, and several Muslim escorts all of whom speak a very elegant English. The poetry can be comically awkward, with its rhyming inversions:

> Beneath the toppled ruins old
> In series from Moriah rolled
> Slips Kedron furtive?

And its innocent flatness:

> Roving along the winding verge
> Trying these problems as a lock,
> Clarel upon the further marge
> Caught sight of Vine. Upon a rock
> Low couchant there, and dumb as that,
> Bent on the wave Vine moveless sat.

But it can also be quite lively, its desert imagery compulsively shot through with memories of the sea:

> Towers twain crown Saba's mountain height;
> And one, with larger outlook bold,
> Monks frequent climb or day or night
> To peer for Arabs. In the breeze
> So the ship's lifted topmen hold
> Watch on the blue and silver seas,
> To guard against the slim Malay,
> The perilous imp whose slender proa
> Great hulls have rued—as in ill hour
> The whale the sword-fish's lank assay.

Compared with that of "Pierre" and "The Confidence-Man," the air of "Clarel" breathes with relief; there is still pain in the topic, but less in the writing. Melville is here engaged in his favorite pastime—woolgathering upon absolute matters in an atmosphere of male companionship. The

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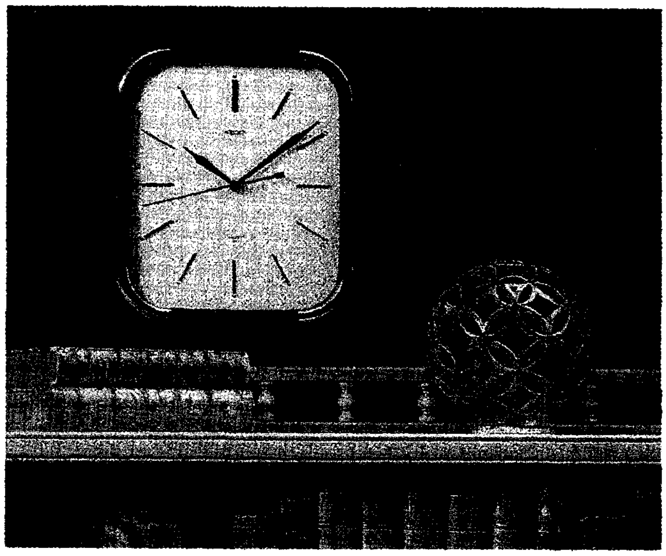

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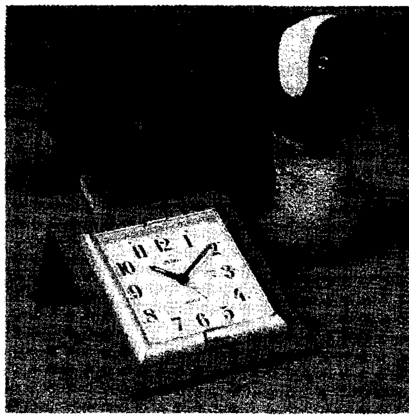

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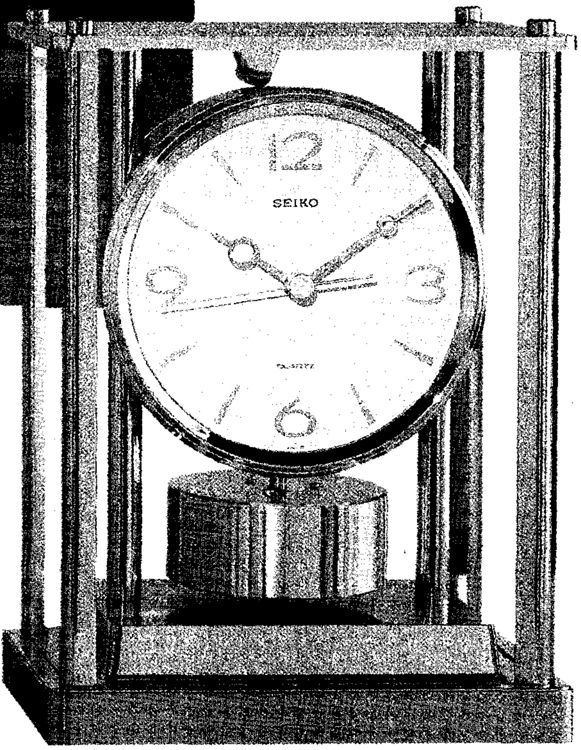

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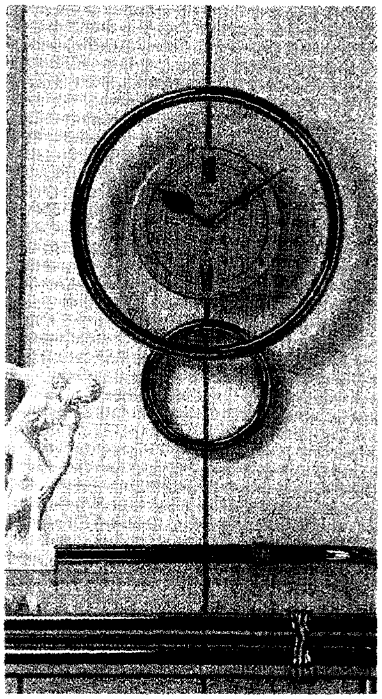

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Seiko Time Corporation, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019 characters are not quite rounded, but, like sets of facts, they are seen in different lights, as the controlling mind restlessly moves. After quite convincing us of Palestine's and Christianity's desolation, Melville as fatherly author comes forward in a pentameter epilogue to reassure his fictional progeny Clarel:

> But through such strange illusions have they passed
> Who in life's pilgrimage have baffled striven—
> Even death may prove unreal at the last,
> And stoics be astounded into heaven.
>
> Then keep thy heart, though yet but ill-resigned—
> Clarel, thy heart, the issues there but mind;
> That like the crocus budding through the snow—
> That like a swimmer rising from the deep—
> That like a burning secret which doth go
> Even from the bosom that would hoard and keep;
> Emerge thou mayst from the last whelming sea,
> And prove that death but routs life into victory.

Thirty-three years after his death, Melville emerged with one last evidence of greatness, the completed but unpublished "Billy Budd," begun as a mere headnote to the poem that concludes it. The novella combines Melville's preoccupations in a beautifully calm, enigmatic fashion. Like Shakespeare's "Tempest," it seems to sum up, and takes us beneath the troubled waves. Billy at the end lies full fathom five, and oozy weeds about him twist. The message of "Billy Budd" is no more consoling, really, than that of Father Mapple's sermon in "Moby-Dick;" that is, a counterfeit Christ legend is shown in the coining, and Billy goes to death blessing his condemner as credulous men everywhere go down to doom praising God. But the story is enclosed in serenity, as, from what biographical evidence there is, Melville's later years of obscurity were—years of faithfully observed official duty, of wide reading whose underlinings and marginalia are among the chief surviving clues to his thinking, and of opportune inheritances from both his own and his wife's family. The fate of his sons imposed a double sorrow in these years: Malcolm committed suicide at the age of eighteen, and Stanwix, a pathetic drifter, died of tuberculosis at thirty-five. Like some metamorphic outcropping, his sons' ruin hints of the fierce strains of the household in which they were children; not idly did Melville make his most tenderly conceived

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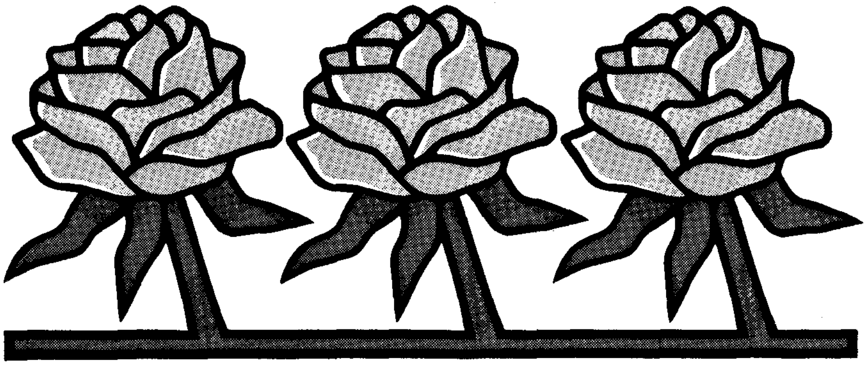

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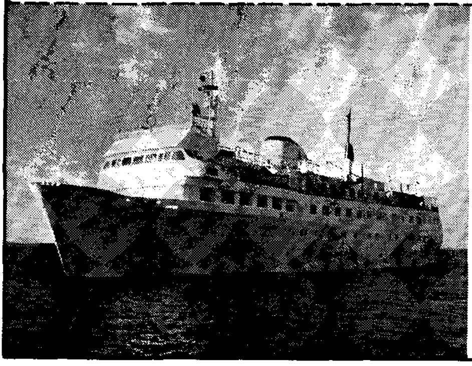

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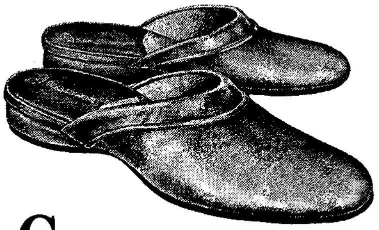

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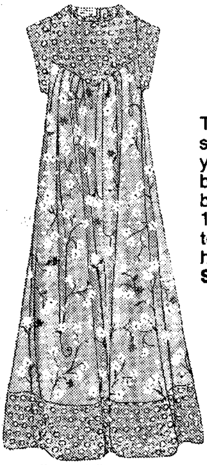

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father figure, Captain Starry Vere in "Billy Budd," the filial Billy's inflexible executioner.

Considerations of Melville's withdrawal, whether that withdrawal is dated from "The Confidence-Man" of 1857, or the move from Pittsfield in 1863, or "Battle-Pieces" of 1866, tend to center upon the neurasthenic symptoms reflected in family letters of the early fifties and come to a head in his long siege of illness in 1855. His biographers all—Newton Arvin most sensitively, Edwin Haviland Miller most relentlessly—read his life and works for the pattern of a neurosis that, after "Moby-Dick," cramped and truncated a career of infinite promise. The ineffectual father, early dead in a dreadful scene of madness; the domineering mother; the shaming poverty amid genteel pretensions; the latent (or, in his shipboard years, active) homosexuality—all these existed, as well as the pressing financial limitations of authorship and a general incomprehension of the expressive experiments the mature Melville was determined to make. But the golden day, as Lewis Mumford has called it, of American literature was no feast of best-sellers; of its four masterpieces—"The Scarlet Letter" (1850), "Moby-Dick" (1851), "Walden" (1854), and "Leaves of Grass" (first edition 1855)—only "The Scarlet Letter" was an immediate worldly success. There are other sorts of success, and Melville's withdrawal—not so instant or so complete, we have seen, as the mythic image of it—can be viewed as itself a necessary and therefore successful artistic gesture.

The word "novel," at root, means "news," and no novelist, even though he explore no further than the closets and back stairs of his own home, can be without some news he wishes to bring. Melville, by a series of accidents of which not the least remarkable was the luxuriant verbal gift he discovered in himself, brought the news from the South Seas—among the first to bring it, and still among the best. The next piece of news he had—that God was dead and life a cruel fraud—would have been less warmly received even if Melville had himself taken more joy in it. A writer with a democratic public for a patron must hope that he will in his work instinctively line up with enough people's notion of what is entertaining and informative to make that work pay. "Pierre" and "The

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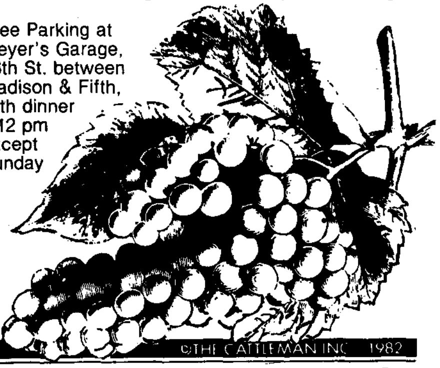

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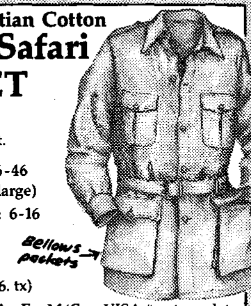

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Confidence-Man," for all the huge talent ensnared in their designs, and for all their uncanny foreshadowing of aspects of modernism, were written with Melville's instincts in rebellion; they are protest novels cast in a would-be popular vein, and brim with tensions the author cannot express. "Israel Potter" and "Clarel," though relatively unknown, are relatively relaxed, if curious, productions. History elicits a certain fatalism from its students, and I am left with a sense that Melville was right to withdraw when he did, from a battle that had become a losing battle. His rapport had been broken with an audience that cared about him chiefly as "the man who had lived among the cannibals." He had taken the sea tales as deeply into cosmic significance as he could, and had spent the treasure of experience laid up in his youth. He had come to writing, at the age of twenty-five, rather suddenly, with scant record of earlier literary ambition, and had no great love for the small change—the proofreading, the polite hustling and catering—of the authorial profession. By mid-life, though not yet forty, he had come to care only about greatness, in the sense that Shakespeare and Dante possessed it, and that Hawthorne—cool, slight Hawthorne—had once represented it to his fervent, impressionable prime. In that youthful prime, he wrote to Hawthorne of his own rapid and furious development, "Until I was twenty-five, I had no development at all. From my twenty-fifth year I date my life. Three weeks have scarcely passed, at any time between then & now, that I have not unfolded within myself. But I feel that I am now come to the inmost leaf of the bulb, and that shortly the flower must fall to the mould." By bowing to that organic fall, and abstaining from a forced productivity, and turning to public silence and private poetry, Melville preserved his communion with greatness, and enhanced with the dignity of a measured abstention the communion we enjoy with him.

—John Updike

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THE THEATRE

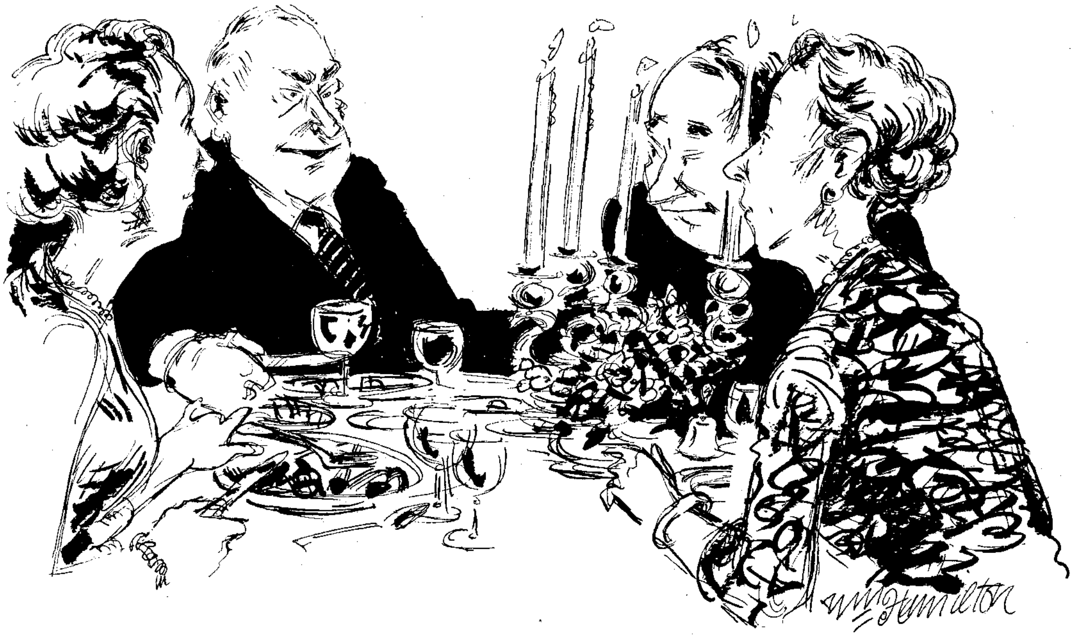
Off Broadway

JOHN GUARE'S "Gardenia," which opened last week at the Manhattan Theatre Club, is not so much a sequel to "Lydie Breeze," which had much too short a run earlier this season, as it is a two-act prologue to it. At the very end of "Lydie Breeze," a middle-aged, once broken-spirited man named Joshua Hickman—husband of Lydie, now dead for many years—stands on the sands of Nantucket in 1895 with a little girl and, his spirit mended, recites a passage from Walt Whitman's "On the Beach at Night Alone." Out of the chaos of his life, in the classical tradition, harmony has been restored. "Gardenia" begins with young Joshua Hickman standing on the same beach twenty years earlier, this time alone, reading aloud from the same poem, and it tells, scene by scene, Lydie's story. After the Civil War, Lydie Breeze, a trained nurse, founded a utopian commune on Nantucket in the house of her dead father, a whaling captain. As the action begins, Lydie enters in a rage, berating her husband for allowing her gardenia plant to die while she was off-island for a week, assisting some woman in childbirth. The gardenia and its roots have a symbolic meaning for her, as a legacy to her baby daughter (a symbolic meaning, by the way, that doesn't justify a weak title). The members of the commune have scattered by now. All who remain on the island are Lydie, Joshua, the infant, and one Amos Mason, an ex-patient of Lydie's, who has been educated by Joshua and now wants to go to college. Joshua is a writer, and he confesses that he destroyed the plant, in anger and depression, after receiving a letter from William Dean Howells rejecting a book he'd been working on for years. Another important communard is Dan Grady, who returns from a stretch on the mainland with an illicitly acquired Gladstone bag full of money. It is soon apparent that Dan and Lydie are in love, and Dan volunteers to finance not only Amos's education at Harvard but a year abroad for Joshua. End of Act I.

Act II is set in the printing shop of Charlestown Prison, in Boston, nine years later. Joshua is a prisoner, having caught Dan with Lydie and murdered him. Amos, now a successful lawyer and aspiring politician, enters. He brings news that Howells has accepted a book by Joshua, and then tries to persuade Joshua to suppress it. (All this can be explained, but not by me.) As an inducement, he offers Joshua his freedom, and he also brings in poor Lydie, now half crazy and working as a charwoman at Harvard. The play ends with Joshua destroying the book.

Mr. Guare tells a complex story in "Gardenia" (probably more so in synopsis than in the playing), and as in "Lydie Breeze"—both plays being departures from his earlier work—he is much absorbed in abstract matters: the failure of the utopian commune and its significance for America, the meaning of Thoreau, the great themes of Whitman. I cannot deny that I missed those sudden spurts of wild humor, those marvellous little bits of perversity he used to give us, but, even so, his dramatic imagination is so original and so fertile that it takes precedence for me over any philosophical abstractions. The performance, under the direction of Karel Reisz, is superior. Sam Waterston is splendid as Joshua, smoldering and passionate and loving in Act I, smoldering and angry and suddenly tender again at the sight of Lydie in Act II. Edward Herrman is a wonder as Amos Mason—the comic, resentful hick of Act I, the corrupt, domineering senator of Act II. Jobeth Williams as Lydie, sane and crazy, is as beautiful and as worthy of their love as she is meant to be, and James Woods is properly attractive and sneaky as Grady. The good sets and costumes are by Santo Loquasto and Ann Roth.

ALL praise to the Roundabout for its revival of "The Chalk Garden," starring—well, primarily starring the late Enid Bagnold, author of this imperishable comedy, but also now starring Constance Cummings, as the charming, aristocratic, absent-hearted Mrs. St. Maugham, and Irene Worth, as Miss Madrigal, the quiet, enigmatic woman with a shadowed past whom Mrs. St. Maugham engages as a companion to her fourteen-year-old granddaughter, and who becomes the moral force of the play. The outrageous child lives in a fantasy world, and she gets away with one lie after another; through the intervention of Miss Madrigal, she is brought to earth, so to speak, and freed from what amounts to the captivity of her autocratic grandmother, to go off to live a more normal (though probably also more run-of-the-mill) life with her mother, who has been trying for years to get her back. Miss Madrigal's murky past is made clear when a judge—a former lover of Mrs. St. Maugham's—comes to lunch and suddenly takes a close look at her. In outline, these two stories barely hint at the richness and



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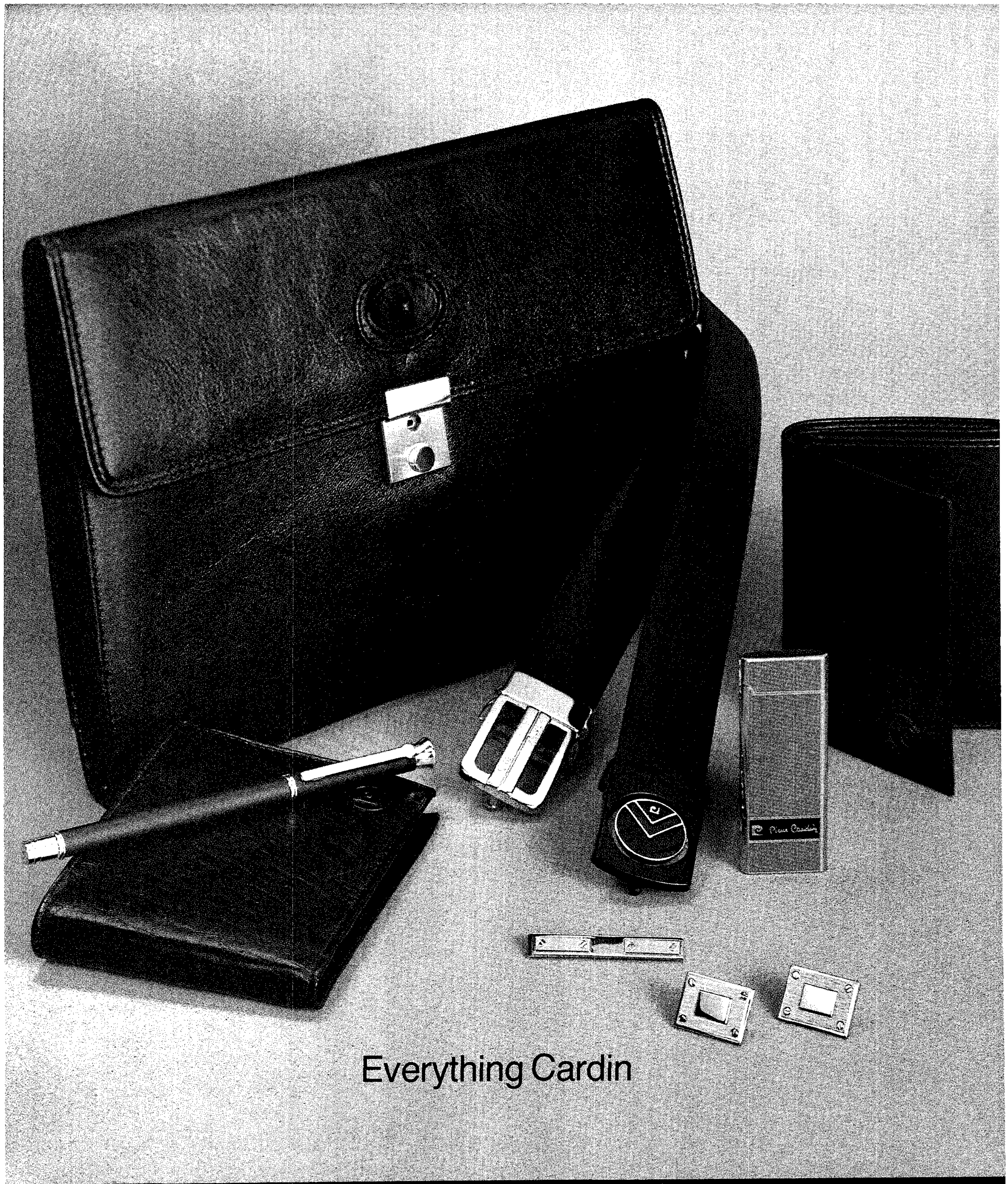
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wit and depth of the play, with its tiny, surprising details of character and its thoughts about growing flowers (and children) in barren soil, and about truth and freedom and tyranny—this last embodied in an absent butler named Pinkbell, who rules from his sickbed upstairs. All these ideas are perfectly integrated into the sparkling lines.

The performance goes well, under the direction of John Stix. Miss Cummings and Miss Worth are not as odd and as fantastical as Gladys Cooper and Siobhan McKenna—their predecessors on Broadway in 1955—but they are absolutely fine, and Donal Donnelly is inspired casting in the funny role of a servant and man of all work (as was Fritz Weaver there and then). The portly I. M. Hobson, who was so good in "The Elephant Man," is just as good here as the judge, and Sallyanne Tackus does well enough as Miss Madrigal's incorrigible charge. The handsome, spacious setting was designed by Roger Mooney and lighted by Martin Aronstein. The handsome, appropriate costumes were designed by Judith Dolan. Did those of us who so enjoyed and admired "The Chalk Garden" all those years ago have any idea that it would end up as a classic?

THE first Young Playwrights Festival, a project of the Dramatists' Guild, opened at the Circle Rep last week, under the combined auspices of the Guild and the Circle Rep, and a more bracing theatrical occasion cannot be imagined. There were ten entries, and the four that I saw—all of them by beginners, whose ages range from eight to eighteen—are truly plays, and accomplished ones at that. They are as funny or as sad as they are meant to be, and they were well performed by professional actors under professional directors. The Young Playwrights Festival will become an annual event, with a little bit of luck (and money).

—EDITH OLIVER

•

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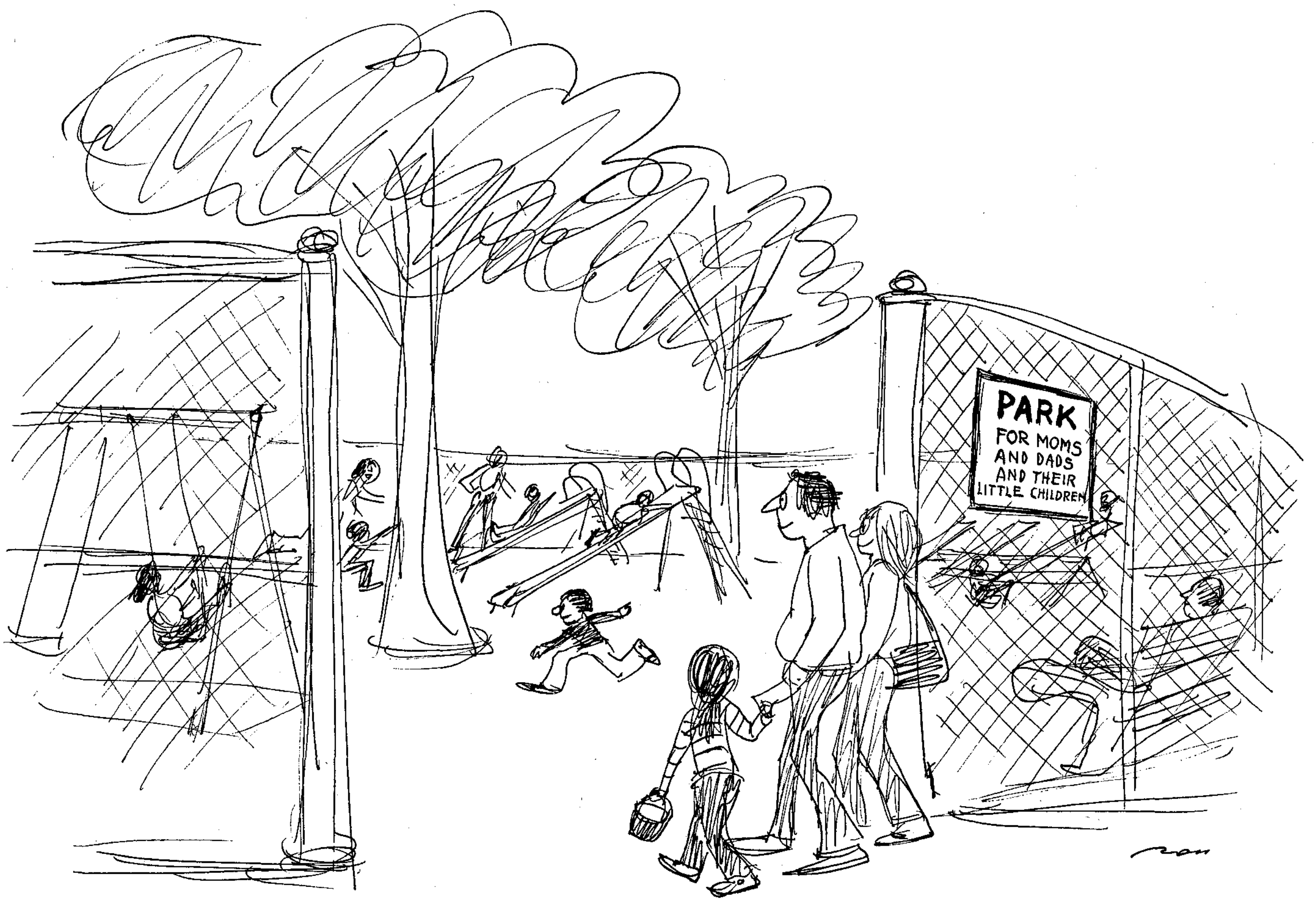
MUSICAL EVENTS

Passion

THE Benediktbeuern manuscript, the "Carmina Burana," is a thirteenth-century compilation of love songs, drinking songs, songs in praise of spring, a gamblers' Mass, devout songs, and religious music-dramas. (It was published in facsimile in Brooklyn in 1967.) One of its illustrations, reproduced in Richard Hoppin's "Medieval Music" (Norton), shows two youths playing backgammon while a third youth lifts high a goblet. Some of its secular poems have become familiar through Helen Waddell's "Mediæval Latin Lyrics" and through Carl Orff's scenic cantata "Carmina Burana." The longer of its two Passion plays was brought to performance in March by the Early Music Institute of Indiana University, in Bloomington, and the production came to New York, to the Romanesque Chapel of St. Martin, in the Cloisters, for three Lenten performances. Not even the Met's "Parsifal" was a drama more gripping or more moving.

The play is itself evidently a compilation: a liturgical Passion drama, in Latin, together with scenes from vernacular medieval drama and *planctus Mariae* (laments of Our Lady) in both German and Latin. Liturgical plainchant, the "quasi-plainchant" of liturgical drama, "art song," popular song, and *planctus* all are used. In the manuscript, the music is notated in unpitched neumes—runelike squiggles above the words, described by Grove as "a mnemonic aid to long-vanished memories." But because the play is an assemblage a fair amount of its music can be found in other, more precisely notated sources, and words and music for narrative chants of which only the opening phrases are given can be supplied from elsewhere. The reconstruction was by Thomas Binkley, formerly of the Studio der Frühen Musik (whose medieval records are famous), and Clifford Flanigan. The staging was by Ross Allen, the general scenic direction by Max Röthlisberger, and the lighting by Allen White. How the play was first presented no one is sure. (Does it, indeed, represent any play that was actually performed or some monkish scholar's "grand composite" of available material?) Generally, it seems, liturgical drama was played in church, and vernacular drama out-of-doors. The Benediktbeuern play combines elements of both. There is nothing quite like it, though there are parallels for its various components. The preface to a *planctus* from Bordesholm, in Saxony, specifies performance on a platform in the church, "or outside the church if the weather is fine," by a cast of five: a devout priest as Christ, a priest as John, and three youths as the Virgin, the Magdalen, and the mother of John. "When it is done by good and sincere men . . . it truly arouses the bystanders to genuine tears and compassion." It has elaborate performance instructions. A fourteenth-century *planctus* from Cividale del Friuli has phrase-by-phrase acting directions: "Here shall she turn to the men with arms outstretched;" "Here shall she wring her hands;" "Here shall she point to Christ with open palms;" "Here with bowed head shall she throw herself at Christ's feet." A fourteenth-century Visitation play from Essen, whose collegiate church had both canons and canonesses, was played by a mixed cast—the three Marys by women, the angels by men. This seems to have been an uncommon practice, but in the fourteenth-century Avignon Presentation play "a



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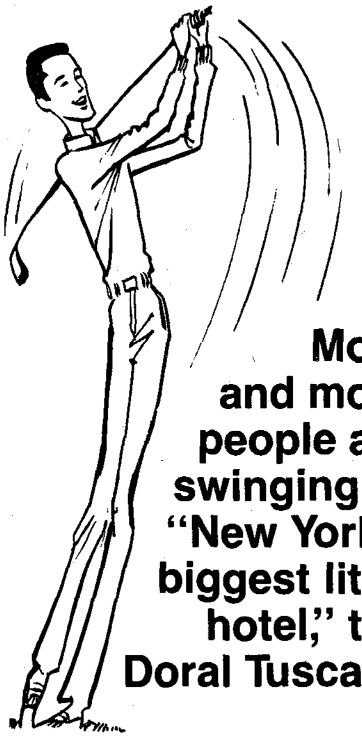

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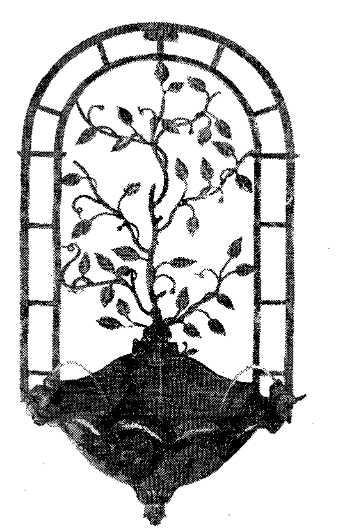
very beautiful little girl" took the part of the Virgin, and two young men played instruments. Instruments are implicit in the well-known "Play of Daniel" (though they are not called for as often as they were played in the New York Pro Musica's 1958 production). Expressive indications for singers are common: "in a medium voice, sweetly;" "in a low voice as if speaking into his ear;" "vociferously." John Stevens' long Grove essay on medieval drama (from which these examples are culled) provides a vivid picture of, on the one hand, ideas about music-drama that thirteenth- and fourteenth-century Christendom had in common—favorite episodes for representation, poems and tunes that conquered in every country—and, on the other hand, local, particular plays and practices. Apropos of the acting directions in the Cividale *planctus*, Stevens says, "The gestures and movements must surely have been . . . *not* subtle, shaded, infinitely expressive, but immediately recognizable, demonstrative, and impressive." Apropos of the vocal directions and the "unexpected dimension of psychological realism" they introduce, he says, "The problem is how the implications of these rubrics can be squared with other indications in the plays of formality, impersonality, and emotional restraint." By extension, that "problem" concerns all aspects of performing a medieval religious drama today. Bloomington's solutions to it were carefully judged, precise, and convincing. But those are cool epithets. What we heard and saw was a drama that "truly aroused the bystanders to genuine tears and compassion." It was passionate, piercing, overwhelming—one of those performances not often encountered that pour the past into the present, that leave listeners for hours afterward all but speechless and make hard the return to mundane life.

Of course, the subject matter—the libretto—has much to do with it. The deaths of Mimì and Madame Butterfly draw tears, but they are dramatic representations of events less tremendous than the death of a god, crucified by the men among whom he has come to dwell. Whatever a Westerner's personal beliefs may be, he is conditioned from childhood to respond to this Passion history. His art is founded on it. His music has its roots in the movements through pitches, time, and space of plainchant. Those are deep matters. Let me turn to the manner of the Bloomington presentation. Indiana



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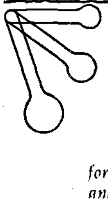

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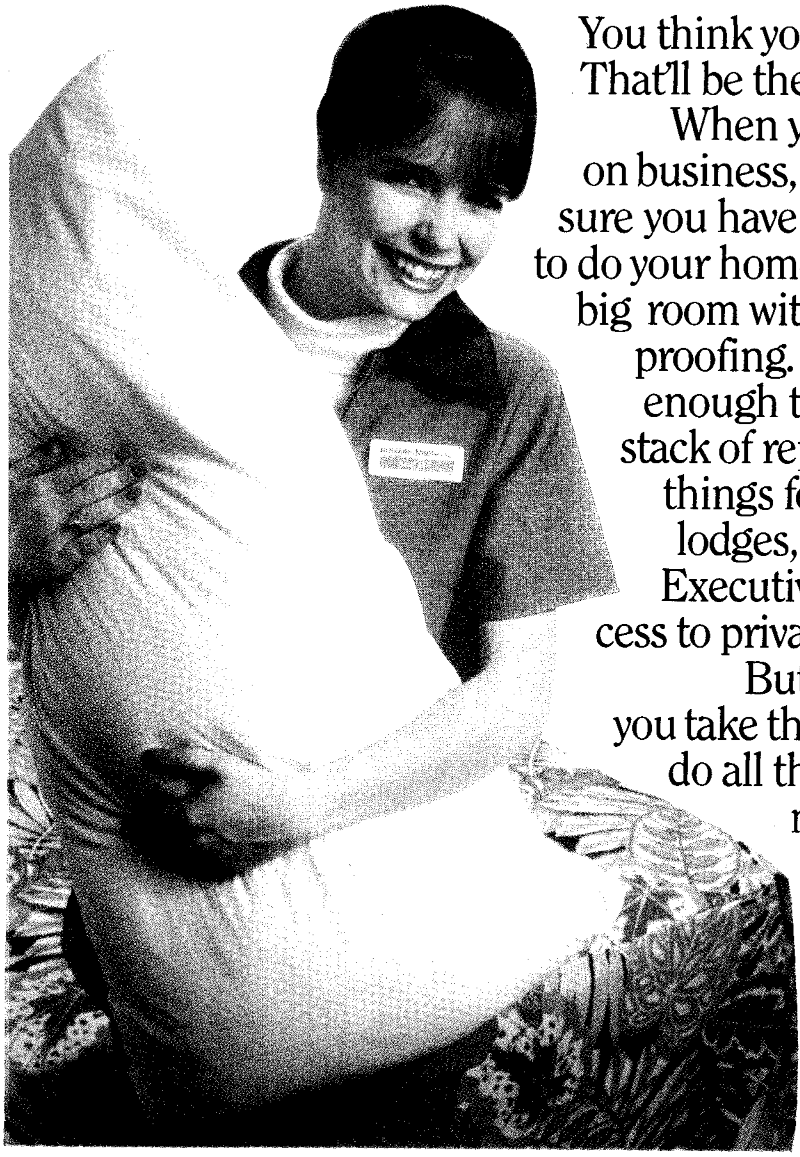

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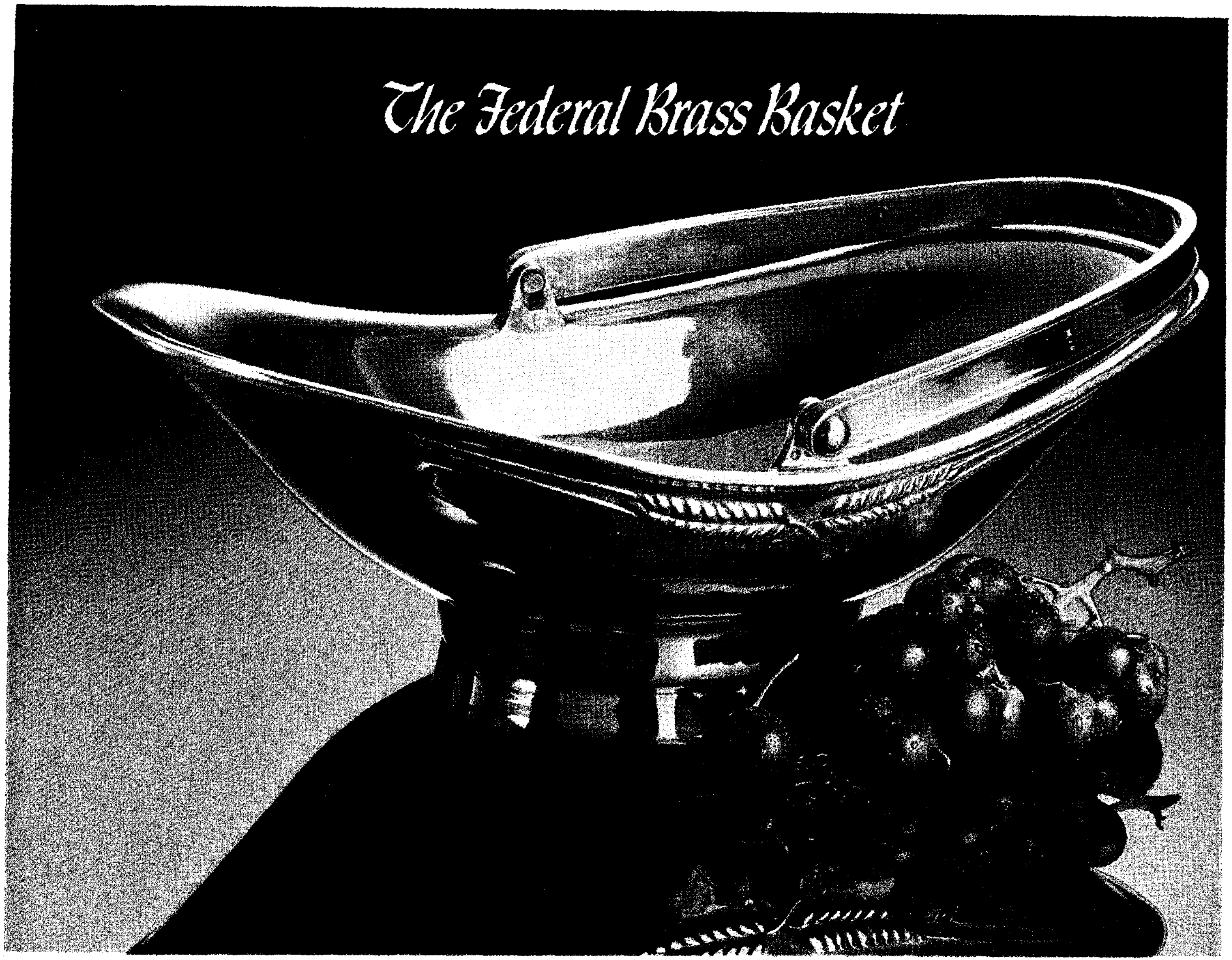

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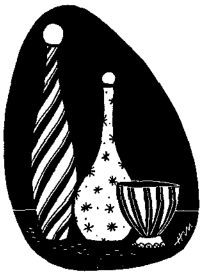
Jniversity, like the Essen collegiate hurch, is a mixed-sex institution: the emale roles were taken by young vomen, the male roles by young men, nd in all respects the performance epresented a skillful, sensitive, and rtistic combination of historical inight and present-day reality. As the loomington program note said, "a wentieth-century audience cannot retend to be a thirteenth-century ne." Mr. Binkley had taught his cast o use an open, natural, direct way of inging—unstrained, unmannered, at nce grave and alert. Mr. Allen's irection "squared" those requirenents of formality and realism. His groups and gestures had evidently been nspired by medieval iconography; he result was at once stylized and ively. (The scourges, for example, vere left to the imagination, but hrist's flinching beneath their mimic lows was naturalistically enacted.) The play itself, dealing with God mong men, blends the hieratic and he human, and it is carefully contructed. The action opens with Christ efore Pilate, a scene ritually preented in the Palm Sunday response 'Ingressus Pilatus." Then events that ed to the confrontation are shown in a eries of dramatic flashbacks, until we each the trial again; now it proceeds n tense dialogue. Before it, the Entry nto Jerusalem has brought a large horal scene, sounding the recurrent heme of the play: Christ as King. Mary Magdalen, singing gay German ongs to harp, lute, and vielle accomaniment, has bought cosmetics from a nerchant and has attracted er lover of the night; and she has hearkened to the voice of an angel breaking into the soft night hours and alling on her to repent. Lazarus, gaunt and alarming, has stepped from his tomb. The Agony in the Garden, with its recurrent refrain, has been poignantly reënacted. The drama proceeds to its climax. Mary is not the gentle Madonna of popular imagery but a forceful, mature woman pouring out her grief as she watches her son die in torment before her. The last, despairing cry from the Cross rings out: a god asking why God has forsaken him. There is a brief, quiet coda: Longinus' awed "Vere filius dei erat iste," repeated in German; an echo from early in the play, "He has done a miracle on me," from the blind man whose sight was restored; and, with an oddly modern distancing effect, casual comments from three indifferent bystanders.

Richard Morrison, as Jesus, and Karen Young, as Mary, gave beautifully judged and admirably sung performances. Eileen Moore's tangy, lithe soprano, used not Carmen-like but with the style and tact that informed the presentation, made her a vivid Magdalen. All the large cast, it seemed to me, performed as if inspired—handling the sensational matter with gravity and restraint, singing both the jubilant and the tragic music with seemly ardor and uncommon technical skill.



THERE were at least three performances in New York this year of Bach's "John" Passion accompanied by Baroque instruments: in Corpus Christi Church, in Alice Tully Hall, and in St. Thomas Church. I heard the second, presented by the Muse of Eloquence, Inc., and sung by the New Calliope Singers, conducted by Peter Schubert. In the large, unresonant hall, the little orchestra sounded weak, and possibly it was underrehearsed. The clarity of the textures, however, was a pleasure, and there were some fine passages of individual playing. There seem to be two opposed schools of Baroque interpretation: the "express the words" group and the "feel the dance rhythms" group. Mr. Schubert evidently belongs to the latter. There was no plodding, no heaviness. On the other hand, "Bist du nicht seiner Jünger einer?" (the Passion was sung in German) emerged as meaningless syllabic chatter, not a pointed question. The punctuated line "Ach, grosser König, gross zu allen Zeiten," which opens the first verse of a chorale, was given exactly the same phrasing, stresses, and articulation as the continuous "Ich kann's mit meinen Sinnen nicht erreichen," which opens the second verse. The mob cried "Kreuzige, kreuzige!" in dainty, tripping measures. One might describe it as a determinedly secular performance. (A little positif organ, not the hall organ, was used; the latter should at least have been revealed, to make an apter backdrop for the music than bare wooden screens.) One might say that Mr. Schubert aimed at—and achieved—purely musical effects. But such Bach without words—without the words' sense being felt and expressed—is Bach diminished. The music, too,

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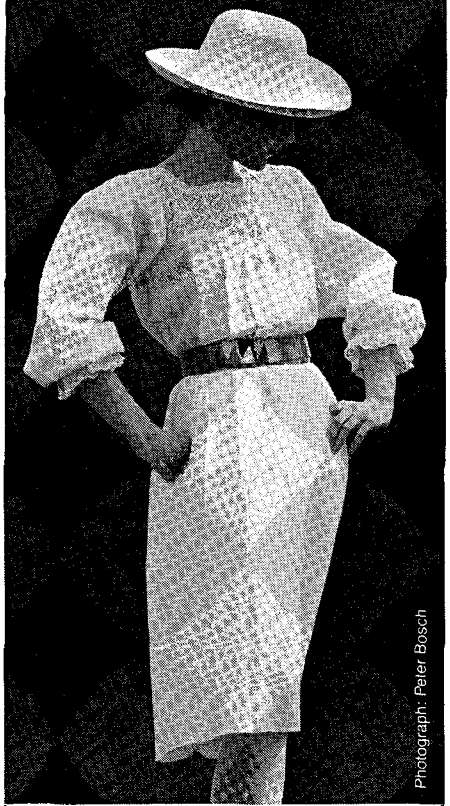

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IN Weimar and again in Leipzig, Bach prepared performance material for Reinhard Keiser's "Mark" Passion. Parallels between it and his own Passions have been detected. Recently, however, it has been suggested that Keiser's most Bachian episodes are in fact interpolated composition by Bach himself. The Brooklyn Philharmonia Chorus, conducted by Alexander Dashnaw, sang Keiser's Passion in Merkin Hall in March, but it wasn't much of a performance. Mr. Dashnaw neither "danced" nor got his singers to express the words. The result was unphrased, dull. The brief operalike arias that form the work's main attraction were generally shorn of their da capos. —ANDREW PORTER

FURTHER EVENTS

Labels

THE Canadian Baroque orchestra Tafelmusik, which made its début here last fall in the Metropolitan Museum's early-music series, returned to the city in April for a Tully Hall concert that formed part of the series "Great Performers at Lincoln Center." (No New York early-music ensemble has ever been invited to take part in that tradition-bound collection of concerts.) Perhaps the "great performer" label referred only to Frans Brueggen, the Dutch recorder player and flutist, who was the soloist with and, in a couple of items, the director of Tafelmusik. He played his own arrangement for recorder of Bach's E-Major Harpsichord Concerto—a convincing transcription, and one that is partly justified, because alternative versions of all three movements may be found among Bach's cantatas. In Mr. Brueggen's hands, the recorder becomes a warm, flexible instrument of infinite expressiveness; the central Siciliano of the concerto was spun into a long, singing line, with the dotted rhythms bent so that there were no heavy downbeats or accents. The strings of Tafelmusik did not respond to this approach: they began the movement more slowly and heavily than Mr. Brueggen continued it, and they reasserted their own speed at the end; in the solo passages the continuo cellist bumped the accompaniment unfeelingly. Mr. Brueggen is an idiosyncratic artist, full of surprises; it may be unreasonable to expect Tafelmusik to

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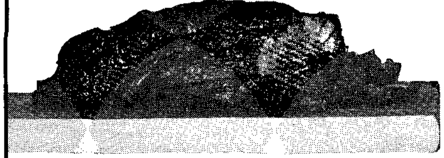

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LA RÉCOLTE

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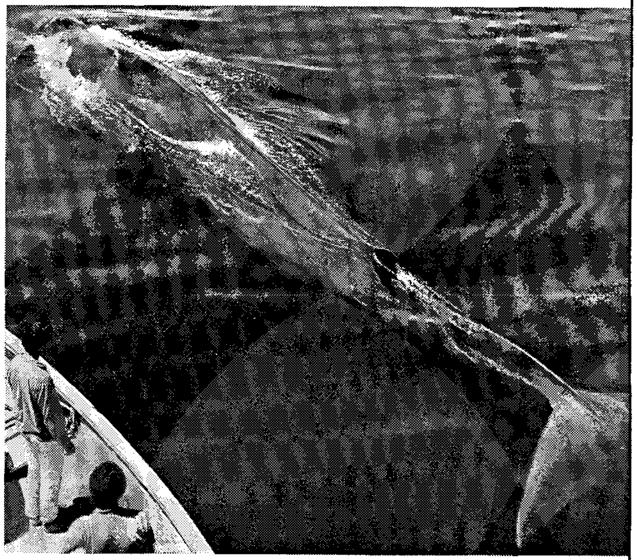
natch every feature of his personal tyle. In the Fifth Brandenburg Concerto, which ended the concert, things vent much better: orchestral ensemble vas firm; Mr. Brueggen was unobtruive; the solo violinist, Jean Lamon, gave a forthright and clean account of ier part; and Charlotte Nediger, at the iarpsichord, played with unshowy onfidence (though she was inspired to . couple of very odd accelerandos in he great first-movement cadenza).

There seemed to be several different tyles and different levels of compeence at work in the orchestra. In a vell-chosen group of instrumental novements from Bach's cantatas (each f which left one longing to hear the omplete cantata), Miss Lamon played vith sudden, inappropriate richness in he airy sinfonia to "Himmelskoenig, ei willkommen," and the Baroque boes were quite unequal to the chalenge of the virtuosic sinfonia to Canata No. 42, though the bassoon was lucky and more successful. Even Mr. Brueggen zipped his way unfeelingly hrough the sinfonia to "Non sa che ia dolore;" there was little delicacy in he string playing here. But the First Orchestral Suite, which began the program, showed that Miss Lamon had chieved considerable results as leader f the ensemble, welding the string ound into a bright, homogeneous texure; only the oboes (whose parts are, gain, very demanding and tiring) eemed overwhelmed. The playing had onsiderable rhythmic verve, which vas marred only by a decision to make . banal ritardando in the middle of the econd part of almost every dance novement. Tafelmusik seems, in comparison with many period-instrument ands, to have enviable support: extenive government and corporate finanial subsidy in Canada; three wellorganized and well-programmed conert series in Toronto; wide touring opportunities; and the generous help of artists like Mr. Brueggen. With such esources, its playing should quickly grow in stylistic confidence.

EARLIER in the month, Mr. Brueggen gave a concert at Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, in the Metropolitan Museum, which was pure joy. In the first half, he played a Telemann trio sonata on the recorder and a transcription of Mozart's G-Major Violin Sonata on the flute—a curiosity, but a delightful one. Then, n the second half, he went backward n time for a sequence of early Italian Baroque sonatas and canzonas, played



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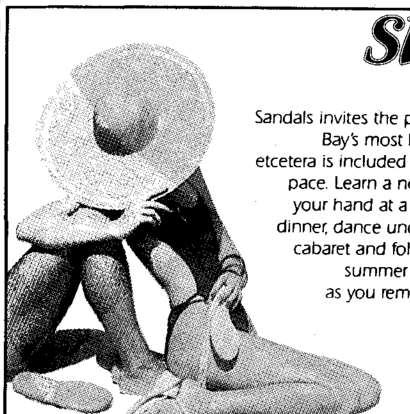

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on a variety of recorders, which glinted and glittered through the terse, imitative phrases. Giovanni Battista Riccio's canzona of 1620, for which Mr. Brueggen used a high, penetrating instrument, was outstanding—even in the most rapid phrases, weight and importance were given to each note. He was well accompanied by the harpsichordist John Gibbons (who in the first half gave a clever but rather skittish account of C. P. E. Bach's zany G-Major Sonata of 1779) and by the cellist Anner Bylsma.

Mr. Bylsma, who is perhaps best known for his countless recordings as continuo player with Mr. Brueggen and Gustav Leonhardt, uses a Baroque cello that looks indistinguishable from a modern instrument except that it does not have an end pin; he uses an eighteenth-century bow. At the Metropolitan, he played two tiny solo pieces—studies by the brothers Jean-Pierre and Jean-Louis Duport—which served to demonstrate his complete control of the most difficult cross-string writing for the eighteenth-century cello. In a concert by the Aulos Ensemble, in St. Joseph's Church in Greenwich Village the previous evening, he gave an intense and cogent account of Bach's E-Flat Major Cello Suite. His style did not have the flexibility and grace of some Baroque cellists, however; the church's acoustics did not help the clarity of this performance (and all but destroyed a virtuosic performance by Mr. Bylsma and Myron Lutzke of a sonata for two cellos by Benedetto Marcello). In March, in a concert by the Baroque orchestra Banchetto Musicale, at Jordan Hall, in Boston, Mr. Bylsma gave an incredibly fast performance of Haydn's C-Major Cello Concerto—slightly too breathless for the music's good, but thrilling nevertheless. Banchetto Musicale completed that program with symphonies by J. C. Bach, Matthias Georg Monn, and Mozart. Classical oboes and horns, very well played, rang through the textures splendidly. If there were any justice, this orchestra would be permanently funded and would be invited to "great performers" series.

—NICHOLAS KENYON

•

This year Friends' Nature Walks will be on Sunday afternoons, and the first walk of the season will be conducted at 2 p.m. on Sunday, April 25th and will run to mid October.—*Outlook, newsletter of the Friends of the White Memorial Conservation Center, of Litchfield, Conn.*

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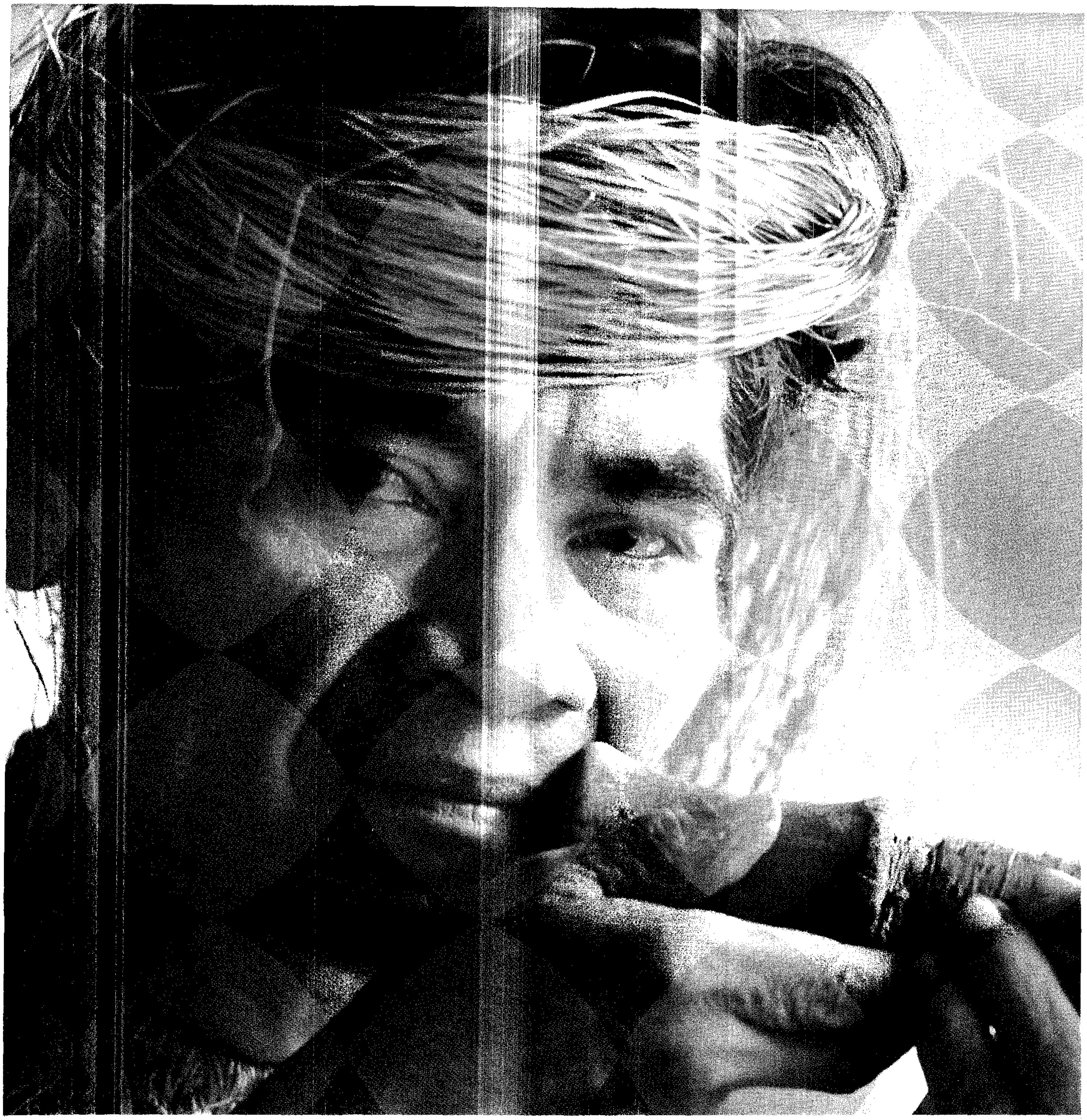

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DANCING

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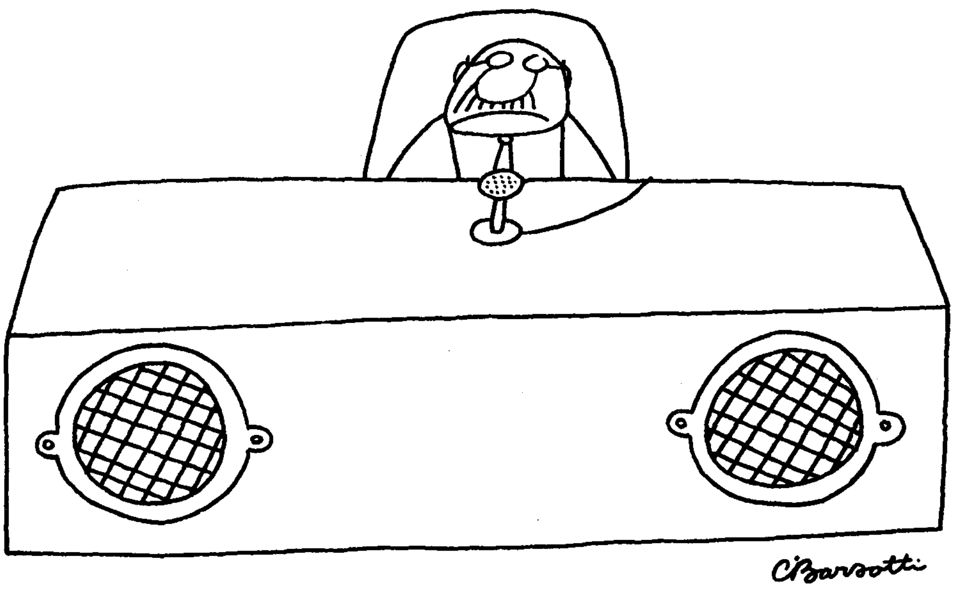
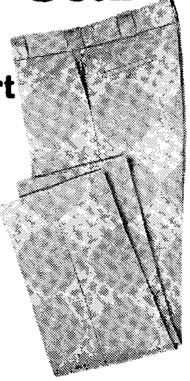
IN "Lost, Found and Lost," Paul Taylor and Alex Katz meet again, and the result is another amazing theatrical creation—one in which the two men seem not to be seeing eye to eye but to be looking past each other at different views of the world they share. Taylor has returned to some of his early experiments as a choreographer of "found" movement; the dances consist of blandly naturalistic behavior, like standing and walking, or of awkwardly shaped and often convulsive bits of activity that never come together into phrases. But the movement isn't carefully dissected, as in Taylor's famous anti-dance concert of 1957 (which is specifically commemorated here); it is chopped up and strewn around the stage in huge indiscriminate slabs, and the cleaver keeps slashing against the grain. The calm elucidations of the fifties were right for that buttoned-up age, but now, Taylor seems to be saying, disassembled movement is no longer provocative in itself. Randomness and violence have to be part of the anti-pattern.

If Alex Katz had dressed Taylor's dancers in anti-costumes—say, the civilian khakis and flippy skirts he gave to "Diggity" or the bathing suits he gave to "Private Domain"—"Lost, Found and Lost" might not be the consuming experience it is. Katz has had no part of the found clothing that goes with found movement. He has put the ten dancers into stretch-terry-cloth jump suits, all black and all strategically decorated with sequins. Footwear is also black; some dancers have one colored shoe. This costume is topped off by black close-fitting caps decorated with sequins, and over the caps men and women alike wear black tulle veils. It is a look of high fashion and high androgyny, and the look does not lose its mystery as the piece goes on, because (I suppose) the rough and casual nature of the choreography keeps contradicting it. But on some remote plane the two conceptions meet. There is in both choreography and costume design the semblance of familiarity—an allusiveness to things already seen and known in daily living and in the world of fashion. The collusion and collision of these two worlds is completely unpredictable. If one accepts that it is natural to be fashionable and fashionable to be *au naturel*, "Lost, Found and Lost" is not bewildering to look upon. But it *is* fascinating.

Taylor was, in his early period, a prophet of that school of post-modern dance which deals in natural, unconstructed, or minimal movement. A recent PBS show presented old footage from that period, and of one of the dances shown—a duet for two women in which the most noticeable movement is the wind rippling their dresses—Taylor was quoted as saying, "I thought I was making an abstract dance out of natural postures and walking. But when one woman finally walks away, across the stage, she isn't just walking, she's leaving the other. I learned from this that posture and gesture are inseparable." I take this to be a tenet of Taylor's art—one that was ignored by many of the choreographers who came later. When Taylor says that posture and gesture are inseparable—when, in other words, there can be no poses that movement would not qualify and no movement that would not distort the poses—then he is saying that there is no abstraction in dance; dance is intrinsically dramatic. Taylor went on to see what he could do with this discovery while the post-modernist choreographers came along and tried to continue on the old reductionist principles. And so, for the most part, they continue today. Even when found, natural, or dislocated movement has been built up into a communicable style, there is no connection to an other than abstract rendition of the material. A recent concert by the talented Nina Wiener was maddening in the way it kept producing inventive movement and bringing it to the not-quite conflagration point of suggestiveness. Wiener, like virtually every other choreographer of her generation, seems determined to take no notice of immanent dramatic themes in her work; either that or she thinks it's enough to just let them lie where they fall (and get kicked around by the dancing). A year or so ago, there was the beginning of a return to dramatic statement in the work of several young choreographers; the spark is still flickering (it even has a name: "paranarrative dance")—but for how long? Too much of the drama has been external. What is the point of *finding* movement if one is going to slap a situation or a personality power play on top of it?

The other big lesson Taylor says he learned from his 1957 concert—which emptied the hall—was that audiences are important. His radical phase occasionally resurfaces, in pieces like "Esplanade," where the use of simple walking, running, and skipping becomes a joke between him and his audience—painless populism. In "Lost, Found and Lost," he teases the audience extensively and gets away with it, maybe because we feel that the fundamental absurdity of presenting found movement is on Taylor's mind even as he does present it. The piece has a portentous opening, with the company stretching and milling and the orchestra playing slow, suspended chords. Then suddenly it breaks into "Charmaine," and the dancers are waiting in line to go somewhere offstage. It's the first of many such gags. (One of them is more a joke on the dancers: they have to do the Frug while performing





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grands jetés en tournant.) A good place to look for found movement is behind the scenes. Dancers spend a lot of time waiting, and they're forever waiting in unemployment lines. What else do they do? They rehearse; they attempt the idiotic contrivances of their choreographers. And they pose for photographs. Katz's set is a white floorcloth and void that Jennifer Tipton bathes in the floodlighting of a photographer's studio or plunges into blackout. The production elements are high-key, while the dancing is low-key. And over the whole thing Taylor's composer, Donald York, pours a sludge of fifties Muzak—melodies like "Limelight" and "Ebb Tide" and "Red Roses for a Blue Lady" played in the style of Mantovani. When the dance and the design and the music aren't clashing madly, they're patting each other on the back; there are no straight emotions in "Lost, Found and Lost." But Taylor's attitude seems clear. Although he repeats the 1957 women's duet (with Carolyn Adams and Karla Wolfangle), this time it's only a starting point. Perhaps he means to tell us (perhaps the title has already told us) that movement found in one era can never be found again.

The other première of the Taylor season at the City Center was also on the subject of dance, but "Mercuric Tidings" is an unkinky virtuoso display piece, completely different in style from "Lost, Found and Lost," and different in intention from "Arden Court" and "Airs," to name Taylor's other "ballets." "Mercuric Tidings," in three movements, is *about* ballet as a machine for effects; Taylor seems to have taken the machine apart, examined its inmost intricacies, and reconditioned it as a vehicle for his own company. The most enrapturing of ballet's capacities to him, it would appear, is speed. Taylor makes his dancers fly all through the first movement and then fly again all through the third. The music, two movements taken from Schubert's first two symphonies, is in the same pattern, and the repetition is deliberate; Taylor has clearly staged it to see how much of a distinction he could make between two congested ensemble compositions in the same tempo of allegro vivace. He tests himself in other ways, fashioning substitutes for pointwork (the women are barefoot), experimenting with lifts (a woman may lift a man), playing with space in the circular and pyramidal formations that ballet espouses. At one point in the third movement,

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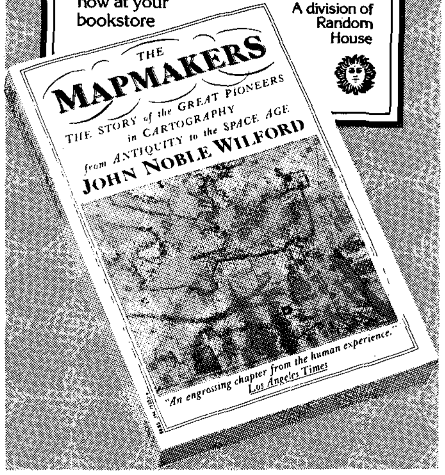
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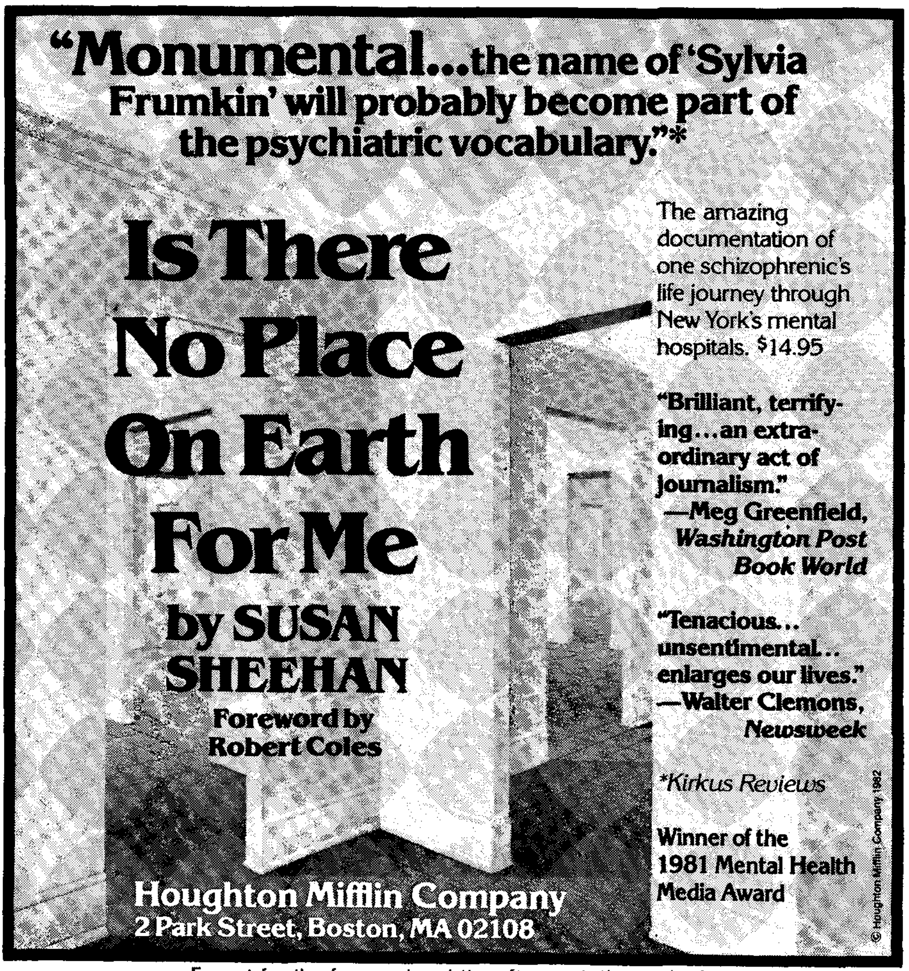
the company separates into two decorative clusters halfway into the wings, leaving the middle of the stage as blank, for the moment, as a tennis court. The second movement, to a slow, sweet Schubert waltz, is Taylor's view of the standard nineteenth-century adagio, with the ballerina and her partner enclosed by a female corps led by a soloist who intervenes in the pas de deux and supplements it in curious ways. This figure—Myrtha, the Lilac Fairy—remains constant, while the lead couple is danced by two and then three different pairs of dancers. Again Taylor restages a situation without repeating his effects, just as ballet repertory does, with Farrell and Martins on one night and McBride and Tomasson on another. Toward the end of the adagio, some men put in a token appearance (Taylor must be remembering the old days of ballet), and all three couples enter and exit together. Myrtha-Lilac is the last to leave, rolling over and over on the floor across the stage. Well, who says it has to be pas de bourrée?

Compared with those of a ballet master, Taylor's technical resources are few. Not only does he surmount that problem, he also makes you see that the weight and grandeur of ballet aren't produced by its technique or its specialized vocabulary. The one quality of the grand style that eludes him, I think, is emotion. The adagio doesn't spell out a real event, and the two outer sections are empty in relation to it. But then Taylor's concern is not style but similitude. "Mercuric Tidings" may not repeal the mechanism of ballet, but it does set it in an astonishing perspective. And you don't have to see the ballet allusions to enjoy the piece. In its scale and sweep of phrase, in its singular palette of invention (based, it would seem, on varieties of pas de chat), this is the most impressive exhibition of technical virtuosity that Taylor has given us up to now. The dancers lash themselves along gallantly and a little fearfully; next season they will be marvellous. The only flaw is Gene Moore's pink costumes, as effulgent as his rose backdrop in "Arden Court." As the great machine functions—there is never a moment when it is not functioning—it seems to be churning out gobs of strawberry parfait.

It is now the custom to speak of Taylor's burst of creativity as a choreographer since he stopped dancing, in 1974, as if he had shown no comparable creativity before. The revival of "Orbs" this season denies that as-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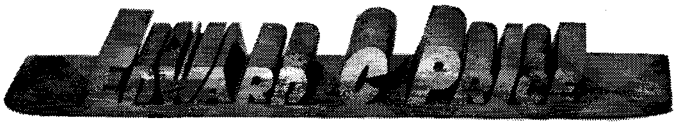

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sumption; so does "Private Domain," which Taylor keeps in repertory despite the audience's dislike of it. The movement invention in this one piece, which Taylor made in 1969, could furnish six other choreographers with ideas for weeks. And it is *sheer* movement invention, not noticeably reliant upon the musical accompaniment, which is by Iannis Xenakis. In "Orbs," Taylor forms an uncanny alliance with Beethoven. When he began work on this hour-long piece about the Sun and the other stars, he at first used Vivaldi's "The Four Seasons" and followed the scheme of that music in sections that he called "Venusian Spring," "Martian Summer," "Terrestrial Autumn," and "Plutonian Winter." (Then as now, Taylor's titles spring, like some of his movement motifs, from Martha Graham.) But the choreography was developed to Beethoven's late quartets, which, with their catapulting rhythms, their spaces and silences, and their unexpected, jolting contrasts, lent a powerful impetus to Taylor's brooding exploration of the cosmos. "Orbs," which had its première in 1966, is about the cycle of our life, the ambivalence of our God, primal energy, birth, and copulation, and death. It was in its time the most ambitious of Taylor's works, the first of those layered allegorical structures in which even now he has no rival. Taylor handles his large themes with a light touch; he never pontificates. In the slapstick scherzo "Terrestrial Autumn," the planets and moons reappear in street clothes as a wedding party; the Sun becomes the preacher, who gets drunk and pinches the women. There may be a bit too much Renaissance spirit-of-man jubilation in "Orbs" for some tastes; for me, this is more than offset by the deep sobriety, tenderness, and force of "Plutonian Winter" and its sleep of death.

The decorator, Alex Katz, was also under the influence of Graham. His Noguchi-like skeletal set, his leotards and fishtail skirts are regulation dance-company dress, executed by an artist of imagination. The true mischievous Katz peeps out in "Terrestrial Autumn" and in the odd design of the Sun's mantle, an affair of Dynel tufts and sequins. The performance by the company was faithful in every detail. As the Sun, a role in which Taylor blazed and thundered, I saw Daniel Ezralow, a young dancer who might have been expected to be too light. But Ezralow's focussed power and grand progressions of bodily gesture in the slow movements were as wonderful as his boyish suavity in the allegros. Of he four planets, only Carolyn Adams was there in her original role, and it was her farewell performance. A sad hing to write. With Adams into reirement goes one of our last remainng links to the individualistic older generation of modern dancers. Carolyn Adams seemed to step fully prepared nto her roles and to fill them with her personality—the personality of a shy, modest, yet beautifully equipped lyrical dancer. Her spirits were eternally youthful. Would Taylor have created he sprinting, cakewalking Miss B. in “Big Bertha” without her? Would the backward-skittering runs in “Esplanade” have been possible without Adams' spry relevé and seamless rhythm? Yet in “Runes” the same dancer was a model of composure and meticulous nuance. She leaves the company in a phase of accomplishment t would not have reached without her.

THE Merce Cunningham season that preceded the Taylor season at the City Center was pretty much Cunningham as usual except for “Gallopade,” a new piece that was unlike anything I have seen since “Antic Meet.” But where “Antic Meet” was pointedly satirical and aburdist in its situations “Gallopade” invented a broad, galumphing kind of humor in the very shape and texture of its movement. It was a self-enclosed Cunningham cartoon, filled with floppy, deranged bodies and eccentric, squabbling sign language that made the company look like earnest cavemen. Cunningham played the crazy uncle or lder of the tribe, hilariously creaky in his joints, ever hopeful in communicaion. Physical comedy seldom goes higher or spins a finer web than in “Gallopade.” Some of the movements are said to have been based on Cunningham's attempts to compose while recovering from an injury—on found movement of the most personal sort. Other choreographers have presented works rooted in similar experiences, but no one else has ever done a “Gallopade.” The truth of found movement lies in who's looking. —ARLENE CROCE

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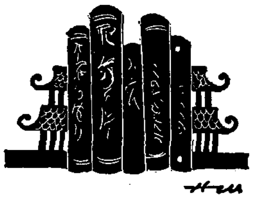
BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Love and Work, by Gwyneth Cravens (Knopf; $13.50). It is love at first sight when Angela Lee steps into Joe Bly's midtown office. (He masterminds a newsletter for corporation executives, and she is to be his assistant.) "I have found my spiritual twin," Joe tells the receptionist later that day; "I have met Mister Absolutely Right," Angela announces to an old friend. Joe goes home and wonders how he has come to share a downtown loft with a tense and bossy woman who bombards him with her therapist's theories; Angela goes home to her uptown apartment and fends off an earnest suitor. Months, and two hundred pages, later—about two-thirds of the way through the story, which spans many years—the newsletter's circulation has skyrocketed, but Joe has not yet dared to spend an entire night with Angela. Gwyneth Cravens' chronicle of this passion's halting evolution is a subtle, surprising blend of pique and sympathy. Joe and Angela seem at times as bumpkinish as Shakespeare's Pyramus and Thisbe, but they are up-to-date Manhattanites—he a laconic Ivy Leaguer (Harvard, presumably) and she a garrulous bush leaguer (Gatch, New Mexico)—and their updated wall-with-chink is an obstacle to be chipped at with the tools of psychologese: "behaviors," "resistance," "transference." Joe Bly has a thick waist and a bald spot, and Angela Lee says "gore-may" and "yup," but Gwyneth Cravens gives their mutual obsession and frustration a timeless solidity by detailing all the ways they try to grow and then learn to harden, and she dares, right up to the end, to avoid every romantic—tragic or comic—cliché.

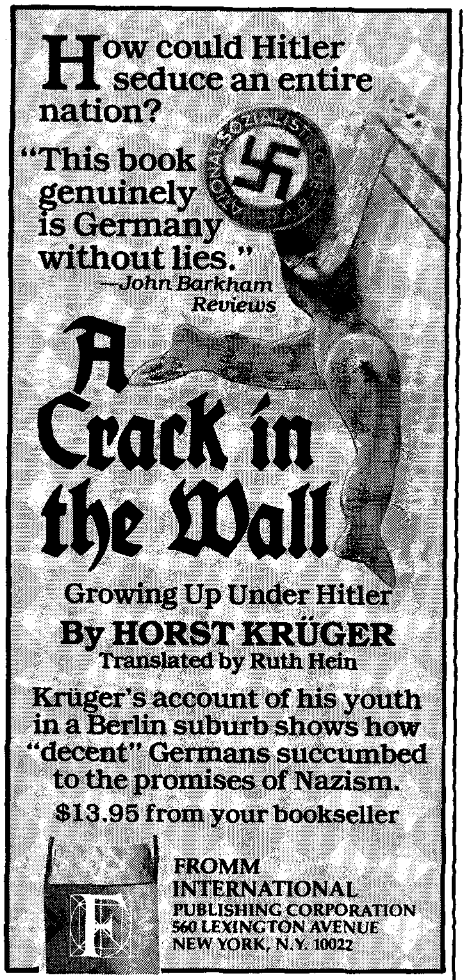


L.A. Woman, by Eve Babitz (Linden Press/Simon & Schuster; $13.50). A short and tangled story about growing up in Hollywood in the nineteen-fifties and sixties. Some of the episodes describe the narrator's easygoing parents and their friends (her father is a studio violinist who resembles Leslie Howard portraying Albert Einstein; her mother is an escapee from Sour Lake, Texas, who wins fame in Hollywood for her Mexican feasts; and a number of their best friends are Joe McCarthy's worst enemies), and some of the episodes are set in Paris (when her father receives various research grants, to study Bach scores, he takes his family with him), but most of them feature the narrator and her girl friends—at first, while enrolled at Hollywood High, trying to look like Older Women by means of cocktail dresses, fake eyelashes, mascara, and high heels, and then, after they have reached their mid-twenties and have shown no signs of growing up or settling down, wondering what rock-and-rollers (at least those who haven't yet killed themselves) do once they've turned forty. Eve Babitz's style could be termed High-Tech Primitive; her story is a glittery patchwork, and the reader who looks for logical links between chapters (or paragraphs, or sentences) will feel like a hopeless square.

Note: V. S. Pritchett's "Collected Stories," some of which first appeared in *The New Yorker*, has been published by Random House ($20).

GENERAL

Sketches from Life, by Lewis Mumford (Dial; $19.95). In this first volume of autobiography, Mr Mumford, who is now in his eighty-seventh year, covers the first half of his notable life. He tells of his boyhood in New York, in a relatively humble German-American family milieu; of his cryptic parentage (he was in his forties before his mother told him who his father was); of his unsystematic education; and of his slow, occasionally stumbling climb in a polymathic career. His interest in architecture and in the planning of towns and cities led to his pursuit of writing skills, so that he could express his thinking properly; to studies of technology; to explorations in art and aesthetics; and, inevitably, to political philosophy. A portion of the book describes his ambivalent but generally productive discipleship under Sir



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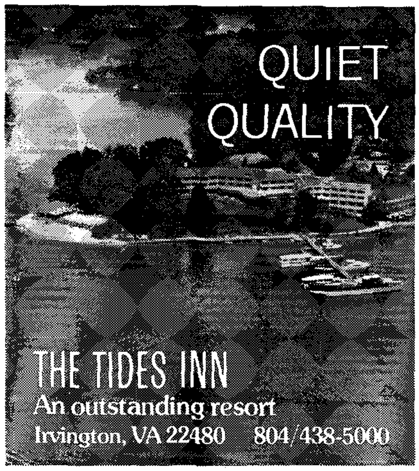

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A History of Venice, by John Julius Norwich (Knopf; $22.95). A marvellous account of the implausible career of a maritime, imperial republic that lasted for more than a thousand years. In the fifth century, a group of low-lying islands and sandbanks in shallow waters off the Adriatic coast of Italy served as a refuge for mainlanders from a succession of barbarian invasions; by the eighth century, these émigrés had created a recognized political body, a city-state owing allegiance to the Byzantine emperor in Constantinople. Mr. Norwich takes us across the centuries during which Venice rose to world power, becoming a trading and manufacturing town with colonies all around the Adriatic, Aegean, and Mediterranean Seas and with few ideological passions beyond a devotion to Venetian independence and Venetian republicanism. A taste for public display made the city lastingly lovely, and an appreciation of good living and finery made it gay. The rise of the Ottoman Empire and the opening of sea routes to the Orient contributed to Venice's economic decline, and Napoleon finished off its political independence with the Treaty of Campo Formio, in 1797, which handed over its territories to the Austrian Empire. Though Mr. Norwich is very good at evoking the beauty of Venice, his admiration is only partly aesthetic; he is also convinced (and he convinces the reader) that the republic for most of its history was a uniquely happy society.

Bronx Primitive: Portraits in a Childhood, by Kate Simon (Viking; $13.95). Kate Simon's father emigrated from Warsaw to New York at the beginning of the First World War, when she was one year old; three years later, with her mother and her two-and-a-half-year-old brother, she herself made the month-long crossing, eager to unwrap the "big box called America" that she had been promised, filled with "raisins and chocolate, cookies and dolls, white slippers and pink hair bows." What she got instead was a top-floor railroad flat in a tenement on the "Jewish-German-Polish-Greek-Hungarian-Rumanian" side of Lafontaine Avenue, near Tremont (Italians occupied the frame houses on the other side); Public Schools 57, 58, and 59; the Third Avenue "L;" Crotona Park; a courtyard in which the clamor of twenty households' pianos, Victrolas, jokes, and curses tangled with the communal clothesline; streets full of gypsies, old-clothes men, ices men, and icemen; and (as she approached her teens) the clumsy, furtive attentions of schoolboys and old men. Her disappointment, apparently, soured her for life. She waged a running battle (not always verbal) with her brother and her father throughout her childhood, and the querulous whine of an aggrieved adolescent lingers in her prose. There are a few tender, lyrical passages, including a short chapter about a short vacation on Coney Island (a sea cure had been prescribed for her sickly baby sister), but even there, she admits, she and her brother bickered over an ear of steamed corn.

Edwardian Fiction, by Jefferson Hunter (Harvard; $17.50). "The novelist," Arnold Bennett declared in 1897 in his journal, "should cherish and burnish this faculty . . . of seeing like a baby or a lunatic;" four years later, he wrote in a published essay, "We dined early, and . . . passed into Victoria-street with the intention of perceiving London as though it were a foreign city." Jefferson Hunter argues that this ambition of Bennett's to find a new way to think and to write about familiar things provides a key to the major literary efforts of that time. No single English novelist of this century's first decade indulged in all the contemporary literary enthusiasms—political satire disguised as science fiction; adventure stories set in decadent colonial outposts or on the dark side of London's streets; idylls on age-old English farms or on the manicured lawns of country houses—but each genre had at least one major representative: James or Wells or Kipling or Conrad or Forster. Mr. Hunter examines each of these writers' individual evolutions, and he also relates their novels to more popular and less famous fiction, from W. H. Hudson's "Green

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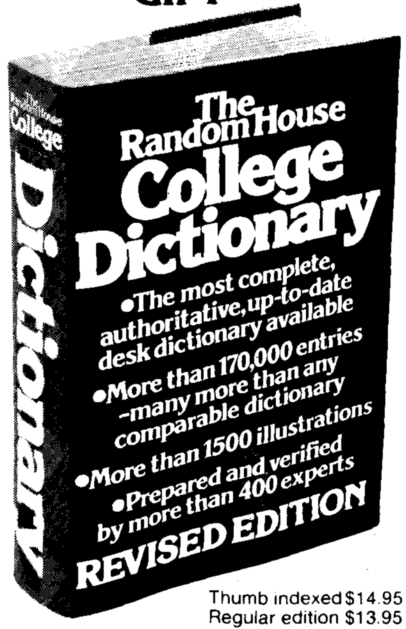

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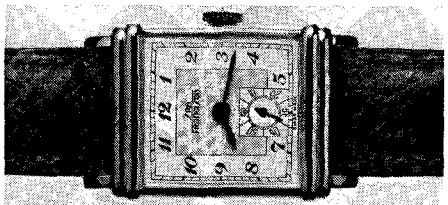

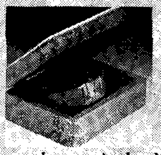

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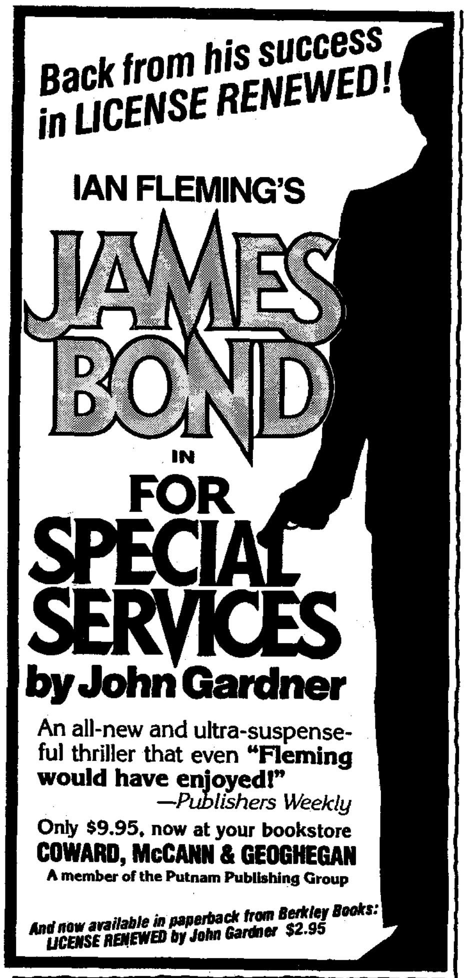

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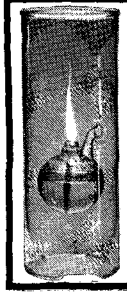

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Mansions" to Marie Corelli's "The Devil's Motor," which ends in an automotive apocalypse. His writing is scholarly but never stodgy.

The Selected Letters of Mark Twain, edited by Charles Neider (Harper & Row; $16.95). This excellent collection spans Clemens' active career: it begins with a letter home, dated 1853, from the seventeen-year-old Sam telling about his first experiences in New York City, where he had got a job as a printer ("I have taken a liking to the abominable place"), and it ends with a heartbroken letter to his daughter Clara, written at his home in Redding, Connecticut, in 1909, telling her about the sudden death of her sister, Jean. What strikes one about the letters in between, which are to family, friends (famous and not), editors, other writers, nosy strangers, and admirers of all sorts, is the wonderful flexibility with which Clemens used language; he could convey anything—love, indignation, a comic situation, the ruefulness of old age—with seeming naturalness and lack of conscious art. Because of this spontaneity, reading the book, which amounts to an autobiography, gives one an odd feeling of his presence.

Note: "Late Innings: A Baseball Companion," by Roger Angell, has been published by Simon & Schuster ($17.50). Nearly all the contents originally appeared in these pages. . . . Random House has published Ken Auletta's "The Underclass" ($17.50), a portrait of the approx*imately nine million people in the* United States who have been cut off from society by poverty. Again, much of the contents first appeared in *The New Yorker*. . . . "This Was Harlem: A Cultural Portrait, 1900-1950," by Jervis Anderson, has been published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux ($17.95). The text was originally printed here.

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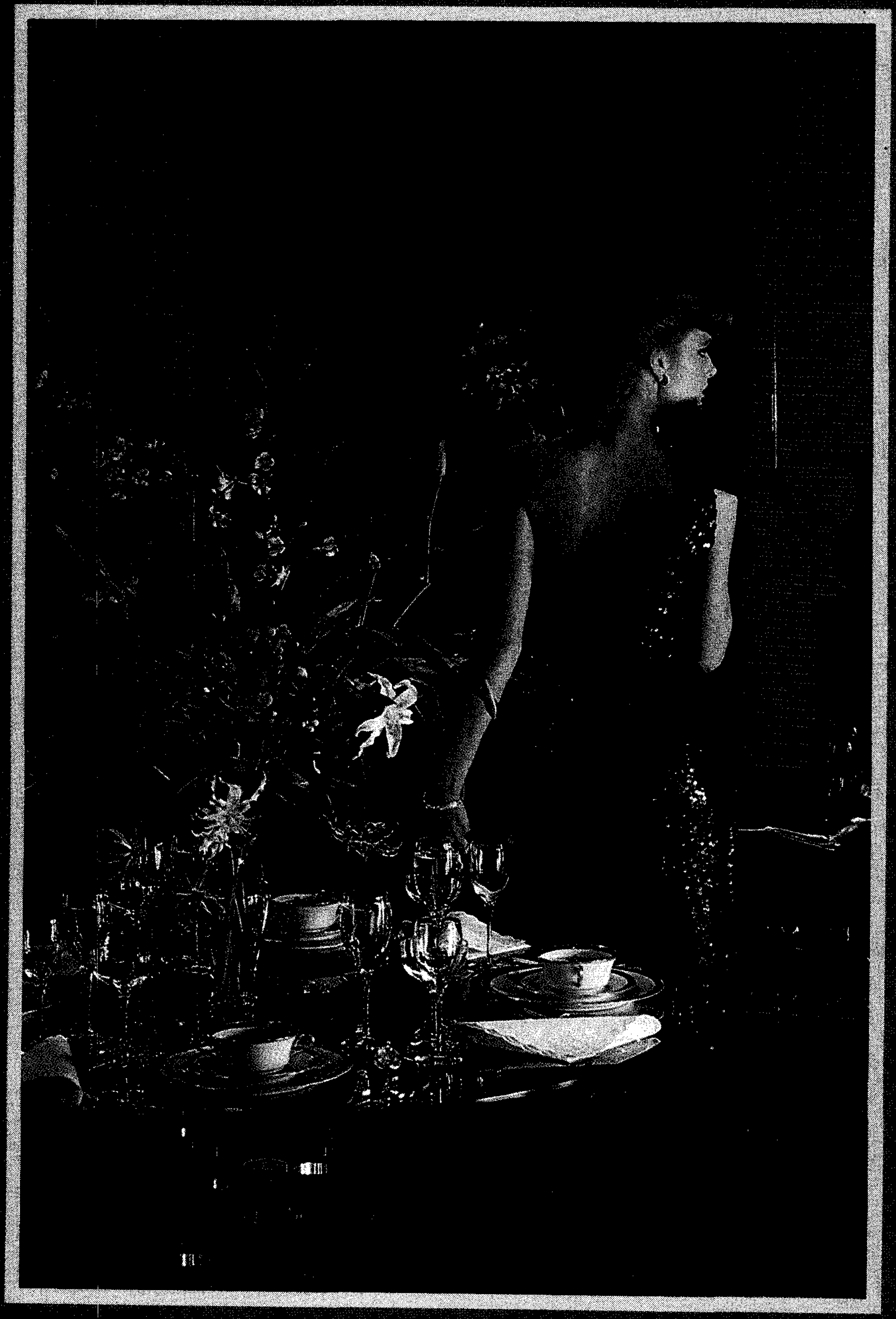

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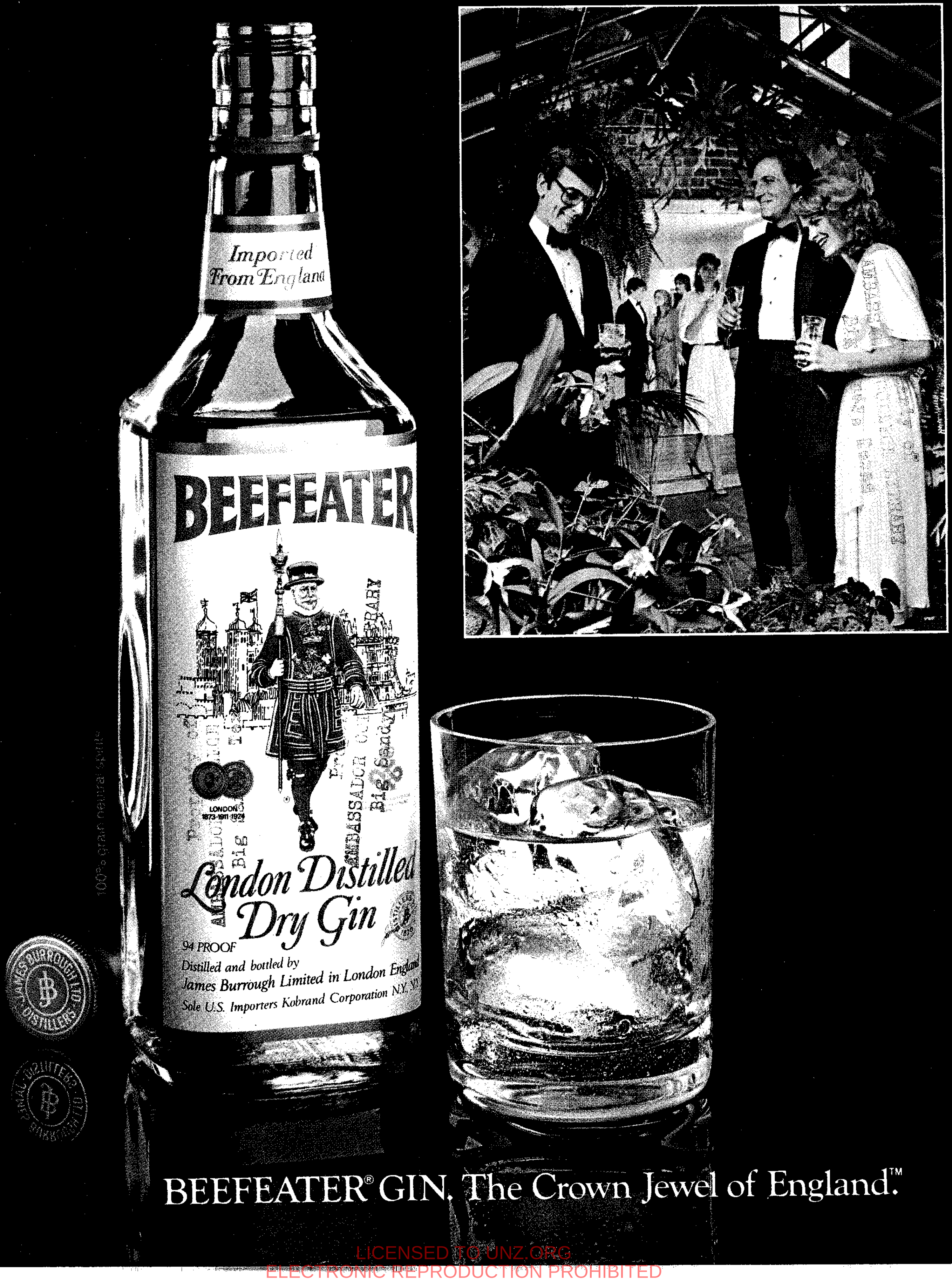
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